

Complete Stories by ADA CAMBRIDGE, HAROLD BEGBIE, &c.  
February, 1909. "Face and Soul," by A. C. BENSON. 6d.

# The QUIVER



CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, London, New York, Toronto & Melbourne.

ISSUED MONTHLY.  
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THE BEST REMEDY FOR  
**CONSUMPTION**  
 IS  
**CONGREVE'S**  
 BALSAMIC  
**ELIXIR**  
 also for COUGHS, COLDS,  
 ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,

Of Chemists, 1/-, 2/-, 4/-, & 11/-  
 Mr. Congreve's Book on "CONSUMPTION, &c." post  
 free 6d. from Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

**'ARETHUSA' JACK**  
 APPEALS FOR HELP.

The "ARETHUSA" and "CHICHESTER" Training  
 Ships prepare poor boys of good character for the  
 ROYAL NAVY and MERCANTILE MARINE.

80 Boys each year sent into the Royal Navy.  
 6,000 Boys have entered the Merchant Service.  
 SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be  
 thankfully received.

FOUNDED 1843. President—THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.B.  
**THE NATIONAL REFUGES FOR**  
**HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN.**

INCORPORATED 1864  
 London Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.  
 Joint Secretaries: C. H. BRISTOW WALLACE,  
 HENRY G. COPELAND.

**DELICATE CHILDREN**  
 Are made  
**STRONG**  
 by  
**PLASMON**



Mrs. P——, Reading, writes:

"From my baby's first birthday, Plasmon Oats, Cocoa, &c., have practically supplied all his wants. He is, indeed, a splendid specimen of what a child should be, and his good health and development are such a joy to us."

**Plasmon (9d. a packet),**  
**Plasmon Cocoa (9d. a tin),**  
**Plasmon Oats (6d. a pkt.)**

are obtainable of all Grocers, Stores, Chemists, &c.

Most Delicious,  
 Nourishing &  
 Digestible.

Plasmon Preparations are used by the Royal Family.  
 THE LANCET says: "Plasmon added to food increases the nutritive value enormously."

Write for FREE COPY of Cookery and Testimonial Book to  
**PLASMON, LTD., DEPT. B.152 FARRINGDON ST., E.C.**



**FREE.**

We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward same to us, mentioning this publication.

**Mellin's Food**

This makes enough for 4  
 feedings.



By means of  
**Mellin's**  
**Food**

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

Either of the following:

"**THE CARE OF INFANTS**," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth,

"**HINTS ON WEANING**," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**



### SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Everything that grows in Nature depends upon a root for its growth, and until that root is destroyed the growth will continue. When we remove this thickly then will know how needless liquids, pastes, etc., are for removing hair for ever. The "Tensfeldt Apparatus" Electrolysis simplified, and with it you can, in the privacy of your own home, kill the roots without leaving the slightest mark or disfigurement. I will forward a copy of my book "The 'Jewel' Pen" in plain answer, giving full particulars of this treatment to all sufferers from this dread scourge of Superfluous Hair. **It is free to you** for the mere trouble of asking for it. Permanent Cure Guaranteed. All Letters Strictly Confidential.

MADAME TENSFELDT, Hair & Skin Specialist,  
121H, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

### JEWEL

#### The "Jewel" Fountain Pen at 5/-

answers your every requirement.

It is perfect in all respects. It is the people's pen—the popular pen. No fancy price, yet every good quality. The "Jewel" is the best, as thousands testify. Get a "Jewel" for a crown—you will find it both precious and useful.

Of Stationers, or post free  
from sole makers—

JEWEL PEN CO.

(Dept. 102),  
102 Fenchurch St.  
London, E.C.

5.  
S.

PEN

## "From Information Received"

and that information, be it said, not at all difficult to obtain, there is overwhelming testimony in favour of Beecham's Pills. Nor is this at all surprising. Consider the long period during which the medicine has served the public, think of the countless thousands that the pills have benefited, remember that a sense of thankfulness does not often remain unexpressed, and you will realise that from "information received" it can confidently be stated that there is no other preparation equal to

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

for removing most of the common ailments of to-day. Indigestion—that almost national scourge—easily and completely yields to their operation. Constipation—another too frequent condition, and often of long standing—is quite cured by these pills. By their use the stomach is strengthened, the liver brought into healthy action, the bowels regulated, and the nervous system regains its tone. From all parts of the world testimony is forthcoming that in those disorders marked by Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, and Depression, Beecham's Pills

Do a World of Good.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

The hand that washes  
Baby rules his health; put  
a cake of Wright's Coal  
Tar Soap into that hand.

THE Nursery Soap.

4d. per Tablet.

## How Are You Feeding Baby?

DO you realise that not only baby's present health but his future depend on the food you are giving your Baby now? If this food does not agree—does not supply the nourishment that nature calls for, your child cannot grow up healthy and strong. There is another point to be remembered also—a food that agrees now may cause illness and distress when summer comes. It may contain starch which is heating—or have to be mixed with milk, which warm weather may contaminate.

Are you sure baby's food is right—had you not better go into the question now?

Mothers who have tried it and doctors the country over who know of its merits will tell you there is no food quite so good as MALTICO, and none so safe.

MALTICO is a complete food in itself—without the addition of milk. It is starch free, yet contains all the elements necessary for perfect nutrition.

Its pleasant taste makes any child enjoy it—its great digestibility enables the weakest little stomach to retain it.

MALTICO is packed in a wide-necked bottle, not in a tin which might contaminate the food.

Ask for and insist on having

# Maltico

**THE BEST OF THE BABY FOODS.**

MALTICO is sold by all Chemists and Stores in bottles 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from

**MALTICO FOODS, LIMITED, 158, Redcross Street, London, E.C.**

Wholesale Agents—Rocke Tompsitt & Co.

# Sale

MANY goods actually below cost. Send at once for Noble's Great SALE CATALOGUE—"Record Bargains." Astounding values in JACKETS, FURS, COSTUMES, BLOUSES, DRESS FABRICS, UNDERWEAR, HOUSEHOLD LINEN, &c. To secure the prizes you must act at once.

*Remember John Noble at once refunds your money should this garment fail to please you.*

## SUPERB SKIRT VALUE!

3/11 LOT 657

This magnificent Tailor-built Skirt is five yards, has massive waistband, belt and side fastening. It has three tucks either side of front panel, stitched from waist, terminating in flowing points. Hemmed and finished with cloth tabs. Cut very wide and excellently finished. Made in special quality Heavy Four-weight Ding coal Serge warm and lasting.

### Colours—

Royal, Navy, Brown, and Moss Green. Price 3/11. Carriage 1d. extra. Worth

front length 36, 40, and 42 ins. Price a dozen of Patterns of Dress Skirts sent POST FREE.

**JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER.**



## Complete Outfits for the

### HOME

in Five Beautiful Colours, Tools, Boards, &c., &c.

A Present you will never regret having purchased.

### The Builder Box.

With Brickmaking Apparatus, Trowel, Tile Cutters, Roller, Tools, &c., &c. Post free, 5/6.

### The Complete Modeller.

A most Popular Box. Ready for instant use. No Dirt or Mess. Clean and Ever Plastic. Post free, 2/10.

Just ask the youngsters if they would like a Box of Harbutt's Plasticine.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,  
27, Bathampton, Bath.



"Why do you call me 'Erasmic,' Horace?"  
"Because you're so sweet and dainty!"

## "The Dainty Soap for Dainty Folk."

4d. per tablet.

11½d. per box of 3 tablets.



*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

# UNIQUE "SILVER" ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

A WELL-KNOWN LONDON PROFESSIONAL MAN CHOOSES A MUNIFICENTLY GENEROUS WAY OF CELEBRATING HIS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

*He decides to present to 1,000,000 Members of the public "Anniversary Gift Packages," containing Full Printed Details of his Hitherto Priceless and Jealously-Guarded Professional Secret, wherewith he won the Patronage of Royalty.*

ONE of the best-known men in London business circles is just now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professional career.

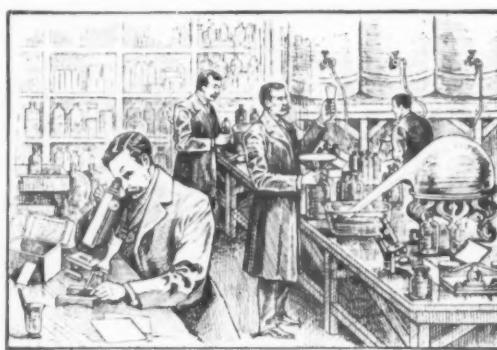
For it is now twenty-five years ago since Mr. Edwards, whose name as the discoverer of "Harlene" and originator of "Harlene Hair Drill" is now famous far and wide throughout the world wherever civilisation has penetrated, and fair women and well-groomed men are gathered together, first decided to devote his great talents and energy to the study of the hair, its growth, its preservation, and its beautification.

They have been twenty-five years of strenuous study, of ceaseless experimentation, of ever-growing success in the treatment of the various troubles that constantly affect the hair of both men and women. And now today, although he has spent a quarter of a century in studying the hair and in perfecting "Harlene," he is still busily experimenting in his laboratory.

Mr. Edwards, then, has devoted twenty-five years of his life to the care and study of the hair. He has not gone unrewarded. He makes no secret of the fact that his professional efforts have flourished exceedingly. They have flourished through the super-abundant merits of "Harlene" itself. "Harlene" has solved the hair problem. No one need suffer from falling hair or baldness, or discoloured hair or scurfiness, if they regularly employ the method of applying "Harlene," which Mr. Edwards has perfected and which is now known everywhere as "Harlene Hair Drill."

## Remarkable Popularity of "Harlene Hair Drill."

Thousands of men and women who have cured themselves of long-standing hair and scalp troubles and weaknesses can confirm this. To-day the users of "Harlene" and the "Hair Drill" method can be numbered in their tens of thousands and their hundreds of thousands, and, as they include members of Royal and Imperial Houses, Mr. Edwards is justly entitled to his famous title of the Royal Hair Specialist.



*The Laboratory where Mr. Edwards has spent twenty-five years in the Study of the Hair, its Diseases and Treatment.*

Like the great Earl of Strafford, Mr. Edwards' watchword has always been "thorough," and he has now decided to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his life-work in a characteristically "thorough" and original way. So much interest has been aroused by the truly remarkable public success of the "Harlene Hair Drill" in curing the most long-standing cases of—

1. Baldness
2. Falling Hair
3. Weak Hair
4. Dull Hair
5. Greyness
6. Discoloured Hair
7. Lifeless Hair
8. Scurf or Dandruff

and other hair ailments which detract so tremendously from the appearance of both men and women, that Mr. Edwards has decided to distribute amongst those readers of this magazine who are interested in their hair no fewer than

## A Million Free Outfits for "Harlene Hair Drill."

This is perhaps the most magnificent offer ever made by a London professional man. As a rule, it is only personal friends or neighbours who are privileged to participate in "silver" anniversaries. But Mr. Edwards has always been so absorbed in the question of growing Beautiful Hair that he has come to consider every man or woman who is dissatisfied with the condition of his or her hair as almost a personal friend. And so he has extended this personal invitation to all readers who desire to improve the appearance of their hair. He issues this invitation through these columns. He asks them to write to him and he will send them as a memento of twenty-five years' experience in the curing of Hair Weaknesses—not a mere printed card or useless medallion, but something far more valuable and appropriate: the supreme result of his discoveries, study, and experience—the blessing of the gift of a good head of hair, to attain which result he will give away 1,000,000 packages of "Harlene" and "Hair Drill" instructions absolutely free of cost.

How could the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mr. Edwards' professional work be more appropriately

marked than by helping people to Grow Hair, or to improve the colour and luxuriance of the hair they at present possess?

That was Mr. Edwards' thought, and it was a happy one, as all readers will agree. He wants to celebrate his Twenty-fifth Anniversary in company with everyone who is troubled with his hair condition. He wants to celebrate it by setting that hair condition right. He has already solved the hair problem, and he wants to help you solve the hair problem also. He wants to send you the solution.

If you are a woman he wants to show you how to make your hair long, luxuriant, beautiful, the admiration of all your friends. If you are a man, he wants to stop a "growing greyness" or "thinness" that maybe is causing you anxiety from a business or professional point of view. He wants to show you how you may prevent your hair growing thin; he wants to show you why it is you never need fear either scurf or dandruff any more. It is a fine idea—it rests with readers to carry it out.

It has been said of English people that they are fast becoming a "bald-headed generation." Mr. Edwards considers that we should give no cause to anyone for such an accusation to be made. He has known of so many cases where "Harlene Hair Drill" has cured baldness—even chronic, long-standing, almost hopeless baldness—that he knows that if you are bald this anniversary offer of his will cure you—you who read these lines—if you will accept it. And therefore he is making this truly royal arrangement. By this he has done his part. It only remains for you to do yours. By writing a letter now to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., you will receive by return post as a Twenty-fifth Anniversary Memento:

1. A supply of "Harlene for the Hair" sufficient for One Week's Trial of the "Harlene Hair Drill."
2. A very interesting book on the hair, together with full instructions showing you how best to carry out the Harlene "Hair Drill" movements and exercises.

If you will call personally at Messrs. Edwards' (Hair Specialists by Royal Appointment), at High Holborn, mentioning that you have read this article, you will be handed one of these Anniversary Gifts of "Harlene" and book of instructions for "Hair Drill" free of all charge. But if you cannot conveniently make the personal visit, a similar parcel will be sent to you by return post on your enclosing three penny stamps to defray the actual cost of carriage.

What is the secret of the great "Harlene Hair Drill" success?

That is a question that has often been asked by men and women who, troubled with failing hair,

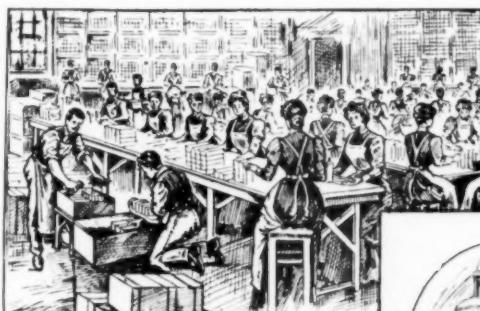
or greyness, or some other scalp trouble, have, after practising "Harlene Hair Drill" daily for a week or ten days, found their hair growing profusely, and even regaining the natural colour it had lost.

Well, one of its secrets—and a very important one—lies, of course, in the twenty-five years Mr. Edwards has given to the study of the hair, its ailments, and the ways of improving its condition, the result of which study and experience he has embodied in "Harlene for the Hair," and without which essential all the "Hair Drill" in the world would be of little or no avail.

But the second of the secrets lies in "Harlene Hair Drill" itself, that system of "Harlene" Scalp Massage which Mr. Edwards has devised as by far the most perfect method of rejuvenating the hair and putting fresh life and energy into the languid and dormant hair-roots.

Your hair cannot keep beautiful and strong and vigorous unless it is given daily "Harlene Hair Drill," any more than a watch will keep going without being wound up every day; for, delicate as is the internal mechanism of a watch, the hair is a more delicate organism still. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment—good or bad (and it generally receives the latter)—of any part of the human structure.

Further supplies of Edwards' "Harlene" may be obtained from Chemists all over the world, in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, or sent direct and post paid (to any part of the United Kingdom) on receipt of postal order.



The packing and despatching floors at 95 & 96, High Holborn, where the Million Free Outfits are being prepared for despatching all over the world.



Reduced facsimile of Free Trial Outfit. Upon receipt of coupon below and 3d. in stamps for postage, send these Outfits will be sent to any address in the world.

The address to call or write for the "Free Trial Outfit," however, is—Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

## COUPON

### For Free "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfit.

Issued by the Royal Hair Specialists to all desirous of growing and beautifying the hair.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sirs, I wish to try "Harlene Hair Drill" for one week in accordance with your offer in the above, and shall be glad if you will send me the "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfit, with instructions, free of charge.

I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THE QUIVER, February, 1926.

\* This amount is not payable if the reader calls for the Free Outfit.

# THE NEW DAIMLER 1909 CHASSIS PRICES

**22 h.p.**

9½ ft. wheelbase.

£475

**38 h.p.**

9½ ft. wheelbase, 10½ ft. wheelbase

£560

**48 h.p.**

10½

ft. wheelbase, 11½ ft. wheelbase.

£695

**57 h.p.**

(Six Cylinder)

11½ ft. wheelbase.

£800

*A complete description of the 'New Daimler' will be sent post free upon application to any of the following addresses.*

**THE DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904), LTD.**

COVENTRY. LONDON. MANCHESTER.  
NOTTINGHAM. BRIGHTON. BRISTOL.



*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*



## WHEN JULIUS CÆSAR CROSSED THE ALPS

HE LEFT his baggage at home. When you travel through life with a fountain pen—don't carry baggage—a filler or a squirt. Get a pen that needs neither—the Onoto that fills itself—that does not leak—that cannot lose its ink on the journey. A British-made pen that makes writing a pleasure—so perfect is it in every way. And more—a pen that is unique in its many merits.

Now—isn't it time you had an

# Onoto

Self-Filling - - Pen

Price 10/6 and upwards at all stationers, jewellers and stores.

Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to  
Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

**IMPORTANT.**—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new G, has this year been put on the market.  
It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new G at your stationers.

*On answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS TELLS THE STORY OF  
HIS GREAT DISCOVERY OF  
**Tatcho**  
THE TRUE HAIR GROWER.



**THIS COUPON**

ENTITLES YOU TO  
A 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE  
OF "TATCHO,"  
Carriage Paid, for 1/10.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world at 1/-, 2 9, and 4 6.

"When I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the DAILY MAIL. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation?" In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured into me from men and women in every quarter of the world—from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence."

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why shall I this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished."

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho'."

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the title of The Geo. R. Sims' Hair Restorer Co. is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

**Tatcho**  
THE TRUE HAIR GROWER.

**CUT OUT THIS COUPON.**

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair Grower, "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove itsorative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

*Geo. R. Sims  
Q. Feb. 1904  
Hair Restorer Co.*

**GET "TATCHO" TO-DAY.**

*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

# THE "THERMOS" TABLE JUG.

A New Application of the "THERMOS" Patent.

THE NOVELTY  
OF  
THE SEASON.

NICKEL-PLATED.

Price

**31/6.**

THE NOVELTY  
OF  
THE SEASON.

NICKEL-PLATED.

Price

**31/6.**



THE "THERMOS" TABLE JUG KEEPS  
LIQUIDS HOT 6 TO 8 HOURS, AND  
WITH A CORK, 24 HOURS.

Simply fill the jug, and the contents will be at the same temperature  
and ready for use at almost any hour.

No household should be without this valuable and most useful addition  
to home comforts.

**ORDER ONE TO-DAY. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.**

*Beware of Worthless Imitations. Infringers of "Thermos"  
Patents are being prosecuted.*

Wholesale only from:

**A. E. GUTMANN & CO.,**  
8, Long Lane, London, E.C.

R. A. & CO.

*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

# Marvellous Skin Cures

ECZEMA, RINGWORM, NETTLERASH, ACNE, BAD LEGS, BARBER'S RASH, AND ALL OTHER SKIN TROUBLES CURED BY "ANTEXEMA"

WE have good news for all sufferers from skin illness—"Antexema" will cure you. If the trouble is only slight, and you have only noticed it within the last day or two, "Antexema" will soon put matters right. If, on the other hand, your skin complaint is of a serious nature, and you have been troubled for months or even years, and doctors, hospitals, specialists, and so-called remedies have all alike failed to effect a cure, you can accept the testimony of the innumerable skin sufferers who have been cured that "Antexema" will restore you to a condition of perfect health. "Antexema" is the one remedy that never fails, and that is why it is so greatly appreciated. During the last quarter of a century we have received thousands of grateful letters from those who have been cured by "Antexema," and many of the writers of these letters had entirely given up hope of getting rid of their distressing skin affection. Have you reached this stage of despair, and have you resigned yourself to what seems to you to be an incurable skin illness? Your case cannot possibly be worse than that of many others who have been cured by "Antexema." The one thing for you if you want to be cured is to

## Begin with "Antexema" To-day

Give "Antexema" a trial. The irritation that has been worrying you, or the burning pain that has made you so wretched will stop at once. The bad place will be soothed and comforted, and you will have started on the road towards a thoroughly healthy skin. Go on using "Antexema," and as you do so your skin will become more and more healthy in appearance, and soon your skin will be so clear that no one could imagine you had ever had anything the matter with it. Do you say that is too good to be true? If so, our answer is try "Antexema" for yourself, and you will soon be convinced once for all that "Antexema" is a real wonder worker. Never forget that "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment, but



"Antexema" quickly relieves and cures eczema and all skin troubles

a creamy liquid which is quickly absorbed and is invisible on the skin.

If your skin gets red, rough, scurfy, pimply, or a little rash breaks out upon it, or it itches and makes you feel you must scratch the place, it is foolish to wait till it gets worse before applying a remedy. All skin troubles, even the very worst, start in this way. Eczema, ringworm, nettl rash, bad legs, and all other skin troubles begin with redness, roughness, or itching, and when this is noticed is just the time when you should start to cure yourself. It is very easy to get cured then, far easier than it will be if you let the trouble get tight hold of you. Don't give skin trouble a chance of getting you into its grip, but defeat the enemy before it does you any real mischief. "Antexema" is the weapon that defeats every kind of skin

disease known to modern medical science.

Do you suffer from eczema either in its dry, moist, or scaly form? Is one of your children troubled with ringworm, nettl rash, or a nasty little sore place that won't heal up? Have you had a bad leg for years that refuses to get better? Have you pimples, or red, angry spots on your skin that itch and worry you? Whatever your skin trouble, you need not be troubled a single day longer. To convince you that "Antexema" will cure we offer a

## Generous Free Trial

"Antexema" is supplied by chemists and stores in 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. bottles, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. Also obtainable of all chemists and stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, S. Africa, and all British Dominions. Fill in coupon, or write and mention THE QUIVER, enclose three penny stamps for a copy of our popular handbook, "Skin Troubles," and we will send you a generous Free Trial of "Antexema," also of "Antexema Granules" the wonderful blood purifier. Send to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., immediately you read this.

### SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

Fill in Coupon, enclose three penny stamps for family handbook "Skin Troubles," and receive with it a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules." THE ANTEXEMA COMPANY, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Quiver, Feb., '94.

# "Antexema"

CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

# Health Wrecked by CONSTIPATION

Liver Troubles, Headache, Dizziness, Lost Appetite & General Weakness.

"WHEN I got up in a morning after a night's sleep I used to feel more tired and drowsy than when I went to bed," said Mrs. Margaret McFelly, of 4, Clune Brae Foot, Port Glasgow, to a *Greenock Herald* reporter.

"My sufferings started about eighteen months ago, when I began to be troubled with constipation. Always when I rose in a morning my head was heavy, and often I would turn dizzy. I had always been fond of hard work, and it made me very miserable when I was too ill to attend to my housework.

"Several doctors attended me at various times, but though I gave each good trial, and took quite a quantity of medicine, I did not derive the slightest benefit. I lost my appetite, and became thin and weak through lack of nourishment and consequent poorness of blood. I couldn't rouse myself; no matter what, I took over-night, the next day I would get up feeling lifeless and with the headaches and dizziness still troubling me. My health failed rapidly, and at last I began to be afraid that I should not get better, and I believe that if I had not been persuaded to try Chas. Forde's Bile Beans I should never have got well.

"When I began to take Chas. Forde's famous medicine I was in a very weak condition, and had lost all heart, but in a short time I felt better and brighter. Chas. Forde's Bile Beans strengthened my weakened stomach and bowels, and improved the quality of my blood. I regained my lost energy, and as I could eat more food I increased in weight. Every day I improved, until I was quite free from dizziness and headaches, my stomach and bowels were working naturally, and I felt as healthy and well as ever.

"There is no doubt it was Chas. Forde's Bile Beans alone that cured me, for from the time I commenced taking them I never took anything else. And when buying the beans I always got a box with 'Charles Forde's' printed on the label. Now I am never without a box of this grand medicine in the house."

*The public are warned against worthless imitation bile beans made to look like the genuine "Chas. Forde's." An imitation never cured anybody yet, and is worthless, and the delay caused may be dangerous. "Chas. Forde's" Bile Beans are never sold in pennyworths and never loose, but always in sealed boxes bearing the name "Chas. Forde's." None other are genuine. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1d. or 2s. 9d.*

#### Doctor's Advice Free.

Manufacturing Co., Greek Street, Leeds. Mark your envelope "Medical." The best skilled assistance of the Medical Staff is yours free of charge. The use of a penny stamp in sending this letter may save your life as it has saved many others.

The kind you have  
always bought.

# Chas. FORDE'S BILE BEANS



Mrs M. McFELLY.

#### FREE SAMPLE of the World-Famed 'CHAS. FORDE'S.'

We will send willingly a free sample box of the genuine Chas. Forde's Bile Beans to all who have not yet tried them. Send this coupon, your name and address, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage), and mention Feb. "The Quiver," to the Bile Bean Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

# ARE YOU

interested in Hypnotism, Clairvoyance, and other supernatural manifestations? If so, you will enjoy reading the wonderful series of stories dealing with these subjects which

**Walford Bodie,**

the world-famous stage hypnotist,  
has written for

# The Novel Magazine

# YOU MUST

not miss the first story, "THE IDOL'S EYE"—it appears in the February No., which is now on sale. Price Fourpence.

**GET IT TO-DAY.**

## CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

### DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

8,268 Children



are now being supported and trained, including 1,075 who are crippled and afflicted in various ways.

HELP URGENTLY  
NEEDED  
to carry on the  
winter's work.

NINE NEW ADMISSIONS DAILY.

Cheques and P.O.'s payable: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," crossed same way, and remitted to the Honorary Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at the Head Offices:—

18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.



LITTLE JIM: ONE OF OUR INCURABLES.

### Hungry.      Homeless.

Thousands on Verge of STARVATION  
are imploring

### The Church Army for WORK, not CHARITY.

THE KING'S LABOUR TENTS (open Night and Day for Homeless Single Men).

THE QUEEN'S LABOUR RELIEF DEPOTS (for Unemployed Married Men with Families).

And 100 other Centres, Labour Homes, and Farm Colonies throughout the land, save respectable unemployed from beggary, crime, or suicide, and their helpless wives and little ones from starvation or the workhouse.

400,000 helped in a year.

Funds, Old Clothes, and Orders for Firewood (3s. 6d. per 100 bundles) earnestly requested.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable Preliminary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

FROM

DOOR

TO

DOOR



the CITY MISSIONARY goes, DAILY urging the poor and artizan classes to yield themselves to the Friend of Sinners—and the

WORK IS NOT FRUITLESS,  
but attended with rich blessing.

In all 409 Missionaries employed.

FUNDS MUCH NEEDED.

Treasurer: F. A. BEVAN, Esq.

Secretaries: REV. T. S. HUTCHINSON, M.A.

REV. MARTIN ANSTEE, M.A., B.D.

Bankers: BARCLAY & CO., LTD.

**LONDON CITY MISSION,**  
3, BRIDEWELL PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

## New Simple Way to Lasting Beauty.

Parisian beauty experts have long abandoned greasy preparations as being fatal to the complexion, and no French lady would use any cream or lotion that left a greasy stain on thin, white paper.

To aid Nature—to make natural beauty lasting—is the only true way. That is why the discovery of the Icılma Natural Spring in Algeria has completely revolutionised the toilet. The favourite way of applying this simple, harmless water is greaseless, snowy, delicately fragrant.



## Icılma Fluor Cream

simplest and most economical of all creams, for a touch of it suffices. It cannot grow hair, and needs no powder to hide it. The wonderful Icılma elements stimulate the natural energy of the skin and ensure clean, smooth, delicate beauty. Icılma Fluor Cream is the only thing that enables the skin to brave the sun without burning, cold without chapping, wind without roughness, spring without troubles, and age without wrinkles. Invaluable for insect bites.

Price 1/- everywhere.

Send 5d. stamps for sample and 3 beautifully coloured postcards of Icılma Spring—a natural curiosity.

ICİLMA CO., LTD.,  
(Dept. 72), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.



## IT IS CHILD'S PLAY CLEANING BOOTS WITH THE 'DUCHESS' BOOT POLISH

A shine of magnificent brilliancy—Does not injure the Leather, cake on the boots, or soil the clothes.

Sole Proprietors:

STEPHENSON BROS., LTD.,  
BRADFORD.



for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

**Vaporized Cresolene** stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

**Cresolene** is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

**Cresolene's** best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

### For sale by all Chemists.

Write for Descriptive Booklet, free.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat T-blets for the irritated throat, of your chemist or for 9d. in stamps from

ALLEN & HANBURY'S LTD.,  
Lombard Street, London.

## Which?

YOU CAN'T  
HAVE BOTH.

### Will you have a NASTY HEADACHE or a Dr. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE?



Which cures HEADACHE, GOLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS. OF ALL CHEMISTS, price ONE SHILLING, or else 5. 12 stamps in the United Kingdom.

TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.



## SUFFERERS AND WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT "URICURA"

Drops 1/1, & Liniment 1/1 & 2/9. The Finest Cure for Rheumatism, Cout, &c. ELIMINATES THE CAUSE—EFFECTS THE CURE.

I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the efficacy of your specific. Having suffered for eighteen months from a most acute form of sciatica, I was recommended to try your Liniment and Drops, and I rejoice to say with successful results. I was able to resume my occupation in seven days.

EНОCH JONES.

I have the pleasure to testify that I have used your Liniment for sprained tendons in my knee. It soon gave me relief, and effected a complete cure.

C. E. M. JAMES.

WILL CURE WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS FAILED.

Of Boots, Ltd., and all Chemists, or post free,

HAMMOND'S REMEDY CO., BARRY, GLAMORCAN.

NO NEED TO SAY ANY MORE—GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

**NEVER****FILL A FOUNTAIN PEN  
FROM AN INKPOT**

No matter what the construction may be, clean ink from a corked bottle must be used to obtain satisfaction.

**A "SWAN"  
FOUNTPEN**

Simple, strong, and absolutely reliable—filled with "Swan" Ink—every bottle has a filler—

**IS GUARANTEED  
SATISFACTORY.**

Prices from **10/6**, Post Free.

Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**MABIE, TODD & CO.,  
79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.**

Branches: 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 105a, Regent St., W.1; 3, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.



**SWAN INK  
For Fountain Pens**

6d. and 1/-

"Yes, Madam, patterns of  
**PATON'S**  
Alloa KNITTING WOOLS & YARNS  
are sent FREE on application to  
John Paton, Son & Co., Ltd., Alloa, Scotland,  
or to 192, Aldersgate St., London, E.C."

**PATON'S  
RUG  
WOOL**

Directions & Coloured  
Designs, post free, 1/-

**THIN MODEL**

**8/6 8/6**

**THE  
THIN MODEL**

*Ingersoll*  
**"JUNIOR  
WATCH"**

This newest Ingersoll has already proved its attractiveness and its time-keeping merit by sales far exceeding our anticipations.

This "Ingersoll Junior" supplies for the first time in the history of watch-making, a *thin model*, perfect time-keeper at a popular price.

The "Junior" is only 8/6 and is sold under the same guarantee as the famous

**Ingersoll 5/- Watch**

The "Junior" is in every respect the equal, in convenience and appearance, of the best thin watches of expensive make. You will have to see this remarkable achievement in popular watch-making to appreciate its peculiar advantages. If your dealer does not sell the "Ingersoll Junior," refuse a substitute, and write to

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.  
410, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.**

Makers of the  
famous Ingersoll 5/- Watch.

None genuine  
unless the name  
Ingersoll is on  
dial.

**8/6 8/6**

**LADIES MODEL MIDGET**

Use only  
**NELSON'S**



**POLISHES**  
(Black and Brown)  
For BOOTS & SHOES.  
Saves BOOTS, MONEY, TIME, & LABOUR.  
Tins, 3d., 6d., & 1s.

Your bootmaker can supply you. If he does not stock them send his name and address to **G. H. NELSON, Clarke Road, Northampton**, and a **FREE SAMPLE** will be sent to you.

Take no other, there is nothing "just as good" as "N" Polish.

"A new broom / not half sweeps clean" / so clean but -



**CARPET SWEEPER**  
Prices from 10/- upwards  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
Issued on a genuine BISSELL.  
There are others - Imitations - but -  
INSIST on a BISSELL.

## REYNOLDS' WHEATMEAL BREAD

**PURE DIGESTIVE** Bread—the product of Scientific Milling and the finest quality Wheat procurable for money. A wide and growing demand for sweet and easily digested Bread is thus met.

Ask any leading baker for *Reynolds' Wheatmeal Bread*, or send card to the undersigned for names of local agents.

**J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., Millers, Gloucester.**

"THE QUEEN" RECOMMENDS

**JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK**

WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED.

Appointed to the Royal Household, and used by the Queen and Royal Dukes for inspection, with enlarged size, a LINEN STRETCHER, SOLD BY STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES, or post free, 6 or 12 stamps, 17, 18, SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, N.

**CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP**

6d. PER BALL  
WITH ENLARGED SIZE.  
SOLD BY STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES, OR POST FREE, 6 OR 12 STAMPS, 17, 18, SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, N.

Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT**. It has saved many a limb from Amputation, and has been used by Hospitals. The Best Remedy for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE FOR ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ETC. &c. &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/-, &c. &c. Postage free, or P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, at Grey's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

## NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT**.

It has saved many a limb from Amputation, and has been used by Hospitals.

The Best Remedy for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE FOR ULCERS,

TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ETC. &c. &c.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/-, &c. &c. Postage free, or P.O. from

Proprietor, E. BURGESS, at Grey's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

IF sufferers would only TRY  
The "ECZOLINE" REMEDIES FOR **ECZEMA**

Ointment, 1/1.  
Tablets, 1/10.  
Soap, 6d.

Postage  
3d.  
extra.



SOAP—OINTMENT—TABLETS.  
A WONDERFUL COMPLETE REMEDY.

RASHES, SPOTS, PIMPLES, BAD LEGS

AND SKIN DISEASES

**THEY COULD GET CURED.**

The Reasonable and Reliable Course.

A gentleman writes: "My sister was troubled 20 years with eczema. She only used half a pot and was absolutely cured." A lady says: "Your pots are worth 20s. I was cured after being sent home from hospital as incurable." **WHAT MORE NEED BE ADDED?**

Write W. W. HUNTER, Regent St., Swindon, Wilts.  
to-day. TESTIMONIALS FREE.

*Every Year 70,000 People  
Die in this Country from*

# Bronchitis

ARE you troubled with a nasty irritating cough every time the cold weather comes on—a tickling in the throat, or "tied-up" feeling across the chest? On rising in the morning is your voice hard and the breathing laboured? Do you instinctively fear the cold, fog, and damp days? If so, bronchitis has claimed you.

There is no reason why you should develop chronic bronchitis, for in Peps modern science has provided the means whereby all the above distressing symptoms can be cured and further trouble entirely averted.

Relieve that tight and "tied-up" feeling about the chest at once by taking Peps. Dissolve on the tongue a Peps tablet—the unique store of rich and pure medicinal essences—and breathe deeply into the farthest recesses of the throat, chest, and lungs the healing fumes which fill the mouth and nasal cavity.

Ordinary cough-mixtures are swallowed into the stomach, but the rare medicinal fumes emitted by Peps are inhaled with the air we breathe, and thus every part of the irritated, weakened membranes stretching from the throat to the lungs, every inflamed and sore tissue is reached by the pure balsamic fumes of Peps. Tickling phlegm is loosened and comes up without effort, the racking cough is cured and the chest tightness ended.

Peps enable you to resist the chest and lung evils always present in bad weather. No household should be without Peps.

Send 1d. stamp to the Peps Pastille Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds, and mention this magazine to obtain a dainty free sample of PEPs.

"A Pine Forest in Every Home."

# Peps

*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

THE NEW  
'POPULAR'  
HUMBER  
AT  
**£6 6s. Od.**

IS THE CHEAPEST HIGH-GRADE  
BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.

"Surdy in construction, and will stand any  
amount of knocking about." —*Cycle Trader.*  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY**  
London: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

DEPOTS:—

Nottingham: Grey Friar Gate; Manchester: 33, Black-  
friars Street; Birmingham: 286, Broad Street; Southampton: 27, London Road.



**THE OLDEST AND BEST.**

Unequalled for Cleanliness and Brilliance.

**ADAMS'S  
FURNITURE  
POLISH.**

For Furniture, Brown Boots, Motor Car Bodies, Patent Leather, Oil Cloths, and all Varnished and Enamelled Surfaces.

*Victoria Park Works, Sheffield.*

**PROCTOR'S  
PINELYPTUS  
PASTILLES**

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For CHEST, THROAT, and VOICE  
A Balsom for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.

Invaluable to Speakers, Singers, and Teachers.  
**CARDINAL VAUGHAN** wrote: "I have always found Proctor's

Pinelypytus Pastilles a great blessing."

**MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT** "Uses Proctor's Pinelypytus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Chest, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them." **SIR HENRY IRVING** wrote: "Proctor's Pinelypytus Pastilles are the best Lozenges."

**MISS ELLEN TERRY** "Considers Proctor's Pinelypytus Pastilles better than any other Lozenges or Pastille for the Voice."

Sold only in boxes, 1/- and 2/6, by Chemists and Stores, or posted from

**PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS DEPOT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**



**BRACKNELL'S  
CLUB SAUCE**

Nothing is so appetising  
as the added flavour of  
Bracknell's Club Sauce to  
Soups, Cold Meats, Stews,  
etc. It promotes appetite,  
aids digestion, and  
is absolutely pure.

Per 8 oz. **6d.** Of all  
Grocers.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send one penny stamp  
and name of your grocer, and a sample bottle will be sent  
post free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 8), Brandon Road,  
King's Cross, London.



**The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL  
FOR CHILDREN,**

HACKNEY ROAD,  
BETHNAL  
GREEN,  
E.

*Late, "North Eastern" Hospital.*

27,000 Children  
treated as  
Out-Patients  
Annually

130  
beds always  
in use.

£11,000 a year expenditure.  
£280 a year endowed income.

IMMEDIATE  
ASSISTANCE  
NEEDED

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

L & C. Hardtmuth's

**"KOH-I-NOOR"**  
PENCILS



**FOR ALL DESK, STUDY  
OR STUDIO WORK**

There is nothing like the Koh-I-Noor, the beautifully finished pencil, which takes a fine point, wears well, and does its work with a silken touch free from jarring irritations through faulty flaws. There's no doubt about the pleasure of using a Koh-I-Noor. It is more economical too, as it lasts so much longer than ordinary pencils.

Price 4d. each, 3/- per dozen, everywhere. Of Stationers, etc. Price List free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (Paris, Brussels, Dresden, Milan, Vienna, New York.)

*MADE IN AUSTRIA*

*In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER*

## A LONDON BUSINESS MAN'S WONDERFUL HAIR-GROWING PREPARATION.

# NEW HAIR

IN 14 DAYS.

He invites Men and Women tired with trying "this, that, and the other things," to apply for complete

Large Trial Treatment

# FREE

A well-known London business man has a wonderful Hair-Growing Treatment which he claims will grow hair in fourteen days. He is willing to send supplies of his treatment, sufficient for a complete trial, to those who, as he puts it, are tired of trying this, that, and the other thing for their baldness, thinning, or colouring failing hair. Certainly the evidence of letters and photographs which may be seen at Craven House, opposite the British Museum, London, is most extraordinarily satisfactory. Elderly and middle-aged, as well young ladies and gentlemen, have been remarkably grateful for what the preparation has done. They have written lengthy letters, and some have sent photographic evidence of the highly satisfactory effect of the preparation.



## THE EVIDENCE.

### GROWING SPLENDIDLY.

Littlehampton, Sussex.

Dear Mr. Burleigh,—I am very pleased indeed with the result of your hair grower. I find my hair is growing splendidly beyond my expectations in so short a time. I will do my best to recommend it to others.

(Miss) E. GREENFIELD.

### A WONDERFUL PRESCRIPTION.

Robertson Street, Greenock.

Dear Sir,—Yours of last week to hand. I omitted to send word as regards the box I got. I only used half the box and my hair is thoroughly restored. It is a wonderful prescription, and I would thoroughly advise anyone who is inclined to be bald to use it.

H. MCINTYRE.

### GROWN FULLY AN INCH.

Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—I am greatly pleased with your hair grower. I have only used one box, yet it has made the hair grow fully an inch where the baldness was, and I return you my sincere thanks, for I shall always recommend your hair grower whenever I can.

J. T. BROWN.

"No part of the human structure starts growing again, nothing like so quickly, as the hair of the head," the discoverer remarked. "If it were otherwise I certainly could not say that my Hair Regenerator would, as it actually does, grow hair in fourteen days. "I know," he said, continuing, "that most people will think my treatment too good to be true. I have selected haphazard a few testimonials which bear out my contention—I have hundreds of others.

"I wish everyone suffering from Hair Troubles to obtain from me a complete Large Trial Hair-Growing Treatment, consisting of

# FREE

1. One Large Trial Box of my True Hair Grower.
2. One Cake of Special Scalp Soap.
3. A Beautifully Illustrated Book of 96 Pages.

I ask only that each of my correspondents shall send me THREE PENNY STAMPS to cover expenses other than the cost of the Treatment itself—I, myself, will pay for the latter.

"I will make satisfactory arrangements to ensure the sending of each applicant's supply of my Hair Regenerating Treatment off the same day as the letter and stamps reach me. My address is—

**JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 229, Craven House (Opposite British Museum), London, W.C.**

### 5-8ths INCH HAIR IN TWO WEEKS.

Northampton.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—I am glad to acknowledge what your hair grower has done for me. It is really surprising. I have about 5-8ths inch of hair when two weeks ago not one hair was to be seen. I will recommend it to my friends.

E. POPE.

### HAIR GROWS QUICKLY.

Hove, Brighton.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh.—I enclose P.O. for another box of your preparation. I am pleased to say that the sample you sent me has entirely stopped the falling off of the hair, and it makes the hair grow longer surprisingly quick.

EDLA PULLEY.

### A TEN DAYS' RESULT.

Springburn, Glasgow.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh.—Please send me another box of your hair grower, for which I enclose P.O. I have only used your pomade for ten days; the hair is coming splendidly.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON.

**Waterman's  
Ideal  
Fountain Pen**



**It is very  
irritating**

when  
you  
have

broken in a pen to find that at just the moment when it is going satisfactorily it has elected to become cross-legged, worn out, or obstinate. The way to avoid this is to select a Waterman's Ideal, choosing a nib you like, which will be just at its best for years. Ask to see the new Waterman's Ideal Pump-filling Pen, and the Waterman's Ideal Safety Pen.

PRICES:—**10/-, 12/-, 15/-, 17/-, 21/-,** and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. Booklet, post free, from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York: 173, Broadway. Paris: 6, Rue de Hanovre. Vienna: Karlsthierstrasse. Milan: Via Bossi 4. Dresden: Pragerstrasse 6. Brussels: 14, Rue du Pont Neuf.)



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's  
Plate Powder**

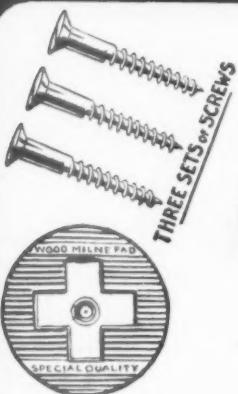
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-.

**BRITANNIA  
UNDERWEAR  
NEVER SHRINKS**

See that you and every member of your family wear it. It protects against chills, is all wool, never shrinks, and is highly recommended.

**OLD  
ARTIFICIAL  
TEETH BOUGHT.**

The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 63, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place), London, W. *Est. 100 Years.*



**IRON versus RUBBER.  
A GOOD TESTIMONIAL.  
A wearer of  
WOOD-MILNE REVOLVING  
HEEL PADS writes:**

“Dear Sirs,

“As a wearer of your HEEL PADS I think you may like to hear of my experience.

“I had a pair of pads fixed to my boots several months ago. They are not half worn down, but the iron screws have THREE TIMES worn through, showing how much better your rubber lasts than does iron itself. The rubber is as good as ever. THIS PAIR OF HEELS HAS SAVED ME A GUINEA.”

**ONLY WOOD-MILNE WILL DO THIS.**

# ECZEMA:

City's Epidemic Stamped out by Zam-Buk.



Mrs. Thomas, of Bristol, and nine of her ten children who were cured by Zam-Buk.

ZAM-BUK made history in the district of St. Philips, Bristol, recently, when that place was visited by a perfect plague of eczema. Dozens of children were sent home from school daily, and scarcely a family in the district could claim to have had complete freedom from the disease. During the epidemic Zam-Buk proved of incalculable value, and the case of Mrs. Thomas, whose ten children were cured, is selected as a striking example of Zam-Buk's sterling merit. The names of the children are: William (aged 20), May (18), Albert (17), Alfred (16), Lavinia (15), George (13), Ernest (11), Arthur (10), Alice (8), Gladys (6).

To a local reporter, Mrs. Thomas, who lives at 1, Albany Place, St. Philips, Bristol, said:—  
"Alfred was the first to be attacked. The eczema started in the form of a very thick rash all over his face and head. The sores were continually breaking and were exceedingly painful.

"I exercised the greatest care to prevent the disease spreading, but one child after another was attacked by the awful itching disease, until my house was a veritable hospital and a home of woe and misery. George, aged 13, used to faint away with the pain, and the younger ones were almost continually crying because they suffered so, and could get no sleep.

"All the ointments I tried were powerless even to check the spread of the epidemic, and I believe that the children would still have been suffering if it had not been a lucky circumstance that led us to try Zam-Buk.

"Gladys met with a very serious accident by burning herself very badly. For this I bought a box of Zam-Buk, which completely healed Gladys' skin. Then we tried Zam-Buk for the eczema on all the children, and the result was just as remarkable. One by one the disfiguring and painful sores were healed, and the disease driven completely away from each child.

"The news of these wonderful Zam-Buk cures was quickly spread about, and I know from many other cases in this district Zam-Buk did much to stamp out the local epidemic."

**FREE BOXES.** For the trifling sum of 1s, it is possible to acquaint yourself with the special power of this world-famous salve. Simply send your name and address and 1s stamp, mentioning "The Quiver," February 1903, to the Zam-Buk Co., Castle Street, Leeds, and you will receive by post post a sanitary sample of Zam-Buk and a booklet forming a handy guide to the cure of skin diseases.

# Zam-Buk

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER

## EDUCATIONAL.

**A DVICE and INFORMATION as to SCHOOLS**  
for GIRLS or BOYS, at home and abroad, and as to  
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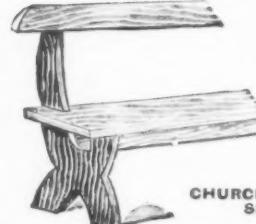
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# The Quiver, February, 1909

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Drawn by N. PRESCOTT DAVIES.

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If a chameleon becomes blind, it loses its power to change its hue, and remains a blackish colour.

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A man's brain attains its maximum weight at the age of twenty years; that of a woman at seventeen years.

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Married men live seven years longer than bachelors, and wives live five years longer than unmarried women.

The inscriptions on an old coin worn smooth may sometimes be deciphered by placing it on a red-hot iron.

The voice of a woman on the earth's surface is audible in a balloon at the height of about two miles, while that of a man has never reached higher than a mile.

If you find a difficulty in threading your needle, try holding it in front of a piece of white paper. This makes the eye conspicuous, and the needle is much easier to thread.

The parchment used for drumheads is prepared from the skins of donkeys, calves, goats, and wolves; and that for writing purposes from the skins of sheep. The polishing is done with pumice-stone.

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Her pleasant old face  
may be only a memory  
—a memory of kindli-  
ness and cleanliness.  
How proud she was of  
the Old Homestead,  
with its spotless floors;  
with its tables scrubbed  
white, and everything  
else clean as a new pin!

**Granny used  
Hudson's Soap.**

## IT IS A VERY LONG TIME

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to-day. Folks do not change unless  
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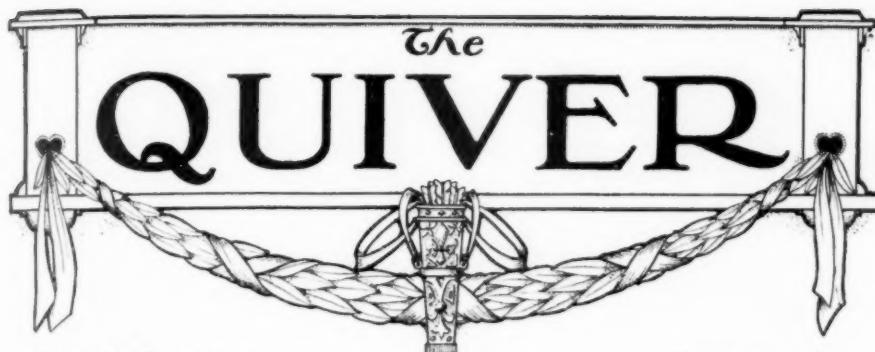
FEBRUARY, 1909

1 MON. King and Crown Prince of Portugal assassinated 1908	14 Sunday <i>Sextagesima</i>
2 TUES. <i>Candlenmas</i>	15 MON. Galileo b. 1564
3 WED. Mendelssohn b. 1809	16 TUES. General Lew Wallace d. 1904
4 THURS. Bishop Hannington killed 1889	17 WED. Duchess of Albany b. 1801
5 FRI. Sir Robert Peel b. 1788	18 THURS. Charles Lamb b. 1775
6 SAT. Queen Anne b. 1665	19 FRI. Mme. Patti b. 1843
7 Sunday <i>Septuagesima</i>	20 SAT. Duchess of Fife b. 1867
8 MON. Canon Barnett b. 1844	21 Sunday <i>Quinquagesima</i>
9 TUES. Sir Evelyn Wood b. 1828	22 MON. Washington b. 1732
10 WED. Queen Victoria married 1840	23 TUES. <i>Shrove Tuesday</i>
11 THURS. Edison b. 1847	24 WED. <i>Ash Wednesday</i>
12 FRI. London Custom House fire 1814	25 THURS. Sir C. Wren d. 1723
13 SAT. Ld. R. Churchill b. 1849	26 FRI. <i>Sirkenhead</i> lost 1852
	27 SAT. Longfellow b. 1807
	28 Sunday <i>1st in Lent</i>



A PURITAN MAIDEN.

*(Drawn by N. Prentiss Davies.)*



VOL. XLIV., No. 3

FEBRUARY, 1900

## A Country Corner

By AMY LE FEUVRE

*Author of "Probable Sons," "Teddy's Button," etc.*

### SYNOPSIS

THE chief characters in this story are Rosemary and Penelope Mowbray, who break away from the control of their lady guardian, and hunt out their brother Laurence in his country corner. Laurence, much older than they, and almost a hermit, does not welcome their arrival, but he is cajoled into altering his plans for sending them back, and offers to allow them to remain with him for a month. At the Welcome Club, which he holds once a week, the two girls meet his friends—Sir Anthony Forrester, Major Willoughby, whose life seems to hold a hidden tragedy, and Mr. Bruce Talbot. Hanging about the village is Moses Vance, a churlish, shrewd old fellow, with a disposition to grumble at most people, especially women folk. With her brother's permission Rosemary begins gardening operations in the wood, and plans out her work for many months to come. While wandering on the moor one day she is shrouded in mist, and encounters a mysterious lady, who speaks most bitterly of her lot in life. Rosemary proffers her sympathy and help, but they are declined. On her return home she tells of her adventure, and Penelope declares the stranger to be Major Willoughby's mysterious wife. Laurence will neither confirm nor deny the statement, but abruptly leaves the room.

### CHAPTER VII

#### THE "HAUGHTY HEIRESS"

"Self blinded are you by your pride."  
TENNYSON.

THE days were getting darker and shorter. Rosemary sighed much as her work in the wood became more and more curtailed. She would never settle indoors with any real happiness, and Penelope often took her to task for her apparent discontent.

"What do you want?" she said to her one afternoon, when she had come in tired from her recent exertions, and flung herself into a chair by the fire with a grumble at the darkness of the day. "Do you expect perpetual light and sunshine at this time of year? You have all the more time now to dream your dreams. You used to love the fireside in the winter time."

"I don't now," said Rosemary; "it gives me too much time to think."

"You're the most extraordinary creature! Since when have you hated thinking?"

"Since that first sermon we heard," replied Rosemary, a sad intonation in her voice.

"Oh, what rubbish! Why don't you do something instead of sitting idle? Help me with my work. I'm making some flannel petticoats for young Mrs. Crow in the village. She has five girls under six, and hardly money enough to clothe them. Will you have one of the garments? I have them all cut out."

"You're getting quite philanthropical here," said Rosemary wonderingly.

"I can't be idle," said Penelope shortly; "and I'm fond of Mrs. Crow; she's so young, and so handicapped by her many babies."

"I'll try and make one if you like. Pennie, tell me, do you think I'm wasting my life? I never think about it when I'm working in my wood, but when I'm at home something seems to say to me, 'All for self! All for self!' And then I feel furious!"

"You think and feel too much!" said Penelope, with a grandmotherly air. "Hark! Isn't that a carriage driving up?"

Laurence is out, I know. Put your head out of the window and see who it is!"

They were sitting in their brother's room. Rosemary jumped up at once and opened cautiously one of the casement windows. Then she turned round with excitement in her eyes.

"It's a visitor for us, Pennie! She's coming in, and I believe it's the 'haughty heiress'!"

In another moment the parlourmaid opened the door.

"Miss Stanhope!"

And in Miss Stanhope came.

She was a tall, handsome girl, dressed in a long crimson cloth coat, with sable furs, and a black velvet picture-hat with feathers. Looking at her face, one would instinctively have guessed that pride and intolerance were two of her failings. But her tone was genial as she turned to the sisters.

"I have only just heard that you have come here to stay. We have so few ladies in the neighbourhood that you will be a welcome addition to our circle. I do know your brother slightly, but he is such a confirmed bachelor that we never can get him to accept any friendly invitation. How do you like this part of the world? Is not one of you very musical?"

Penelope took it into her head that there was patronage in her tone.

"Well," she said, "I think most people are musical nowadays if they have been sent abroad to study it. I am no genius, I am afraid. Are you fond of it yourself? Do come and take this chair. It is more comfortable."

"A most delightful room," said Miss Stanhope, looking round her with interest. "Yes, I am very fond of music myself. Bruce Talbot and I get up a good many village concerts at Hawkhurst during the winter, and I dare say you will help us. It is so good for the lower classes to hear really good music. I don't believe in lowering one's standard to appeal to them."

Penelope made no reply. Miss Stanhope turned to Rosemary.

"How do you like this quaint house of your brother's? Such a curious thing of him to buy it, with no garden or any bit of ground in front. You must find the dust terrible in the summer."

"We have not spent a summer here yet," said Rosemary. "It is a perfect winter house, we think. All the rooms are so snug and warm. We are very happy here."

Miss Stanhope looked at her with a little frown between her brows. "I wish I could find that a house would make me happy," she said, with a slight smile.

"Oh," said Penelope, laughing, "a *house* wouldn't make Rosemary happy; she looks upon it only as a necessary appendage to her life. It's a garden that contents her soul. I am the house-lover, I think."

"Then how can you live without a garden?" asked Miss Stanhope, turning to Rosemary.

"I can't. I have one; at least, I'm making one."

She described her wood. From being pleasantly condescending in tone, Miss Stanhope now grew quite interested.

"It sounds novel and delicious," she said. "I wonder if you could turn one of my woods into a garden?"

"It is no easy task," said Penelope, a little abruptly. "Rosemary will work herself to death over this, and will never finish it. It would take twenty years to metamorphose!"

Rosemary smiled contentedly.

"I don't care if I never finish it," she said. "In that case the pleasure, and interest, and refreshment will never be finished. Very few people finish their work. They have nothing to live for if they do."

Miss Stanhope looked at the girls again with her puzzled frown. Then she said suddenly, "Am I your first caller? Have you made acquaintance with any of the people round here?"

"We have seen Laurence's friends," said Penelope, "and we like them very much."

"Oh! I suppose those would be Sir Anthony and Major Willoughby? They and your brother are all recluses after a fashion. They all settled here to be near each other, I believe, and to be away from society. It amuses us considerably. Of course, I can understand it in Major Willoughby's case, but not in the others. One feels sorry for that poor man—only he doesn't want one's sympathy, and is so aggressively cheerful."

"You mean about his wife?" said Penelope, her woman's curiosity getting the better of her. "Is she mentally afflicted?"

"I believe not, but none of us know the rights of it. She refuses to see a soul, and keeps him in constant attendance on her. He says she is a great invalid, and refuses to go anywhere on account of her. All the men about here are extremely unsociable, and your parson is a terror! I can't

stand him at any price. They shouldn't let such abject bundles of nerves enter the Church. They're a disgrace to their calling. He shakes and wriggles like an eel every time I pass him."

"You call him the 'vermicule,' so we've heard," said Rosemary.

"Yes, don't you think it suits him?"

"We don't know him to speak to, but we love his sermons. I think he's the grandest preacher I've ever heard!"

Rosemary spoke enthusiastically, and Miss Stanhope's tone was freezing as she said, "So glad you like him. Tastes differ."

Conversation languished after this, and Miss Stanhope rose to go.

"Come and see me soon," she said, "for I shall be going up to London before long. Winter in this part is stagnation. If I didn't have my own circle of friends in town, I couldn't exist here. There is no one worth knowing except the Hawkursts, and they only spend about three months of the year here."

"We don't mean to stagnate," said Penelope, bristling up a little. "As far as we have seen, it is a very sociable neighbourhood. The poor people are delighted with a visit, and I know everyone in the village already."

Miss Stanhope's smile was a very superior one. "Oh, well," she said, "if that is your *rôle*, you may settle down. I was alluding to intellectual and companionable society."

As she rustled down the stairs, declining tea, the girls turned and looked at each other. Penelope shrugged her shoulders.

"She need not have bothered to call, for I never wish to see her again!"

"You will have to play at her concerts."

"Ah, well, I shall talk to Mr. Bruce about that!"

"A most uninteresting, unpleasant young woman," asserted Rosemary. "I will ask Laurence what he thinks of her."

"It was kind of her to call upon you," was all that Laurence said.

"It was curiosity, nothing more or less. We shall never be friends."

"She is not quite likely to gush at you," said Laurence. "We are not in her set."

"She began by saying we should be a welcome addition to her circle," said Penelope, laughing. "What is her set? I'm quite sure we're as well born as she is. I feel it in my blood. The Mowbrays have



"And in Miss Stanhope came—a tall, handsome girl, dressed in a long crimson cloth coat, with sable furs, and a black velvet picture-hat with feathers."

always been of gentle blood, as our schoolmistress would put it. She is a *nouveau riche*, Laurence, that's what she is, and that's what gives her such a snobbish air!"

"Anyhow," said Laurence indifferently, "you will soon be away. I doubt if you will see her again."

"Look here," said Penelope earnestly; "if you think you're going to move us,

Laurence, you'll be bitterly disappointed. We're rooting fast, and a cedar of Lebanon will be easier to root up than we shall be!"

"It is so unbrotherly and mean to make such speeches, Laurence," said Rosemary reproachfully.

Laurence smiled his dry little smile.

"You are my self-invited guests," he said: "I never forget that. I have a commission in carving that I want to undertake, and I shall have to go to the North of England for a few weeks. It is part of the interior of a dining-hall up there; so I am thinking of shutting up this house and giving Mrs. Ingle and the maids a holiday."

"You couldn't shut this house up and leave it without a caretaker," said Penelope serenely. "My tramp would come back, and have a real good time if you did."

"Oh, I shall have my mastiff; he is really coming to-morrow, and his name is Samson, so he'll be quite equal to your tramp. I shall have him chained in the yard."

"But who will feed him?" asked Rosemary quietly.

"I'll arrange all that."

"We'll be the caretakers," said Penelope: "and we will feed him. You needn't trouble at all."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders and beat a retreat. But the girls had some anxious moments, till Mrs. Ingle said she would rather not have a holiday, and would be very glad to look after the young ladies whilst Laurence was away, and in the end he gave in, as he generally did.

The arrival of Samson caused great excitement. Curiously enough, though soon friendly with both the girls, he attached himself to Rosemary, and would follow her every day to the wood and remain as long as he was allowed. When Laurence took his departure, he declared that Samson would be a splendid protector for the women in his absence, but Penelope remarked that five women were quite equal to one man, and the dog in addition would more than compensate for the valour of the absent male.

"Shall we give the Club dinner as usual?" asked Rosemary mischievously. "I'm sure they would like to come."

Laurence would deign no reply. His parting words were:

"If I find any alteration in my bachelor household when I return, I shall take summary measures to bring your long visit to a close."

And the laughter of the girls followed him down the staircase and out into the road.

On the following evening Rosemary was coming home very tired, when she met Major Willoughby and Sir Anthony returning from shooting.

"I have just left a brace of pheasants at your house," said Major Willoughby, looking her steadily in the face. "It is a pity your brother isn't a sportsman. He won't shoot; I can't think why. He does fish; that's the only bit of outdoor life he likes."

"Yes," said Rosemary: "I always wonder how he can spend so many hours indoors on that old carving. Thank you so much for the pheasants."

"How have you been spending your day?" asked Sir Anthony. "Felling trees and transplanting pines?"

"I've been transplanting holly-bushes," Rosemary replied, smiling, "and I'm wanting to earn some money. I've spent every penny of my allowance on bulbs, and I have not got nearly enough yet. Don't smile, Sir Anthony, in that superior fashion. I know you think I'm wasting my time and money, but you wait till next spring and I invite you to take a walk in my wood!"

"I'm afraid I trespassed yesterday," said Major Willoughby. "You have worked wonders! My dog went off rabbiting, and I wanted him. I found myself walking along a clear level path with sloping banks and groups of shrubs, and an absence of briars and brambles that was remarkable!"

"That doesn't sound much!" said Rosemary, "but it takes a lot of time to make tidy paths, and Moses isn't much of a worker. Still, I like him, he is so entertaining, and we potter along together, and don't take any notice of time!"

"None of us take much notice of time in these parts," said Major Willoughby. "By-the-bye, Miss Rosemary, you met my wife out one evening, did you not?"

It was the first time he had mentioned his wife to either of the girls. Rosemary tried to answer lightly.

"Yes, she helped me to find my way back through the mist."

"Would you mind?" he hesitated a little — "would you have any objection if she were to see your wood? I feel sure she would be so interested in it."

"I should be delighted. I am working there every day. Would she like to come in the morning or afternoon?"

"Oh, I think it would be after you left



Drawn by Steven Spurrier.

"I have just left a brace of pheasants at your house," said Major Willoughby, looking her steadily in the face."

in the evening. My wife is fond of walking in the dusk. She can't time herself, for she is such an invalid, but it would be a great interest to her, I know."

"Only she couldn't see it well in the dusk," said Rosemary dubiously; "and the wood is very dreary there."

"Ah, well, she'll get an idea of it. Thank you very much. Tony, are you going straight home, or will you walk on a bit with me?"

They had stopped at the turning to Major Willoughby's house.

"I must get home. I have arrears to make up for my idle day."

Major Willoughby departed, whistling to himself. Sir Anthony walked on with Rosemary.

"That's one of the best fellows going," he said. "How he keeps up his spirits I fail to imagine!"

"But why shouldn't he?" said Rosemary. "What does his wife do to him? Is he hen-pecked? Is she really ill, Sir Anthony, or does she imagine it?"

Sir Anthony's tone was grave as he replied, "She is to be pitied! I don't know which I pity more, her or her husband."

There was silence, then Rosemary said, "I see we are not to be told the secret. I talked to her, you know, and thought she was indescribably bitter and miserable. She spoke as if she were a prisoner and her husband her gaoler!"

"Her husband is a saint!"

Sir Anthony spluttered the words out with heat. Then he said in a different tone:

"Have you discovered yet whether you are free or not? We make our own prisons very often."

"Yes. I don't think I am exactly a prisoner. A servant of sin, you told me I was. In a dim way I'm beginning to feel it. I live entirely for self. Sir Anthony, and I've never been a happy person, and I don't think I ever shall be. I'm always expecting to be, but it's all self. What does it matter if I'm happy or not?"

She laughed in an embarrassed sort of way.

"You and Mr. Paul have made me very uncomfortable, and as I work in my wood there's not a day when the words aren't ringing in my ears: 'Ye are not your own!' But here I stick; I don't see what I am to do, and I don't know that I want to do anything except forget, and that I can't do!"

Then she added, as if to change the subject:

"Don't you miss your club nights? Why don't you have an evening at your house? Is Laurence's the only place where you like to meet?"

"I have a housekeeper," said Sir Anthony, "and she keeps me in bondage." His eyes twinkled. "She objects to smoke in the house. It's a peculiarity of hers. I once promised her in an impulsive moment that I would always take my pipe out of doors. So she shuts my door against my friends. But she's a good woman, and she—manages me!"

Rosemary looked him up and down with a quick, fleeting glance.

"I don't believe she does," she said. "You always pretend you're very easy-going, but I think you are masterful."

"Wherefore?"

"You look it, and Moses says you are. I get everybody's character from Moses. Would you like to hear yours?"

"Yes. I believe he's rather shrewd."

"Sir Anthony, miss? Zim tu I he be two zorts mixed up, an' keepeth we a bit 'mazed with his changin'! He be praper forceful times when he giveth his orders! An' if so be wan don't do 'em, he be turrible set an' stern. An' he be a right good 'un for a joke an' laugh, an' he be praper religious, too; but blest if I can tull 'ee which come uppermost!"

Sir Anthony gave his humorous chuckle. "I would like my will to come uppermost with Moses, but he is a wily rascal."

"How far is Hawkhurst from here?" Rosemary asked. "Pennie and I have to return Miss Stanhope's call. Do you like her?"

"Hawkhurst is five miles. Why not let me drive you both over? I want to see Talbot, and could combine the two easily."

"Oh, thank you very much. I think we shall be delighted. You haven't answered my other question!"

"I try to live at peace with all my neighbours," said Sir Anthony, looking at her with the twinkle in his eyes that she had already learnt to expect. "Therefore I never discuss them."

"Oh, that's very uninteresting. Pennie and I like discussing people. I am wondering whether I shall take Miss Stanhope at her word. She wants a wood of hers turned into a wild garden. If I could earn some money I would get some anemone bulbs. Just think what a knoll of scarlet anemones

would look like in the spring! But, of course, it would take thousands, and I ought to put them in at once!"

Rosemary's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm. "I should talk it over with Miss Stanhope when you see her. What time would you like to start? About three?"

"Yes, I think so. I thank you so much, Sir Anthony."

They parted. For a moment Sir Anthony stood watching Rosemary's light, quick walk. Then he said to himself:

"I should like to help that little girl to be really happy, but I'm a bungler at talk—never could do it! I hope her efforts to forget won't be successful!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### "I WANT TO HAVE MY FOCUS CHANGED"

"Some sounds sighed ever for a harmony  
With other deeper, fainter tones that still  
Drew nearer from the unknown depths, wherein  
The individual goeth out to God."

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE visit to Hawkhurst was quite a success, and perhaps the two girls enjoyed the drive as much as any part of it. Sir Anthony had a nice dogcart and a good horse, and he drove them for a long way over the moor.

Rosemary turned her face upwards, and sniffed at the fragrant air with keen appreciation.

"A moor smells so different from anything else; the bracken, and heather, and burnt gorse are such a delicious combination. I always feel, a day like this, as if something delightful is in front of me. Do you know the feeling, Sir Anthony—a kind of expectation that, however delightful this is, it is only an anticipation of what is coming?"

Rosemary's speeches were not always understood, but Sir Anthony looked down upon her, as she sat beside him, with sympathetic eyes, and it emboldened her to add:

"I can't quite explain it, but a beautiful day and lovely scenery always give me the feeling that at last my moment is coming to me. I begin to get rapt and ready for it."

"What is the moment?"

"Oh, complete, perfect satisfaction. I am so disappointed when it doesn't come! I'm always getting ready for it."

"And you're always just missing it?"

"Yes, exactly; my cup seems getting nearly full, but it doesn't!"

"Oh, don't let her talk such nonsense!" said Penelope from the back seat. "Rosemary is always chasing shadows!"

"She'll find the substance one day, if she looks high enough!"

"Ah!" said Rosemary, "I can't look higher than the sky, and when I gaze and gaze at that same yearning comes over me."

"You want to look beyond and above the sky."

"How can I?"

"A fresh focus is what you want; it's a defect in your eyesight."

Rosemary looked puzzled, then thoughtful.

"You're getting into deep waters," she said. "Is your sight different from mine?"

"I fancy it is a little. It wasn't as good as yours once. I was terribly short-sighted. Then I took my ease to One Who understood, and He gave me a totally different outlook altogether!"

"You're speaking in parables," said Rosemary with sudden conviction. "Do go on; you always stop short just as I'm getting interested."

But Penelope interrupted.

"All this is very dull for me. I want to know whose house that is on the top of that hill over there?"

"That is Miss Stanhope's!"

"What a mansion! No wonder she gives herself airs! I am surprised that she called on us!"

They had left the moor now, and were turning up a country lane. Rosemary with an effort began to look about her and respond to Penelope's light chatter.

Soon some white iron gates came in view, behind which stood a very trim lodge and an immaculately kept drive. Into this they turned, and drove for quite half a mile up an avenue of beech trees that were not yet quite shorn of their golden glory; long glades of grass with yellow bracken thick in the hollow stretched away on either side; then suddenly they turned and saw a white-turreted Tudor house in front of them.

"Ah," said Rosemary, looking around her, "with all this, what would she do with a small wood garden?"

Sir Anthony left them at the door.

"Shall I call for you in half an hour?" he asked. "I am going to see if Bruce Talbot is in."

"Oh, we will walk back to the village.

Don't come out of your way. We should like the walk, and if she isn't nice we may not want to stay more than five minutes!"

It was Penelope who spoke, and Penelope who walked into the drawing-room with what her sister termed her "martial tread."

Miss Stanhope was sitting reading by the fire. She rose to greet them, and Rosemary, noting the tired inflection of her tone, looked at her rather keenly, and was astonished to see traces of tears on her eyelashes.

"So glad to see you," was her greeting. "How did you come? Did you drive?"

"Yes, Sir Anthony very kindly gave us a lift. We have no trap of our own. I wish we had."

"You should make your brother get you one; but I dare say you cycle, and in that way are independent."

"No," said Penelope, "I believe Rosemary and I are strangely old-fashioned. We don't cycle, or hockey, or do anything that a modern girl does nowadays."

"But you are musical. Can you help us a month from to-day? That is the date we have fixed for our concert."

Whilst Penelope and Miss Stanhope were talking over the concert, Rosemary looked about her. On all sides were signs of wealth and luxury. As her eyes roved about the room they fell involuntarily on the book Miss Stanhope had been reading as they were ushered in and had now taken up again. It was not a novel. The title of it was "The Confessions of a Restless Soul."

Rosemary looked away from it at once; she felt she was intruding upon sacred ground, but Miss Stanhope's quick eyes noticed her, and she gave a little laugh.

"I dare say you wonder at my choice," she said; "the fact is, I picked up this book just inside the drive gates a few days ago. I was looking at it from sheer curiosity. It is a new book, author unknown, and the owner of it is also unknown to me. Are you fond of reading?"

"Yes, very fond," responded Rosemary heartily.

"Have you plenty of reading? I have a box from Mudie's every two or three weeks. Would you like the loan of a book or two?"

The girls thanked her gratefully. They were coming to the conclusion that Miss Stanhope was nicer in her own house than out of it. She had tea in extra early for them, but when she heard they were going down to the village to join Sir Anthony at

Bruce Talbot's she smiled rather disagreeably.

"We have no Mrs. Grundy in these parts," she said, "so we all do as we like, and are very unconventional. And really Sir Anthony is such a confirmed old bachelor that he is beyond all gossip. Mrs. Foster, our rector's wife, is a great invalid and rarely leaves the rectory. She is the only other lady besides myself within twelve miles. I am not counting the Hawkursts; they are so much away that they can't be called residents. They say where there are no women there is no scandal, and where there is no scandal there is perfect freedom of action; so we must be congratulated. When can I come over and see your wood, Miss Rosemary?"

"Whenever it suits you," said Rosemary, a little shortly.

"What did she mean about scandal?" she asked her sister as they walked down the drive together. "Did she mean to insinuate anything unpleasant about our driving here with Sir Anthony?"

"I shouldn't think so. As she says, he is a regular old bachelor. I wonder sometimes that he has never married. Perhaps he has had a story in his life."

"Miss Stanhope is a puzzle to me," said Rosemary thoughtfully. "She had been crying over that book before we came in. Now, I wonder what made her cry over 'The Confessions of a Restless Soul'? I should like to read it."

They met Sir Anthony driving up and down outside the lodge gates.

"I've missed that young Talbot. He had been called away to a farm. Have you had a pleasant visit?"

"Yes, but we are sorry you have been waiting."

As they drove home Rosemary asked him, "Does Miss Stanhope live quite alone in that big house? She must be very lonely by herself."

"She has a lady with her generally, a Miss Trevannion. Did you not see her? She is the most silent woman I have ever met, and always reduces me to speechlessness when I come across her. I suppose she acts as a duenna or chaperon."

"I wish we had seen her. From what Miss Stanhope said, I thought she lived quite alone. She said she and the rector's wife were the only ladies near."

"I shall be having a lady visitor soon," said Sir Anthony quietly.



"I picked up this book just inside the drive gates a few days ago. . . . It is a new book, author unknown, and the owner of it is also unknown to me!"

"You?" exclaimed Penelope curiously.  
"How interesting. Who is she?"

Sir Anthony made a wry face. "She is an old aunt of mine who will pay me a yearly visit. You must come over and have tea with her one afternoon. It will be a great kindness to us both if you will. My aunt generally stays with me a week, and I find the days are rather long and heavy ones, for I am not good at entertaining, and she expects to be entertained, even in 'the wilds,' as she calls this. She lives in London."

"We shall be delighted to come," the girls exclaimed.

When they were put down at their house, Rosemary lingered behind a few minutes after Penelope had gone in.

"I wish," she said, looking up into Sir Anthony's face rather wistfully, "that I could have a thorough good talk with you. You always just say enough to make me curious and leave me wondering. I shall be thinking about my powers of vision when

I go to bed to-night. That is the time I do my meditating."

"I'm afraid I'm not good at that kind of talking," said Sir Anthony, shaking his head ruefully, "but I'll answer any questions you like to ask me. Get some ready for the next time we meet. Good-bye, and don't forget my old aunt. She comes to me the beginning of next week. Can you come to tea on Wednesday? But I shall see you again before that."

Rosemary entered the house thoughtfully. Her mind was always a very busy one, and perhaps an introspective and self-centred one; but she was beginning to feel for the first time that life had its deep currents, flowing side by side with the shallow waters in which she had been drifting, and she repeated to herself a good many times the verse that was still ringing through her heart: "Ye are not your own."

"I don't know how it is," she confided to Penelope that evening, "but all the people

about here seem so interesting. I am quite looking forward to seeing Sir Anthony's house and his aunt, and I feel interested in Miss Stanhope. I wonder if she will take a long time to know? Then there is that Mrs. Willoughby. I am quite longing to see her again and have another talk with her; and I am always hoping that Mr. Paul will lose his fear of us and be more friendly."

"And what about Mr. Talbot?" asked Penelope, with a smile.

"Oh, he is an amusing boy! I think you and he get on better. You don't like grave men."

"I don't think you can call either Major Willoughby or Sir Anthony grave."

"They have a grave side to them, I am sure."

"I believe that little Mr. Paul is quietly making everyone have a grave side," said Penelope abruptly.

"Do you feel like that, too, then?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, as if your soul is being tugged at," Penelope laughed.

"He did make me ashamed of my life the first Sunday I heard him, and he still gives me uncomfortable moments. Have you never guessed why I have taken to mother the whole village? It's just to ease my conscience. I'm determined to do something. Good works are generally supposed to be irksome, but I don't find mine at all so. I'm really interested in all the villagers. I'm looking up situations for their boys and girls, and helping to clothe their babies, and befriending them generally. And I have a pleasant satisfaction in knowing I am doing some good, and not frittering away my time."

"I suppose you think I am wasting mine," said Rosemary, looking at her sister contemplatively; "but I must get right myself before I help others. You were always the unselfish one at school, Pennie. I can't get away from myself. It is no good trying; but if you're interested in the villagers, I am interested in the people of our own class, as I told you."

Two days afterwards, Rosemary was in her wood alone with Samson. He lay at full length, his nose between his paws, upon a rug that she generally took out with her. She, singing softly to herself, was hoeing a bit of sunny ground which she meant to transform into a violet bed. A bonfire of her weeds was burning close to her.

"Oh, Samson!" she exclaimed, talking to her only companion with sincere conviction, "this will never repay me for all my labour! It's a gigantic task to reform a wild wood. It will get choked in no time. I wonder if it is all utter waste of time?"

Samson thumped his tail up and down in response and eyed her with friendly concern out of the corner of his eye. Then his ears straightened themselves, and a low, hoarse rumble from his throat deepened into a warning growl.

Rosemary looked quickly round and saw Sir Anthony coming towards her.

"It's a friend, Samson; be quiet at once. How nice of you to come to see me, Sir Anthony. I can't offer you a seat here, but Moses has evolved a wonderful erection over there which he calls a 'rusticky cheer.' I call it a hen-coop."

"Upon my word, you're making a pretty place of this!"

"It will be, I hope, but it isn't much at present. Would you like to see what I've done?"

"Indeed, I should, if you can tear yourself away from your work."

Rosemary took him along her grassy paths, and pointed out all the preparations for spring. He looked, admired, and gave her one or two sound bits of advice; then she took him to Moses' seat and produced some pears and biscuits.

"This is all I can do in the way of hospitality. It is my lunch."

"I very nearly brought Mr. Paul to see you; we were walking this way."

"I—I am rather glad you didn't. He makes me nervous."

"I thought if you once knew him you might like to ask him the questions I suggested you should ask me."

"I want a proper talk with you," said Rosemary, looking at him with her clear, steady eyes, in which the shadow of sadness seemed to come and go. "I don't want just a few crumbs to peck at, but a downright solid, satisfying meal. My soul is hungry. I think it has been hungry ever since I was born."

"A very healthy sign," said Sir Anthony slowly, his eyes wandering to the signs of cultivation round him. Then with a slight effort he added, "What is your first question? Don't be afraid of me. I am not a parson, and not at all clever. I've just been a few more years in the world than you have, that's all."

"I want to know," said Rosemary softly and reverently, "how I can be sure that I really belong to God, that my soul—and—that my body as well, is in His keeping."

She had plunged to the root of the matter. Much quiet thought in her work, alone with Nature, had brought her to this point, and she was deeply in earnest over it.

There was silence for a moment, then Sir Anthony said:

"I can only think of the line of that hymn: 'We give Thee but Thine own.' You have to hand yourself over to your rightful owner. Isn't that what the vicar told us?"

"Yes, but how do I know that I am taken?"

"Why, isn't that verse pretty plain: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out'?"

Rosemary drew a long sigh. "I am so utterly disgusted with myself that I doubt very much sometimes whether I would be worth His notice. I never have done anything actively good in all my life, and I really have a miserable time when I'm alone, jotting down my misdeeds. They seem to stand like a barrier between myself and God. Every sermon that I hear makes me more wretched."

"But why not get rid of that barrier?" asked Sir Anthony.

"How?"

"I am not very good at quoting texts," said Sir Anthony, looking at the girl's anxious face perplexedly, "but I felt that barrier once, and then it was broken down for me. A lack of understanding on our part makes us worry over it. It was what

the Cross on Calvary did—broke it down, and got rid of it. At least—as I read my Bible—I see that. But if you hand yourself over with all your failures, you'll see it as I saw it. The verse that struck me was: 'In Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.' It wants thinking over, every word of it."

Rosemary looked very thoughtful, but did not speak, and they were both silent for some minutes. At last she said sadly:

"I know so little of all this. I have never met with anyone who makes such a point of—of—what Mr. Paul calls 'Union with Christ.' If I thought of religion at all, it was that we must do the best we could, and hope at the end that God would be merciful. Mr. Paul's creed is such a severe one, and yet such a happy one. I wonder—oh, I wonder if I shall ever arrive at your outlook? I haven't forgotten what you said the other day. You have long sight and I have short sight, and I want to have my focus changed."

"Well, you can get it changed," said Sir Anthony, with a little smile; then he got up from his seat and looked round him again. "There's nothing like husbandry for enforcing God's laws," he said. "Good-bye, and I shall hope to see you to tea next week."

He strode away. But Rosemary did not move for a good half-hour. Then she collected her tools, deposited them in the rough little shed that Moses had built for her, and walked home wrapped in deep and earnest thought.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]



# Face and Soul

By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

*Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," Etc.*

I CAN never make up my mind as to whether there is any correspondence whatever between the physical, mental, and moral qualities of human beings. Of course, one knows the stock instances that are quoted to the contrary, like the crab-eyed Socrates and the pimpled, judicious Hooker. But Socrates is not a case in point, because it is probable that he was a very offensive and tedious person, in spite of Plato. The Athenians hated ugliness, and they hated a bore. Xenophon makes it clear that Socrates was a bore, and the busts leave no doubt of his ugliness. Even Plato could not dissimulate that, and so he made it picturesque. If Socrates had been ugly and charming, as charming as Plato makes him out to have been, the Athenians would have loved him; if he had been a beautiful bore, they would have tolerated him. As it was, after their patience had been sorely tried, they put him to death on a trumped-up charge, and I suppose that he is the protomartyr, so to speak, of his defects—the first, if not the only, man who suffered death because of his personal appearance and social disabilities.

## Is there a Connection between Physical, Mental, and Moral Qualities?

Reflecting over my friends and acquaintances, I am inclined to believe that there is no connection whatever between the three sets of qualities, physical, mental, and moral. I have known very ugly people who were both clever and good. I have known ugly people who were clever and not good, and who were good and not clever. I have even known an ugly person who was both stupid and bad. I have known beautiful people who were both stupid and bad, clever and bad, stupid and good; and a very few beautiful people who were both clever and good.

It is easier for ugly people to be clever and good than it is for beautiful people, because there is something about beauty

that intoxicates us, and makes us inclined to look out for other perfections, and to praise beautiful persons on slight grounds; and too much praise is not good for anyone in childhood and youth, though it is not as bad as too little.

The nicest people I have ever known have been people who are clever and sensible by nature, and have been what is called "spoilt" in childhood; because they grow up believing in human nature, and expecting to find friendliness and kindness everywhere. Ugly and unattractive people grow up expecting to be overlooked; but if they have both cleverness and goodness, their ugliness leads them to work hard to make themselves acceptable on other grounds.

## A Redeeming Feature

Beauty without cleverness or goodness is the most dangerous thing in the world, because its possessors get the best of life, and are inclined to attribute their felicity to their general merits. The most pathetic thing I know—and it is, fortunately, very rare—is a person who is unattractive, stupid, and bad, and is aware of it. It is such a person whom Mr. Anstey depicts in "The Pariah," which is one of the most terrible and heartrending books I know, because even the pathos of the central character never makes one pity him. One would like to have had a kick at him, too.

But almost everyone has a redeeming feature, and a compensation of some sort. Many years ago I was introduced to a lady who, I was told, was charming. At my first sight of her I was positively appalled by her ugliness, and decided that her appearance might be consistent with respect, but not with friendship. My first discovery about her was that she had a brisk, rippling, and silvery laugh; the next that she had a very quick perception, a delightful sense of humour, an almost miraculous sympathy. Before the evening was out I thought her enchanting.

and I have grown to think her very nearly beautiful.

Again, I have an acquaintance whose face is the face of a criminal, and it is accompanied by a sickly pallor which suggests an unpleasant unhealthiness. If one met him in the train one would say that he was both unscrupulous and unsuccessful. As a matter of fact, he is a highly prosperous and respected man of business, and if one has five minutes' talk with him one discovers that one is in the company of a sympathetic and cultivated man; and then when his face is irradiated, as it often is, with a singularly beautiful and friendly smile, he becomes not only tolerable, but positively attractive. Yet here one instinctively corrects the impression of the face by one's knowledge of the individual.

The other day I took in to dinner a plain, shy, and awkward girl, who promised little entertainment. But she had hardly

said a few words when I became aware that she was possessed of a voice of really extraordinary beauty. There was a slight lisp in it, and some tiny mannerisms of pronunciation, which increased the fascination. I am afraid that I must have produced an odd effect on my partner's mind. My one preoccupation was to induce her to talk, simply for the pleasure of listening to the voice, which touched, I know not how, all sorts of strange and haunting associations into life. I was ashamed to find that, like Roderick Hudson listening to Mary Garland's reading, I did not "heed the sense,"

but heard only the liquid rise and fall of the voice, like the murmur of some delicate musical instrument. This young lady will have lovers, I doubt not, who will fall in love with her voice and be content.

But the pleasantest of all my experiences in the matter of physical characteristics was this. I was travelling with a friend on the Brighton line, and we were amusing ourselves by trying to assign the professions and characters of the people we saw on the platforms from their dress and appearance. At a junction, waiting for a train, was a man whom I at once recognised. He was a tall, thin, worn, anxious-looking man with straggling grey whiskers. He had on a shabby fur coat, and carried a small bag in his hand. His hat was dusty and unbrushed. I drew my friend's attention to him, and in a few rapid strokes he sketched an admirable portrait.

"That man," he said, "is evidently a struggling solicitor with a large family. His business is, through no fault of his own, declining. He is unable to compete with firms working on modern lines. The signs of his former prosperity sit pathetically on him. He is smoking a cigar, which, I have no doubt, is a very bad one—an extravagance that he is unable to justify; and he will be careful to throw it away before reaching the suburban villa, where an ill-tempered wife and a crew of unattractive children await him. This is the most melancholy figure we have seen to-day."

"Yes," I said; "you have drawn an



(Photo: Elliott and Fry)

MR. ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, C.V.O.

admirable picture. Now I will tell you who it is. It is the Earl of A——. He is unmarried, and is almost grotesquely wealthy. He has several houses full of art treasures; he is a connoisseur and a bibliophile. He has held high Cabinet rank; he is a Lord-Lieutenant, and conspicuous for his interest in all philanthropic and social movements. And yet I confess that by the Sherlock Holmes' method your picture of him is faultless. The explanation is that he is simply much too great a man, and much too humble-minded, to care how he looks."

The fact of the matter is, as a philosopher once said, that the first time you meet anyone it matters very much what he looks like, and it never matters again. Of course, as I have said, there is a certain kind of physical beauty that makes fools of all of us, and a very moderate allowance of ability and kindness is all that is needed to sustain it. But apart from mere physical grace, there are a hundred things that one can grow to love—expression, movement, voice, gesture, and, further back still, sympathy, kindness, goodness itself.

#### The Charm of Unaffected Goodness

When I was a child I thought very ill of goodness as a quality, because the good people in books, and even in real life, were often so obtrusively and aggressively good, so pharisaical and complacent, so severe and judicial. But I have gradually learnt, as life goes on, that humble and unaffected goodness is the most permanent charm of all. Beauty fades, or becomes statuesque; cleverness wears, or shames one by its superiority; but tolerance, kindness, good-humour, trustworthiness, sincerity, simplicity—the sense of being able to depend on qualities that do not change or diminish, there is nothing like that!

The goodness that I mean is not uprightness, philanthropy, a strict moral code, a high ideal; all these are obdurate things to knock up against; and I have never disliked any people so much as the people of whose disapproval in immaterial things I was conscious. It is of the essence of goodness that it should have no faintest touch of superiority; that it should be ready to forgive, to make allow-

ances, to see the best of others, to admire, to respect, to love. Good people are generally clever people, because they are not shut up in themselves but have a wide range of sympathy and a deep knowledge of human nature. But this knowledge has not been consciously obtained—rather thrust on them by the friends who have trusted in them and confided in them; and thus there is no sense of complacency about it, because it has come rather than been acquired.

Most people desire to be popular; the singular thing is that many people try to acquire popularity by courting admiration. Now, to be admired necessarily implies a certain degree of envy; and it is pathetic to see so many people attempting to win respect by impressing on others the successes which they think will otherwise tend to escape notice. A shrewd man who desires to be popular will find a certain degree of self-effacement the shortest cut to the result. To do things well, and never to allude to them, is the straightest road to popularity. And even so, it is hard to lay down rules; because a person who makes no pretences, who unfeignedly and naturally enjoys his successes, may be a highly agreeable person.

I used as a schoolmaster to be often struck, on meeting for the first time a new form, by the painful similarity of the faces. There were three or four obvious types—big or small, fat or lean, red or white, curly-haired or straight-haired. Half a dozen boys would look rather more interesting than the rest; half a dozen would look decidedly unattractive; and few looked, as a rule, intelligent.

#### Second Impressions

Within a fortnight the whole of one's impressions were resorted and revised. The boys had become natural; they were no longer overshadowed by the presence of the unfamiliar master. It used to amuse me to find that my first impressions were often wholly erroneous. An attractive boy had turned out vacuous; a heavy boy had become intelligent, a commonplace face had become interesting; and one had discovered, too, the curious and undefined charm that certain persons have which seems independent alike of beauty and intelligence—a sort of

congeniality which makes one like certain people to be near one, makes one welcome their proximity, deplore their absence.

One may inherit, I believe, one's physical characteristics from one ancestor, one's mental equipment from another, one's moral nature from a third. There is a recent discovery, known as Mendel's law, by which one will be able some day to trace the precise history of all a human being's qualities, physical and mental alike. It has not at present got much beyond the plumage of chickens; but it is clear that there is a law of heredity at work; and what sad havoc it may make of ethical theories, of free-will and the power of moral choice when it is developed!

Why should one be haunted by so deep a desire to be acceptable, to be loved, when it is not in one's power to be other than what one is? The only thing that one can do in one's relations with others is to practise the best of which one is capable, and not to rest in the contemplation of the superficial qualities of others. Who that looked on the superficial qualities of apples, their greenness, their internal pallor, their rouged cheeks, could foretell that when distilled into a jelly the colour of their soul and blood would be even as flame?

#### Look for Charm Everywhere

The point is to be alive to the discerning of charm in every region of the personality. If it is not obvious in the face or form, one must search deeper; perhaps it will be found in the mind; but even so, if it evades one there, one must go further still, and try to discern it in the soul. There are men of dry and harsh aspect, who, tempted by a little confidence, have revealed to me a mind shot with changing hues, as prismatic as the sheen of the dove's neck. Or, better still, one has met men of no comeliness of face or brilliance of mind, whose soul one has discovered to be burning with a pure, impassioned flame.

Of course, the difficulty is that one has not leisure or opportunity to make deep excavations into the souls and hearts of all the people one meets. There is an element of danger about trying to do it, because one is apt to make too many friends, for the simple reason that so

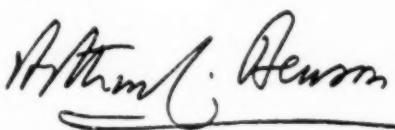
many people turn out to be lovable, if one has time and patience to discern it; and even one's friendships in this world are conditioned by time and space, so that if one is greedy about forming new friendships, one is bound to neglect old ones. It is not only flat to say that one must be on one's guard against being taken in by superficial qualities. It is untrue and ungenerous, because they are often all that one has to go by.

The people who make mistakes in friendship always make better and more intimate friends than the people whose shrewdness of judgment never fails. Impulsiveness makes small losses and great gains. Of course, one must not give ones' heart away at a tea-party; but even that is better than having no heart to give away at all.

#### A Sweet Spirit the Greatest Joy

One seldom makes a mistake about a congenial person, although one is sometimes superficially attracted by an uncongenial one; and the best frame of mind is that one should go about the world, frankly able to enjoy whatever kind of charm comes in one's way, whether it is shallow or deep. The real philosopher is the man who likes a pretty face and a pleasant chatterbox, and who is not always on the look-out for solemn and splendid qualities.

But the greatest joy of all is when one has a glimpse, past the bodily form and past the mind, of a sweet and impassioned spirit, with the qualities of dusk and dew about it, a shy and wondering beauty, such as one perceives when the still summer sunset goes down in state, and the intoxicating sweetness of flowers winds along the lawn across the grassy alleys; when music, stealing from the hands of some unseen player, murmurs from the open windows of the old house, filling the spirit with a yearning that links the silent twilight earth with the bright star that climbs and hangs above the thicket.



# The Cross and the Arrow

A Complete Story

By HAROLD BEGBIE

ONE winter's night, a few years ago, the door of Fulham Palace opened for the exit of a man some thirty years of age, whose face bore the same worn and weathered look which gave a tragic appearance to his clothes. The Bishop himself stood at the door, watching the departure of this shabby guest. At a bend in the drive the man, seeing the light from the hall still streaming on his path, turned his head. The Bishop raised his right hand, as if to pronounce the Benediction. The guest uncovered. For a moment they looked at each other in that narrow path of light. Then the black shadows of shrubs and trees swallowed up the guest, and the sound of his feet on the gravel died away in the wind.

The man, who had thus departed with the Bishop's blessing, pushed on through the night, and made his way to a miserable quarter on the south side of the river.

He arrived at a late hour before a barrack-like house whose many lighted windows contrasted strangely with the sullen gloom of the dreary street in which it stood. Next door to the house was a modern church, huge in size and hideous in form. A street lamp showed that this church was built of red brick. There was no light in any of its windows. A rustling noise came from the branches of a few stunted limes which rose darkly behind the iron railings. The wind made a flipping sound in the notices pinned to the doors. The street was deserted. As the man stood there he took off his hat and bowed his head, remaining for some moments in an attitude of prayer.

As he stood in this meek and solemn attitude before the dark church there came suddenly from the barrack-like house the sound of a piano. A girl's voice reached the man in the street. The windows were a little open. He stood listening to the voice. When the song was finished he heard a clapping of hands and a buzz of voices. He turned to the house, opened the wooden gate, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

He asked for Canon Douglas, and was conducted by a servant to a small room at the end of the hall which had the appearance of an office or waiting-room. There was a writing-table under a gas-bracket in the centre of the room, on which were arranged account books, address books, and many bundles of papers tied up with tape. The floor was covered with oilcloth. There were maps of the district and plans of buildings fastened to the walls by drawing-pins. Over the painted iron mantelpiece was a print of "Christ leaving the Praetorium."

The servant placed a chair near the table for the visitor, but he walked to the fireplace and remained standing, looking at the picture, with his hands holding his hat behind his back. There were no curtains over the window and no fire in the grate. The door, which was made of deal and painted yellow, creaked in the wind, and the linen blind crackled and swelled with the rumble of the window sashes.

The door opened suddenly, making the man start. A clergyman in a cassock was approaching him. It was easy to see that he had come from a scene of gaiety. His eyes were bright, his face was flushed, his lips wore a cheerful smile. He was a tall and bearded man, with broad shoulders, and a good square head. His hair was still brown, his beard was a little speckled with grey. There were few wrinkles in his face. His manner was brisk, vigorous, and engaging. His eyes shone with kindness. He was a man of affairs, humanised by religion.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, offering his hand. In a moment his eyes had taken the measure of his visitor.

"I bring you, sir, a letter from the Bishop of London."

"Take a seat."

The canon opened the letter. It was a note of a few lines. He read it hastily, with a frown on his brow.

"You want another curate. Here is your man. The man. I will answer for him."

He looked up quickly. Something in the appearance of his visitor had made him

suspicious. He had suspected a begging letter. A fresh scrutiny, in spite of the Bishop's letter, did not altogether remove this first impression of something suspicious.

Only the gaze of Christ, perhaps, could have seen behind the forbidding countenance of this visitor the full stature and the gracious dignity of his soul. The impatient glance and the swift scrutiny of suspicious eyes saw there only a solemnity and a silence which rebuked the impertinence of curiosity. It was the face of a man who had suffered terribly, and without tear or cry. His brooding eyes, the settled steadiness of the brow, and the grim, fixed line of the lips, witnessed to a soul which had found itself in the wilderness, and never more could take its ease in the pleasant pastures of human cheerfulness. He repelled curiosity. The world has no taste for tragedy. The dining-table and the drawing-room resent the presence of those who cannot laugh. This man was like an iceberg.

Canon Douglas, fresh from the music and cheerfulness of the drawing-room, felt himself chilled by his visitor. He fingered a large silver crucifix which reposed on his breast, and studied the forbidding countenance of his visitor with quick and penetrating side glances. He asked a few questions. He learned the man's name, his theological college, the date of his ordination. He wrote these particulars in a note-book. "I will see the Bishop and write to you, Mr. Williams." They rose together and walked to the door.

As they passed through the hall the door of the drawing-room opened and a girl, dressed in white, all brightness and smiles, came running out on her way to the stairs. She was followed quickly by a young clergyman, who called to her, "Please let me fetch it for you."

The girl ran into the arms of her father, whose face brightened at sight of her. He laid his hands on her shoulders and said :



"A girl, dressed in white, all brightness and smiles, came running out."

"Always on the top speed, little May!" The young clergyman pulled up, smiling and polite. They made a happy group. Through the open door of the drawing-

room came the sound of voices and laughter.

The visitor was introduced. The girl's soft hand struck a warmth through his iron palm. Her eyes flashed brightness into the dark of his mind. The vicar asked if he would come into the drawing-room and hear a little music. He hesitated, and then declined the invitation. He passed out into the night. It was raining.

## II

A FEW months after his visit Philip Williams became one of the five clergy working in the parish of St. Augustine's. The Bishop had answered all the questions of the suspicious vicar without telling him a secret which Williams had entrusted to his care. That solemn confidence he placed before God, and buried in his bosom its tragic memory. "Take him, and thank God for him," said the Bishop. "He is one of those rare men about whose call there can be not the shadow of a doubt."

Philip Williams did not reside in the clergy house, but lodged in one of the meanest streets of the parish. It was his own wish, and the vicar was not sorry for it. At his own request, too, he did not preach in the parish church. He carried out the instructions of his vicar in the business of the parish, and was a faithful servant in the formal duties of a young clergyman. He mixed but little with the other clergy, and seldom accepted the invitations of the vicar's wife. The prosperous people of the neighbourhood saw nothing of him. He was busy early and late in the slums. Gradually he dropped out of the social life of the parish, and lived almost alone in the worst district, like one of the poor.

This grim and silent man, who repelled happy people and irritated light and fliprant minds, ministered with all the tenderness of a woman and all the profound and understanding solicitude of a saint to the meanest and most degraded human beings in this parish of squalor and destitution. He who was dull and taciturn and forbidding at the table of the clergy house was like a mothering angel in the cellars and kennels of the poor. He had power over men, an influence with women, a wonderful attrac-

tion for children. There was in this worst quarter of the parish a tin chapel, which the solitary priest served entirely by himself. In a few months from his coming it was crowded from end to end. Costermongers brought him flowers for the Communion table. Some of the worst women employed in the local laundries scrubbed the floor and dusted the chairs.

For a long time his one and only help in that evil quarter was a little deaconess. But the vicar, forgetting his early suspicions, became like a father to this poor priest. He would come sometimes and sit in his room. Once when they parted he embraced his curate. Father Williams bowed his head upon his breast. The silver crucifix of the vicar touched his brow like a kiss. It was his great reward.

"Some day," Williams told himself, when his emotion had passed, "I may win the heart of John Reid."

This man was a noisy atheist who lectured at street corners and did a great deal of harm. It was always the endeavour of Williams to soften hard hearts and make rough natures tender. His whole mission was one of sweetness. It was to the cold and the hard and the cruel that he went, as much as to the weak and the sinful.

One day, more than a year after his arrival in the parish, as he opened the door of the vestry and came into the chapel for Evensong, he saw at the back of the congregation the Bishop, his vicar, and his vicar's daughter.

After the service he was obliged to return to the vicarage: the Bishop insisted on it. His worn cassock made a strange figure at the bright table. He was questioned about his work. His answers interested everybody. Everybody is interested in success. He spoke without assumption of modesty and without the odious accent of cant. His words were few, and he only answered questions. He spoke of the genius of the deaconess for winning the confidence and love of the most abandoned. He avoided speaking about himself.

"I expect you find what I find," said one of the curates, "that it is easier to make people moral than spiritual?" The speaker glanced towards the Bishop.

A servant entered the room. The deaconess was in the hall. A dying child had sent for Father Williams.

## III

A FEW days after the visit of the Bishop A the daughter of Canon Douglas encountered Philip Williams in the street.

"I have come to ask you a question," she said. He looked at the beautiful girl and waited. "I want to do something in this part of the parish," she continued; "what can I do that will help you?"

The brightness of youth was still upon her. That fresh gaiety of unclouded happiness and a perfect self-sufficiency which makes childhood so delightful was still the portion of this beautiful glad girl. She was attracted to the priest of the slums by romance. He interested her. He was different from other men. She wanted to have his confidence.

He did not dissuade her. With a grave courtesy he accepted her offer. She became a regular visitor in that quarter of the parish. There was not a single street or court, he told her, where it was unsafe for her to go. They often met in those terrible places. Sometimes they nursed a sick child together, or helped to do the house-work of a mother who had been carried to the hospital. May Douglas laughed often; she saw the humour of these adventures. The priest learned to smile at his work. The power of a bright and innocent girl over the lonely heart of a solitary man is enormous; it is like a return to his own childhood; it is like bathing in the waters of his old innocence. The priest brightened at sight of this girl. He was glad to be with her. He looked for her coming. And she felt increasingly the power of this strange personality, this silent great man, so austere and so baffling. They became friends. The atheist lecturer, John Reid, seeing them pass together, would laugh and wink his eye to one of his friends on the pavement.

At the end of a year the curiosity of the girl had turned to admiration, her romantic interest in the silent and mysterious priest to a passion. He became for her the chief man in the world.

One day she went with him and a large party of school children to Hampton Court. A little before the hour of their departure for the slums he found himself alone with her under one of the great trees facing the Palace. At a little distance from them the deaconess was playing with the children.

"This is your first holiday since you came to us?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And the first for how many years before that?"

"I forget."

"Have you always worked hard?"

"Yes."

She looked away from him towards the Palace without seeing it. "I have only one fault to find with you," she said: "you are so silent about yourself."

"That is not a fault," he answered.

"Oh, we remain human to the end of our days. You can give up a good deal, but you can't give up your humanity. To gossip about oneself is not a sin. It is only human."

He did not speak.

"I should not like you to be loquacious with everybody," she said, laughing; "that would spoil you. But I should like you to tell me something about yourself. Biography is charming. The biography of our friends is literature of the soul."

"All I wish you to know, you know," he answered. "The rest—is uninteresting."

"Look at me," she said as he turned his head. She was smiling. "Now can you honestly look into my eyes and tell me that all your past life is uninteresting? No! There is some mystery about you. You are unusual. I am a daughter of Eve. Tell me your story."

He expected him to smile. Instead, he became terrible. His eyes darkened, his lips hardened, the blood drained from his skin. He looked like a man stricken with an agony.

"I did not mean to hurt you," she said, quickly.

He thought how beautiful and fresh and young she looked, this glad girl, this happy creature who had never known sorrow, and who was infinitely out of his reach. "If I could tell you my past life," he said slowly, "I could tell you also what I most long to tell you. I cannot. I must not. For your own sake. Instead, I make a request of you. I ask you—for my sake—to go back to the life you lived before I came here."

"I cannot," she answered. The man's power was over her. "You prevent me," she said.

Their eyes met again. They both knew. The deaconess, looking up from her play, saw

them standing there—the poor priest in his shabby clothes, the beautiful, radiant girl in summer dress. Then a child caught her by the hand and she looked away.

"Do you understand?" she demanded, with a smile.

"Yes," he answered, "I understand."

A week afterwards the vicar came one day to the dinner table with worry and annoyance written on his face.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"Williams has sent me a letter. He wants to go. It is disaster. That man is a genius in the parish."

"We got along very well before he came," said his wife.

After dinner the daughter saw her father in the little office at the back of the hall, which had the picture of "Christ leaving the *Prætorium*" over the painted iron mantelpiece.

"Don't let Mr. Williams go," she said, putting her hands on his shoulders and smiling at him.

"What!" cried the father, laughing, "are you in love with that bear?"

"With that lion," she answered.

When the vicar saw his daughter again he said to her: "Your lion, I find, does not want to go. He is a fine fellow. One day he will be a bishop. I don't wonder you are fond of him. I love him like a son. I told him so. I hope he will not leave us. He will think it over. He is to give me his answer on Monday. And on Sunday you will have a surprise: he has asked to preach for us here."

#### IV

THE congregation in the tin chapel listened next Sunday to the curate who found it easier to make people moral than to make them spiritual. On this occasion he succeeded only in making them sleepy and impatient.

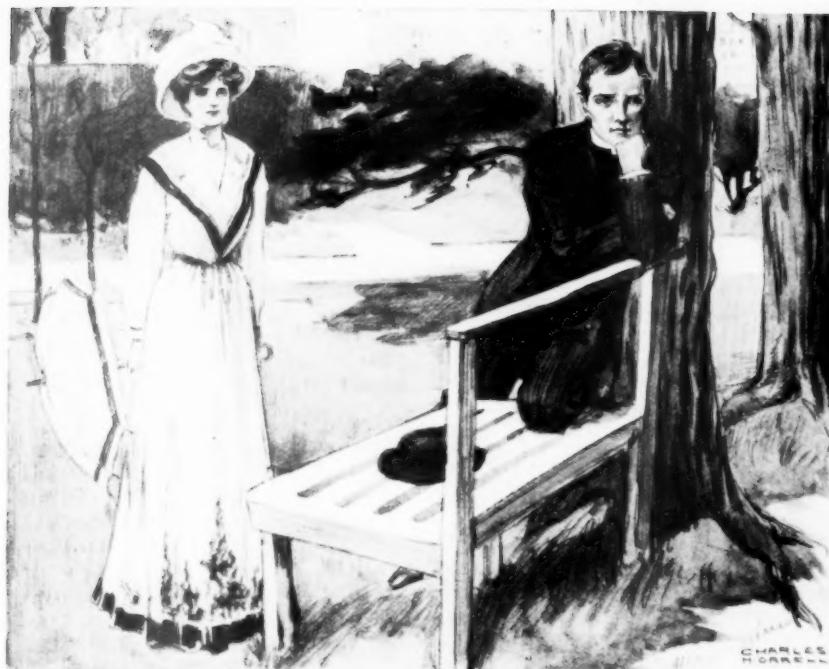
In the parish church, for the first time since his coming, Mr. Williams preached. His appearance in the pulpit attracted the gaze of people. This man from the slums, they thought, is terrible: the suffering of destitution has passed into his face. The deep tone of his voice roused their intellect, and its absolute sincerity enchain'd their attention. His sermon con-

cerned sympathy. He spoke about the secret of Christ. His face became illumined and tender when he said that to have faith in a man is to save him. Christ would go in our day to people neglected and abandoned by His Church, and He would save them. There is no living thing in the whole universe, he declared, outside the quickening sympathy of God. If the vile and the degraded man will not hear the Church, it is not the fault of the man: it is the fault of the Church. If the Church possessed the secret of Christ—which is abiding, undoubting, and triumphant sympathy—it would draw all men to the Son of God.

Without a break in his discourse, and speaking with the same quiet composure of voice he said: "I do not declare the power of Christ's sympathy without knowledge. The man who speaks to you is an ex-convict, one who has breathed prison air and known the tortures of penal servitude for seven years. Even in prison—"

He continued, apparently unconscious of the tremendous effect produced by his words: "Even in prison the sympathy of Christ enters, remoulds the heart of a man, and transforms his soul, even there where men go down into the hell of despair. It can save the worst. Men and brethren, I thought to put this thing behind me, and hide the light of Christ under a bushel. I thought to lose my past. I cannot. It belongs to God. I shall be nearer to His poor by their knowledge of my life. They will better understand the power of Christ. I can say to the worst man, 'I know your thoughts, I understand your difficulties, I have been lower than you.' And"—he raised his voice—"I can say to the Christian who turns aside from me and shrinks from me, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses'; not to forgive is more horrible than to sin." He paused for a moment, and then told the story of his life.

He had begun existence in one of the great towns of the north of England. His father died when he was a boy of fifteen. He was left to support his mother and a family of younger brothers and sisters. At the age of twenty the railway works at which he was employed turned away over £100 hundred hands. He was among this number, and the shadow of starvation fell across his home. For a period of three years the



"Look at me," she said, as he turned his head. "There is some mystery about you. . . . I am a daughter of Eve. Tell me your story"—p. 261.

family lived on the verge of ruin: at the end of that time he obtained a clerkship in a factory. His salary was a small one: the load of debt weighed heavily on his shoulders, the burden was intolerable. He began to gamble in the hope of release. The burden of debt increased. Terrified by the fear of ruin, he embezzled a large sum of his employers' money—many thousands—in the hope of a successful speculation. His speculation failed. His crime was discovered. He was sent to penal servitude. His mother died during his trial. He went to prison with the feelings of a murderer. At first the bitterness of his lot filled his heart with rebellion, and he hated society. The blackness which fell on his heart was the blackness of eternal night. The prison chaplain only deepened this blackness of his heart and intensified this hatred. That professional servant of God knew nothing of Christ's secret. It was a gaoler who brought light to his soul. This humble and almost unlettered man,

this prison warden with his bunch of keys, held in his hand the keys delivered to St. Peter. He understood the secret of Christ. His kindness melted the heart of the convict. His knowledge of God set the prisoner free. "When I left prison," he said, "this man took me into his house, and set his little child on my knee." From that moment he had one impulse in his soul—to serve Christ.

Such, in brief, was the remarkable sermon of this remarkable man. When he returned to the vestry the clergy came to him one by one and offered him their hands.

"What a sordid end to a noble mystery," said May Douglas to her mother as they turned into the gate of the clergy house.

## V

ON the following morning the vicar was in his office when Williams knocked at the door and entered.

"Ah, you have come to give me your

answer," said the vicar. "Well, you have thought it over? You won't leave us, I hope?"

He had been kind to the preacher after the sermon, but had seen him only in the vestry.

"You wish me to stay?"

"Yes."

The younger man searched the other's face with his eyes. "Are you quite sure?" he said slowly.

"From our point of view I am perfectly sure," answered the vicar, looking away and fidgeting with some papers. "From your own point of view"—he looked up—"I am not so sure. Oh, you were quite right to make a public confession. These things always leak out sooner or later. It is far better to be open and above-board. But—"

"Will you be open and above-board with me?" asked the poor clergyman very quietly.

The gentle question, the appealing gaze of the man, discomfited the vicar. "In what way? I don't understand." He had embraced this man and loved him.

"Do you still consider that I am truly a fit person to serve in the sacred ministry of Christ?"

"My dear fellow, no one can have any other feeling for you than one of the warmest admiration. You have fought a noble fight."

"You do not think that I am a shame to Christ?"

"On the contrary, it is men like you—men who have suffered and known—that the Church most wants."

"That is what the Bishop told me. That is what I have hoped."

"There is no doubt about it."

"Then," said Williams, raising his eyes with a look of appeal, "I cannot be unworthy to marry your daughter."

The vicar's face blanched. Annoyance and a proud reproof looked from his eyes, which had become stern. "I think it would be better," he said, slowly and decisively, "if you were to leave us, and begin again in another parish." He paused. His eyes kept themselves fixed on the poor clergyman. He added: "My daughter, Mr. Williams, is also of that opinion."

The poor man in his shabby cassock felt as if a knife had been plunged into his heart

He looked at the vicar who had been so Christ-like to him, so tender and compassionate, and on whose breast reposed the figure of the crucified Christ which had once touched his brow.

His bitterness was like that of one who has made a great journey to the Cross and, falling down on his knees there, and raising his gaze in the extremity of woe, beholds not Christ, but Napoleon—not a Saviour, but a destroyer.

"I cannot understand," he said. "I am not unfit to be a disciple of the Light of the World, and yet—" He paused. Then he added, "But I will go."

He went out of the house, and walked with heavy feet towards his lodging in the slums. Not only had his love-dream vanished into thin air, but his faith in a man who had once been Christ-like to him was destroyed. He realised that men can forgive, but that it is only God Who can forget. The supreme scepticism of men concerns repentance of sin. Is it not significant that the joy wherewith, we are told, the conversion of one sinner is greeted is in heaven?

As he reached the crowded market street he observed how people whispered about him, and that children, who had hitherto called out his name with a friendly smile as he passed, now stood staring at him with a frightened curiosity. John Reid, who was a shoemaker, came to his door, rubbing a knife on his leather apron, and smiled at the clergyman. A drunken man, one of his parishioners, rolling out of a public-house, put his arms round the priest, and said: "There's no ticket-of-leave where I'm going." The mocking laughter of this man rang in his ears. "My martyrdom has only now begun," he said.

There was a marked difference in the manner of his landlady. "And she has need of my few shillings," he thought. When he entered the school the teachers treated him with a certain coldness, and the children gazed at him.

To have been in prison is a terrible thing in any country, but most terrible in England. The poor never forget the scar left by the broad arrow.

"I will stay here," said the priest. "For their sakes I must stay. God help me to live forgiveness into their hearts. I must not think of myself. I must teach them to attain to forgiveness."

## VI

HE asked the vicar's leave to remain. There were certain negotiations, and then the tin chapel was made a sole charge. He became its minister with an income of £80 a year. He lived on half that sum, and gave away the rest in charity. He and the little deaconess represented in that dreadful place the Church of Christ.

He was cut off from the parish and shared in none of its activities. He saw nothing of the neighbouring clergy. He was never invited to the vicar's table. The poor inquired of him why May Douglas did not come to see them. He answered: "The deaconess has not deserted you." He never asked: "Am I not sufficient?"

This man in his miserable lodging was a solitary. The suspicion of the poor is like a mountain. They could not forget that their clergyman had been a convict. The man John Reid harangued the mob at street corners, and never let a discourse go by without an allusion to gaol-birds which made the people laugh. The poor priest heard them laugh as he went by. What hurt him most was the fear which children seemed to feel for him. A child does not fear an ogre or a ghost more than a man who has been in prison. Williams saw himself as his parishioners saw him. But for the encouragement of the deaconess he would have failed.

He lived the life of Christ. From the rise of the sun to the hour of midnight he was the servant of the poor. He never answered the taunts of John Reid. He never pleaded for the trust and affection of the people. He simply served God. You saw him in his shabby cassock, which was frayed at the cuffs and muddied at the hem, going into alleys and courts from morning to night. His love broke down at last the antipathy of the poor. He was irresistible. You could not look into his face, which had softened and become infinitely tender, without realising that you were in the presence of one of those rare souls who has spoken with God.

Seven years passed away. He was surrounded by the affection of the poor. He was something of a famous man. Great people came to hear him preach and sent him money for his poor. His old enemy, John Reid, was groaned at when he spoke

of gaol-birds. Children began to run to him again. He was wonderfully encouraged.

"It is not I who has done this," he told himself; "there is some angel working for me in the midst of these people."

One summer evening, when the sordid houses and the greasy streets were transfigured by the flames of a setting sun, the poor priest with his shining eyes and kind face came suddenly on the vicar's daughter.

"I have been looking for you," she said. Her face appeared to him worn and peevish. He was pained by the change in her. She was altogether without that tenderness and sweetness which make the face of a good woman divine. All the loveliness of youth had departed. "I owe you an apology. I ran away from your confession. I ought to have stayed and helped you. I was a coward."

"I am glad you can say that," he answered with a smile of the purest gratitude, but it was not the look she desired. He watched her with his calm eyes. He felt pitiful towards her. "But you must not be sorry for me. I have not been alone. My Master has been very near to me."

She felt that an abyss had opened between them greater than that created by his old reserve. How could this be? What had happened? She knew his whole life now; they were greater strangers than when mystery was between them.

"Sometimes, perhaps, you will let me come and help you in your work?" she said weakly, wishing to get away.

"The poor will always be glad to see you," he replied.

When he had parted from her, he looked up and saw the little deaconess coming towards him, like an angel out of the glory of the sunset. What was this new light in her face? What was this strange glory which enveloped her?

"John Reid is asking for you," she said. "He wants to beg your pardon. He is dying. Will you come with me?"

He looked into the beautiful eyes of the good woman and saw her pure soul, and penetrated the golden depths of her devotion. He knew now who was the angel sent by God to work for him in the midst of these unforgiving people.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will go with you to the end of my life."

# Uplifting the Negro

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

## THE AMERICAN NEGRO OF TO-DAY

Pays taxes on £70,000,000 worth of property.  
Controls 33 banks.  
Owns or occupies 500,000 houses and farms.  
Numbers 16,000 ministers of religion.  
Owns 28,000 churches and £6,000,000 worth of  
church property.

THE fact that the British Government intend to establish schools for negroes in West Africa, and have decided to take the Hampton Institute as a model, is sufficient reason to warrant a description of this interesting American institution. Before doing so, however, it should be noted that the Government has well satisfied itself as to the merits of the Hampton system. Sir John Rodger, the Governor of the Gold Coast, was sent to America to study the methods at this famous school. He spent several days at the Institute, and made a detailed inspection of all its departments. When he returned home he not only reported favourably on the American system, but was most enthusiastic about it. Indeed, he went so far as to say that all Great Britain had to do in our African possessions was to establish schools like that at Hampton, and the vexed question of how to train and educate the negro would be solved.

### First and Largest Negro School

The Normal and Industrial Institute at Hampton, to give it its full title, was the first negro school to be established, and it can also claim to be the largest and most successful of its kind. It is at once the mother of the black man's schools—Tuskegee, Calhoun, and the other well-known educational centres of the Far West, being outgrowths of this the parent institution. It was founded by the late General S. C. Armstrong some forty years ago for the purpose of providing a practical education for the children of the liberated slaves. At that distant date it had fifteen pupils, two teachers, and a school building which had once

been a hospital. To-day, the institution grounds cover an area of about 1,000 acres. There are more than one hundred buildings, where some 1,361 negroes and Indians are housed and educated. In addition to these buildings, where instruction is daily given in a large number of trades, there is a church and a museum. Most of the edifices were erected by the students.

### £12 Sewing Machines in the Cabins

The school is situated at Hampton, in Virginia, on the Hampton River, overlooking Hampton Road. It occupies the site of Hampton Hospital, one of the military hospitals of the Civil War. The spot is famous for the beauty of its scenery and for its historic associations. It is a place peculiarly appropriate for the location of a school devoted to Indian and negro education, being the site of the Indian village of Kecoughton, from which the Indians were driven by the white settlers, and near the spot where the first negro slaves were sold in America.

For the first ten years of its existence it devoted itself exclusively to the negro, but during the last thirty years it has thrown open its doors to the Indian, and to-day its energies and resources are solely devoted to the education and uplifting of these two races.

To understand what has been accomplished by this institution, and by those to which it has given birth, we have to remember the conditions existing when it came into being. At that time the United States was confronted with one of the greatest problems any country has ever been called upon to face. The slaves had been given their freedom,



1. THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.  
2. TRAINING A BAND OF LITTLE NEGROES.

but something more than mere freedom was necessary to lift this mass of humanity up to its rightful plane. Who was to do it? It was left entirely to the churches and to charitable institutions. It was a task much too big to throw suddenly on these bodies, and praiseworthy as their effort often were, they generally failed to realise what was really needed.

The negro wanted someone to take him by the hand, to show him his true position, and to help him to realise that his future lay with himself. True, he was now a free man, but freedom carried new responsibilities, and he had to learn what they were and how to meet them. He had still to work, and he was expected to become a citizen of a great country. And the first white man to recognise the negro's great need was General Armstrong. Near the barracks where he was quartered at that time, was a great plantation on which 10,000 negroes had been employed in the old slave days. Ten years after their release from bondage they were virtually worse off than they were before. The General has left us a pathetic account of how he found these freed people living in wretched huts, failing to comprehend their new conditions, and how his heart bled for them.

In those days one could visit the cabins scattered about the plantations, and find whole families living and sleeping in

single rooms. Their food consisted almost entirely of fat pork and corn bread. Often in these dilapidated homes one could discover a sewing machine that had cost £12, which no one of the family knew how to use, a showy clock which had called for an outlay of £2 or £3, and which never kept time, and other costly articles that were of no practical value to the owners. When these conditions became known, everyone sent up the cry, "Educate." It was a mistaken cry, for the first thing to do was to teach the negro how to live, how to cultivate the soil, how to build houses, how to husband his resources and to make the most of his opportunities. Mere book-learning made matters, if anything, worse, for it was inclined to give the

black man the impression that it was undignified to labour with his hands. Nevertheless, the negro is educated, and educated well, but this education is given hand in hand with manual instruction, a happy combination that has worked to the advantage of the race.

Out on the West Coast of Africa, Great Britain is confronted with a problem, similar in some respects to that which the United States was called upon to face after she had granted liberty to her slaves. The establishment of busy shipping ports, the erection of docks, markets, and great stores, and the building of



YOUNG NEGROES LEARNING BRICKLAYING, LATHING, AND PLASTERING AT THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.



1. WASHING-DAY: A REAL TASK FOR THE LITTLE NEGROES.  
2. THE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO CLEAN THEIR ROOMS.

railways, has changed the condition of the lives of the natives—or rather that portion which is brought into immediate contact with these civilised activities. They are no longer required to work on plantations and perform ordinary menial labour. They are now wanted to fill more or less responsible positions in factories and workshops. True, many of the natives recognised the changed conditions and educated themselves. This generally resulted in their taking clerical posts in the shipping and mercantile offices. But they cannot all become clerks, and it is quite clear that their education should partake of an industrial rather than a professional character.

#### British Scheme on the Gold Coast

At present it is proposed to establish two schools on the Gold Coast, one for training teachers and the other for industrial training, and they will both be conducted on the Hampton plan. In this Institute there are now 768 negroes and 82 Indians as boarding pupils, and some 511 coloured children from the neighbourhood in the Whittier training school. Young students first pass through the academic and industrial courses, and then graduate in some definite trade, of which the following are taught: carpentry, cabinet-making, bricklaying, plastering, painting, wheelmaking, blacksmith work, machine work, steam-fitting and plumbing, tailoring, shoemaking, tinsmith work, upholstering, and printing. In like manner young women, after receiving a good rudimentary education, learn sewing, dress-making, laundry-work, cooking, and housekeeping.

Then there is the agricultural department, which is most successful. Besides the home farm immediately adjacent to the buildings of the community—a tract containing 150 to 200 acres—there is another and much larger institute farm four or five miles away, comprising about 600 acres. The practical work of carrying on these farms serves a two-fold purpose. First, it enables a large number of the students to pay for their schooling. Second, it exemplifies the best principles and methods in tilling the soil, raising live stock, gardening, fruit culture, and so forth. The surplus products of the

large farm are readily sold in the neighbouring town of Hampton and at the great hotels.

#### Every Coloured Boy Learns Farming

Particular pains are taken that every coloured boy, who learns scientific agriculture on the large scale, shall also be carefully shown exactly how to carry on a small farm. They have, as a constant object lesson, a small four-acre farm, with its small barn and other buildings, its proper succession of crops, and its diverse problems from the point of view of the soil and from that of the pocket-book. Dairying is taught with the best possible machinery and appliances; but at the same time the young student who cannot hope to be able to buy patent separators and various other expensive machines used in a modern creamery is shown how to get the best results with ordinary milk pans and a cheap thermometer, by giving proper attention to the factors of time, temperature, and cleanliness.

#### Play with a Serious Object

Indeed, the education is most practical and thorough. In the domestic science building, for instance, your guide will show you a box-like washstand painted white and neatly draped with some inexpensive material. Not a single boy or girl goes through this building without first having learnt not only how to decorate such a simple article, but how to build it with ordinary tools. Some of our photographs depict little boys and girls at very common tasks, such as washing, ironing, and cleaning. One might imagine that it was play, but it is play with an object. Its aim is to instil into very young minds how much more important in the real world are such things as washing and ironing and cooking than are reading and writing, and this keeps them from growing up with false notions about honest work. In the second place, it actually teaches them how to do the real thing.

On Mondays these tiny piccaninnies in the kindergarten school get out their little washstands, sort out the dirty clothes—handkerchiefs, dust-cloths, napkins and baby dresses—fetch hot water, and, with their washboards in place,



1. DRESSING DOLLS IS PART OF THE SCHOOL TRAINING.

2. IRONING DAY, AS CARRIED ON IN AN ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD.

F.J.W.

begin their task in earnest. And this washing is no make-believe work. The water is hot, the soap is real, the clothes are rubbed clean; they are boiled, rinsed, put through the bluing water, and hung on the line with real clothes-pins. On Tuesday out come the ironing-boards and the little ironing stands; the irons are put to heat, and held by neat holders, made by the children's own fingers. The clothes basket is soon emptied, and the drying rack filled, as the small articles have every wrinkle smoothed out with hot irons by these important little persons. In the same way the children are taught to dust, to clean, and even to attend to their dolls.

#### Trust between Teachers and Scholars

The same principle applies in the instruction of the several hundred young women, negroes and Indians, who are pupils at the Institute. They may and generally do acquire some accomplishments. But these are supported on the firm foundation of practical capacity in common things. It is the same in the trades. The young men are first interested in their work, and made to believe that it is a calling worthy of their closest attention and study.

In strolling from class-room to class-room, from workshop to workshop, one is struck with the atmosphere of serenity and happiness that exists everywhere. The relation of the teacher to the pupil is cordial and friendly, resembling that of a club leader in a social settlement rather than a formal public school instructor. On the other hand, there is rarely any attempt on the part of the pupil to deceive the teacher, and the pleasant relations between the two grow as the pupil advances and imbibes the Hampton spirit, until there is complete trust between them. The result is that a strong character development is unconsciously going on all the time, fostering and bringing to the front the qualities of truthfulness, patience, and perseverance.

A constant effort is also made to foster the altruistic or missionary spirit. No opportunity of emphasising this element is omitted, and the mottoes of the senior classes have usually reflected this quality. One year the motto was "Launching to

Rescue"; another year, "Service our Mission." And here it must be remembered that the greatest work the Hampton Institute accomplishes is in uplifting the negro, and then sending him out as a teacher among his own race. Literally thousands of young coloured men and women, who have lived and studied from one to three or four years at the Institute, are now serving in the free government school's for coloured children in the Southern States of America.

These young people go out from Hampton with the understanding that it is their business to serve as neighbouring missionaries. The negro race does not chiefly need the type of missionary who inculcates emotional religion. It needs rather the missionary who will teach the gospel of hard work, thrift, temperance and practical morality—who can show the men how to finance the purchase of a small farm, how to cultivate it, and how to get out of debt, while showing the women the value of the practical domestic arts. At Hampton they hold the doctrine that morality and civilisation are almost vitally affected by the kind of houses in which people live. The graduates go out with a great zeal for encouraging their race to live in something better than one-room cabins or shanties.

#### The Summer School

During the long summer vacation the Institute holds a special normal course. This summer school is always full and very popular. Its establishment makes it possible for former students of the Institute who have become teachers, to come back for further instruction and experience, and it also gives opportunity for negro teachers who have not had the Hampton advantages to study its working. As an illustration of the use to which this summer school is put, it may be remarked that Mr. Booker T. Washington sent twenty of his teachers from Tuskegee to Hampton for the last summer term.

This little black and Indian community at Hampton leads its own serene, busy, and contented life without for a moment losing contact with the life round about it. Thus the little hospital in the grounds—it is the only hospital, by the

way, for many miles—is not limited to caring for the quite infrequent cases of serious illness among the students themselves; it receives accident cases from the shipyards and docks at Norfolk and Newport News, and all the doctors of the district use it. As a practical part of the work of the Institute the hospital is an excellent training school for young coloured nurses.

Nor is the religious life of the Institute exclusive in any sense; for many people, old and young, from the neighbourhood, attend its Sunday services. And, reciprocally, many of the young men of the Institute go out on Sundays in various directions to conduct services and hold Sunday schools.

If necessary hundreds of instances could be mentioned of poor negroes who have graduated at the school and are now holding positions of influence and trust. Indeed, the negro, after passing through the school, increases his capacity for earning money, on an average, about 300 per cent. Many of them, however, do not stop long enough to complete their course, though the few months they spend at the Institute always enables them to secure better positions in life. For instance, a young man came to the school recently from a neighbouring town where he had been earning 2s. a day as a common labourer. At the end of nine months he returned home and found his services in demand as a bricklayer at 6s. a day. The consequence was that he did not

return at the close of his vacation; he did not feel that he could give up his job.

The fact is that there is a greater demand for skilled and semi-skilled labour in the Southern States of America than the colleges can supply. It is not difficult to see why this should be the case. In the old slave days the whites taught the negroes how to build houses, erect barns, lay out roads, and construct bridges, and many of them became quite expert in these trades. But the knowledge these men acquired was not passed down to their children, and when the latter grew up, although they were free, they were ignorant, and could only take up the work of a common labourer. Some little time ago the leading farmers, planters, and business men in the great ex-slave States were asked by Mr. Booker T. Washington if the education the colleges were imparting to the negro made him a more useful citizen and a more valuable workman. They readily replied

that it did, and also declared that no well-trained skilled negro had any difficulty in securing work.

The Hampton Institute is not a Government, State, or denominational school, but a private corporation controlled by a board of seventeen trustees. The only Government aid it receives is a small donation for the Indian pupils. The amount, however, supports them only in part. The school endowment fund brings in an annual return of about



HOUSEWORK AT HAMPTON.

Practical capacity in common things is the basis of the children's education. Here we have a teacher giving a lesson in brass polishing.

£13,000, while another £12,000 is received yearly from the Government, for educating the Indian scholars, and by grants from various educational boards. In addition to these sums the Institute has to raise £20,000 a year to meet its expenses.

Since the Hampton Institute was founded 8,181 students have received instruction there. Some 2,360 of these are now fulfilling the rôle of teachers in various parts of the United States, 2,092 are tradesmen and farmers, 1,618 are home keepers, 905 are labourers and servants, 498 are in business or doing clerical work, 431 are in professional life, while 275 are pursuing studies in other institutions. The graduates from Hampton have taught more than 250,000 coloured children in eighteen different States. As a result of the success of this, the mother of the black man's colleges, there are now over thirty smaller industrial schools, land companies, and social settlements, all in flourishing condition. That the negro is at last realising his true position, and taking

advantage of his opportunity, is evident, when it is remembered that to-day the American negroes pay taxes on more than £70,000,000 worth of property. They own or occupy half a million houses and farms. They control 33 banks. They number among them 16,000 ministers of religion. They own and control 28,000 churches and £6,000,000 of church property.

This is a glorious record of what the negro can do when properly educated and given a chance. If he can accomplish this in America, there is no reason why he should not be equally successful in the land of his birth. One must not forget this fact: we are the rulers of West Africa, and it is our duty to take the negro by the hand, to show him the altered condition of things, and to give him an opportunity of taking full advantage of them. This is the mission of the new schools, and one can only hope and pray that they will meet with the success and encouragement they so greatly deserve.

### Golden Thoughts

**J**OY in one's work is the consummate tool without which the work may be done indeed, but without which the work will always be done slowly, clumsily, and without its finest perfectness.—*Phillips Brooks*.

**A**LL false, all sham work, however it may last for a little, the effect of it is ultimately to destroy reputation, to take away confidence, and to act injuriously upon those who have adopted the trick.—*Gladstone*.

**H**OPE is a beautiful meteor: like the rainbow, it is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes, it is a memorial of a covenant between man and his Maker, telling us we were born for immortality, destined, unless we sepulchre our greatness, to the highest honour and noblest happiness.—*McEvitt*.

**N**OTHING is more constructive, more hopeful, or more permanent than the making of good children, for the children of to-day are the nation of to-morrow.—*Miss A. K. Fallows*.

**T**HANK God every morning when you get up that you are forced to do something, and to do your very best, for that will breed in you self-control, diligence, content, strength of will, and a hundred virtues.—*Charles Kingsley*.

**A** MAN cannot aim too high: a man's best comrades are those mighty creatures far above himself—"Justice, Truth, and Righteousness." If we live habitually in contact with that which we know to be best, we cannot yield to meaner things.—*Stopford Brooke*.

# The Worms that Turned

A Complete Story

By ADA CAMBRIDGE

Laura Brinkley was verging on thirty, and she had more solidity of character than many twice her age. Her father was twice her age, and a little over, and it was well known that he depended on her for everything. She was his devoted companion, housekeeper, and business representative. She was his right hand. She was the prop and stay of his declining years. What the poor old man would do if Laura married—and she was a pretty as well as a good girl—the neighbours around Brinkleden could not tell, and were afraid to think. But Laura reassured them when occasion offered: "My first duty is to him. I shall not marry while he needs me."

This, however, is one of those resolutions which it is not in imperfect human nature to maintain unshaken in all weathers. For years no storm of temptation had arisen—never a breeze, indeed, so far as was known. Since her mother's death, some fifteen years before, Laura had been far too busy to think of matrimony, and the potential sweethearts had seemed to recognise the fact. But when, concurrently with a growing consciousness that young maidenhood was passing into old maidenhood, she began to be courted by the very man to suit her—good James Barton, who, despite his own manifest virtues, thought her the wisest of mortals as well as the most beautiful of her sex—she perceived clearly that she was faced with the great moral problem of her life, the divided duty which is ever the despair of the conscientious.

Being what she was, seeing self-indulgence on the one hand and Christian martyrdom on the other, she told James Barton, in the first instance, that marriage was utterly impossible. Marriage was not for her, and he must think no more about it. As he continued not only to think, but also to talk about it, and she to do the same, the texture of her firm resolve became fretted and loosened with the wear and tear.

"I will not pretend that I would not have you if I could," she admitted, looking up, and rolling the pastry for one of her delicious

pies as deftly as if she could see what she was doing. "I have never cared for anybody before, and never shall again. But how *can* I desert father in his old age? I should never know a happy moment. And think how you are situated yourself, James."

James sat on the edge of the kitchen table, tapping his foot with his riding whip, but otherwise silent in profound dejection, having used all his futile arguments.

"Your mother must not be disturbed in her old age," she restated in answer to one of them. "And even if she could put up with me—and I should *have* to be mistress in my own house, James—he could not live with us too. It would kill him to root him up at his time of life, and he always insists that he was born at Brinkleden, and must die there. Besides, what about the farm? Old as he is, he still fancies he can manage it as well as when he was a young man. With me, he can. Without me, where would he be? Oh, James, I wish I could! But I can't—you can see I can't!"

She flung a pall of pie-crust over the corpses of four plump pigeons, snugly tucked up in bacon and other nice things, and her knife sliced around their twirling couch entirely on its own account. She was blinded with tears.

James Barton, leaning over the floury board, put his arm around her and drew her to his breast—or attempted to do so. She repelled him gently with her hand, but yielded her lips for one weak moment.

"You know best, my dear—of course you do," he mumbled brokenly, as he kissed her. "It's hard lines on me, but my mother is my mother, and I won't be the one to tempt you from your duty. I'll wait—I'll wait as patiently as I can—until—"

"Oh, no!" she broke in. "We must not count on that. They may live till we are old ourselves—I hope they will—grandfather was over ninety—and I won't have you tied, James. You must forget all about me. Some day you will find another and a better—"

"Oh, rot!" he groaned indignantly.

"Break my heart, if you like, but don't talk that sort of stuff. You'll be saying you'll be my sister next"—exactly what she was about to do, since she felt she could not wholly lose him. "You know there's no other, and no better for me, just as well as I do."

"Time—"

"Blow time! Time won't make any difference. *You* may keep untied, if you want to," he said; "I shall consider myself as much bound to you as if we were married already—until—"

"No, James—not that!"

"Until you take up with another fellow." She smiled wanly.

"Sarah!"

The strong young kitchen-maid, grinning furtively, approached to attend to the oven, the cavern in the kitchen wall which had baked the pies of the Brinkleys every Wednesday and Saturday for over a hundred years.

She was shovelling in the tins of bread—Laura's famous bread—when the ostensible master of the house stumped in.

"Hullo, Jim, my boy! You here?"

The voice was hearty and resonant, not the quavering pipe one might have expected, and the figure of the veteran was neither bowed nor tottering—although he was sixty-two. He had ruddy cheeks to set off his grey beard, and the frosty glint of his blue eyes bespoke life in the old dog yet. He was certainly rheumatic, and at times unable to deny it. Yet he *would* drink beer and spirits, like the forefathers who had thus established the complaint, in spite of all his daughter's efforts to keep that poison from him.

"I came," James Barton hastened to explain himself, "with a message from my mother. We want Laura to come with us to Appleford to-morrow."

It was the time of year—between hay-sel and harvest—when East Anglian farmers were revelling in their local agricultural shows, averaging two a week, sometimes more.

"Your mother going?" Mr. Brinkley queried quickly.

"Oh, no," replied James, in a tone which politely intimated that it was a question which answered itself. "I don't let her knock about at these affairs nowadays; she's not equal to it. My sister and her

husband are going, and we were all hoping Laura would join us. But she says she can't."

"Why not? Why not?" Mr. Brinkley eyed his young housekeeper anxiously. "There's nothing to keep her. It's a free day. No baking, no butter, no anything to do at home. Why can't she go?"

"Because I won't leave you alone for a long day," said she.

"Why not?" he repeated, hinting exasperation. "Are you afraid I shall get into mischief behind your back?"

"Yes," she smiled over her armful of jam tarts. "You'll be riding that young horse again, or going out without your coat, or something else, if I am not here to see after you."

"Bosh!" retorted her father, irritably. "One would think I was a five-year-old child. You go—you go, and enjoy yourself, my girl. I'll be all right. Oh, never mind my dinner! Sarah won't starve me, will you, Sarah?"

"No, sir," the maid spoke up perkily. "If Miss Laura can trust me. But she's such a one for thinking we can't do anything for ourselves."

"So she is, Sarah, so she is," her master agreed heartily with her. "That's all the fault I've got to find with Miss Laura. She's too good to us—too careful of us. She ought to let us rough it a bit now and then, for a change. It would do us all the good in the world."

"I wonder where you would have been in the winter if I had left you to 'rough it?'" Laura addressed the ungrateful man, whom she had nursed through influenza at the time she named; and her reproachful eyes met those of the adoring bystander.

"In his grave," said James, promptly and firmly.

"Not a bit of it," crowed the elder man, fortified by Sarah's sympathetic giggles. "If I could have had a good stiff glass of grog at the very beginning, I believe I'd have thrown it off and never been ill at all. Jim, my boy, always stop a cold when it's starting."

James kept silence, watching Laura's compressed lips. She also kept silence, only telling herself inwardly that she would really have to part with Sarah if her father encouraged her to be so familiar.

Thus the question of the expedition to



*Drawn by P. B. Hockling.*

" 'You may keep untied, if you want to,' he said ; ' I shall consider myself as much bound to you as if we were married already.' "

Appleford Show came back for consideration, and there was a long controversy before a settlement was arrived at. Finally, to the joy of the numerically stronger but otherwise weaker side, Miss Brinkley permitted herself to be persuaded. If her father would promise faithfully to obey orders, and not go about after matters that would all be attended to and provided for before she left, she would reluctantly go forth to enjoy herself, as was so much desired. After all, she was young and in love. She could no more help it than her father could help having rheumatism.

It was a beautiful day, the day of Appleford Show, at which James was exhibiting pigs and a mare and foal, and Laura a plum cake, a loaf of bread, a collection of preserves, and a rooster. So that there were delights in the expedition for these two beyond the delight of making it together, especially as they were both prize-winners—Laura inevitably, for she was the cook of the district.

Very charming she looked as she tripped down the garden path to the Barton waggonette at the gate. The heart of her lover glowed within him as he drew her up to the box seat and enthroned her at his side. No other girl, he felt, would outshine his girl, in her white summer frock and her rose-wreathed hat—if only she had been his girl! Nor was he a figure to pass over, in his spruce best suit, manly every inch of him, and handling his horses so finely. Many a maid would envy her her cavalier that day. Well, *they* would not get him. Thus the couple set off in joyous mood, the couple left behind prepared to entertain themselves. But Laura's face was grave as she called back to her father before starting :

"You won't stay out late, father? It will be cold when the sun goes in."

"I expect so," he called in answer. "Got your coat?"

"Oh, I am all right." She meant she was young. "And you won't be trying that young horse again? You promise me?"

"Oh, cut along," he bawled amiably; "and don't waste time palavering."

The young man hastened to take the hint, and the old man watched the waggonette across two fields, and until its glitter was extinguished in the dust of the high road.

Then he squared his shoulders and straightened his ancient hat.

"It wouldn't have hurt me to go to the show, too," he soliloquised, with a glum grin. "I've a good mind to take the gig and go by myself. I will drive over to Manor Farm and fetch Emily Barton along. She used to enjoy a show as much as anybody—when she could do as she liked—and she must be pretty lonely with all of 'em away."

He almost shivered as he thought of Laura's face, should she catch him at it; but his mind continued to dwell on the thought of Emily Barton's loneliness.

"Sam!" he suddenly shouted across the yard.

"Yessir!" A farm lad ran up.

"Put the saddle on that young horse. I want to exercise him a bit."

"Oh, sir," his handmaid expostulated, overhearing the order, "you know Miss Laura said you wasn't to. And she's left me responsible."

"Oh, has she? Well, you go back to your kitchen, Sarah, and mind your own business, like a good girl." He added, under his breath, "I am not under *your* thumb, anyway."

The young horse, having been unexercised for some days, gave him a "doing," but took him safely to Mrs. Barton's door. Blown and heated, but elate, he dismounted there, and was received almost with open arms.

"Why, Henry Brinkley, what in the name of goodness brings you here?" She was stout and slow-moving, and wore a cap and spectacles, but her eyes and her heart—for the moment at any rate—were as juvenile as his.

"Wanted to see how you were getting on," he panted, throwing the reins to a stable boy. "The cat's away, and I've got a holiday."

"Well, come in, come in." She wooed him to her oak-panelled sitting-room and a comfortable arm-chair. "I'm all alone. Will you take anything, Henry, after your ride?"

"Thank you, Emily, thank you. I don't know but what I will; my nag's fresh, and I've had a bit of a shaking."

In great content he lay back in his chair, stretched out his legs in comfort and gazed at his old friend. Time was when they had attended village dances together, and sent each other valentines, and kissed



P. B. HICKLING

"Why, Henry Brinkley, what in the name of goodness brings you here?"

under mistletoe; and the memory of those long past days was in the wistful eyes that met across the hearthrug—called forth by their common loneliness.

"And how's things your way, Henry? Got your hay in yet?"

"Every bit of it stacked and thatched. My girl kept 'em at it from dawn to dark, for fear the weather'd break. Now she talks of going down to the vicar to tell him to have the prayer for rain. The ground's cracking like earthquakes, it's that dry, and the corn turning before it's half its proper size."

"You tell her to play fair and let the Almighty run things His own way for a few Sundays more. Half ours is uncut or lying on the ground. I wanted Jim to start sooner, but of course these young folks know better than us old ones. It wasn't ripe, he said. You'd have thought he'd take a lesson from last year, and use the sun while he had it. If there comes a big downpour, as I'm expecting every day,

he'll find it so ripe he won't be able to use it. He's the best son that ever lived, Henry, but he thinks I don't know anything."

"That's their way," sighed Mr. Brinkley. Then he chuckled in his beard. "He wants my girl to tackle him. He'd have to mind her."

"Oh, I daresay he'd mind her—she's young." Mrs. Barton sighed also. "I only wish she would tackle him. I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, Henry, but the boy's heart's set on her."

"So it seems to me, Emily. And I'd like nothing better than to see them make a match. A family to look after would do Laura all the good in the world, and she couldn't find a better husband."

"*That* she couldn't," the mother fiercely declared. "Nor he a better wife, I'm sure," she added politely. "Not many children have such a sense of duty as that child has. I honour her for it."

"You well may," the proud father

replied. "She's one in a thousand is my girl. But—well—"

"A thought too managing, perhaps. But that's what Jim wants—a firm hand over him."

"He'd have that," laughed Mr. Brinkley, "and I wouldn't grudge it to him, either—though I'm not complaining, you understand."

"Of course not. We've got good children, both of us—not many parents are so blessed as we are; but they've come to the time of life when they ought to be setting up for themselves. And it's my belief they'd marry to-morrow if we didn't stand in the way."

"We stand in the way! I don't stand in the way! I'm not keeping her! There's nothing would please me more than to see her happy in a home of her own, and I'm sure I've done my best to let Jim know it."

"And I'm willing to resign my place here, and take a little cottage, and do for myself—I've told him so again and again. He thinks I'm not equal to it, but I'm a better woman than I look, Henry."

He regarded her ample form with tender interest.

"You have hardly changed a bit," said he, "except that you're a bit filled out—nice and comfortable, just as I like to see you. But I shouldn't like to think of you in a little cottage, Emily, and alone—after all your years here."

"I shouldn't be more lonely than you at Brinkleden without Laura," Mrs. Barton returned. "I couldn't bear to think of that, Henry."

"Oh, I'd find plenty to do—I'd get used to it. There'd be the farm. I'm quite fit to run my own farm, and shall be for many a year, whatever they may think. It's you—out of your element; and I couldn't advise you to live with Laura, Emily—I couldn't indeed."

"I shouldn't think of it. Two missuses in a house never did answer, and a mother-in-law is the worst person. Well, you'll stay and have dinner with me, now you're here," she continued, rosy and smiling, beginning to bustle about. "I'm all alone, Henry, and there's nobody at Brinkleden to want you back."

"Thank you, Emily. May as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. I believe Sarah's got her orders to cook two chops—"

"Bother Sarah—let her eat 'em. You and I'll just have a nice, comfortable meal together—"

"All right. I'll just go and see what they've done with the young horse—"

Off he skipped to the stables, and she to her kitchen and pantries, light-footed, for all their weight of years. A bit of cold meat and a pickled walnut were to have made her meal, but now out came the dainties prepared for the young folks' supper on their return from Appleford—roast chicken, smoked cheek, currant tart, custard—while peas and young potatoes were set a-cooking, and the fire made up for chops that should surpass Sarah's. And presently they sat down to a royal feast, the stalled ox and contentment both at once, as it were. And after that, he smoked under a tree in the garden, while she knitted beside him. And after that they had a cosy tea together. And after that—when Appleford Show was reckoned to be over—they said "Good-night" in a manner that shall not be described; and Mrs. Barton ran upstairs to wash her hot face and compose herself before young eyes should see her, and Mr. Brinkley galloped recklessly homeward making nothing of the antics of the young horse.

It was rather late when James Barton, alone, brought Laura home. They had had supper at the Manor Farm, and had then set down his sister and her husband at their own gate. Laura supposed her father had been in bed for hours, and was shocked to find him, all alive and alert, in his armchair. Her eyes, slightly reddened at the lids—for she and Jim had been miles out of their way—were the eyes of the conscientious schoolmistress catching a pupil out of bounds.

"Why didn't you go to bed, father dear? I told you not to sit up for me."

"I sat up, my girl, because I didn't feel inclined to sleep—for one thing," said Mr. Brinkley boldly. "For another thing, I've a bit of news for you, and I thought I had better give it to you straight off—and get it over." His voice began to fail him under the pressure of her stare.

"News? Has anybody called? Have you been anywhere?" Her suspicions now pointed to the village inn.

"I've been to your place, Jim, to see your mother."

"My mother!" exclaimed the son. "Why, she never told us you'd been! Never mentioned it!"

"Poor old girl, I don't wonder," thought the old man ruefully. "She has left it to me. Well, I must do the job somehow."

He cleared his throat desperately.

"My boy—my girl—it seemed to us, as we talked it over, that you two wanted to marry, and that you would if we old folks didn't stand in the road."

They started guiltily, glancing at each other. He hurried on.

"And so, as a way out of the difficulty, we've made up our minds that she's to come here to live—as soon as it's convenient to you—and you are to have the Manor Farm for yourselves. And that way we shall all be free and comfortable." He added, casually. "As my wife, of course."

Whereat they were, naturally, too scandalised for words.

"So *this* is what you do as soon as my back is turned!" cried Laura, when she had recovered her poise. "Never, never will I leave you for a whole day again."

"And if you think I'm the sort of man to turn my mother out of doors, to be taken pity on by strangers, you are very much mistaken in your notions of me, Mr. Brinkley," spluttered James, no less indignantly.

"Strangers!" shouted Mr. Brinkley, his embarrassment swallowed up in a quick blaze of anger—with the moral support of Emily at his back, he suddenly realised their impudence. "You call me a stranger, that was her sweetheart twenty years before either of you was born or thought of!"—for so he now believed. "I'm no more a stranger to her than you are to Laura, my young cock o' the walk, nor half as much. She's coming to a man she loves, and that loves her, and a happier home than she's had this many a year, I'll swear—and to make a happier one for me than I ever expected to have in my old age."

He paused, panting, astonished at himself. James and Laura again looked at each other, but not at all guiltily this time. The situation would have been funny if their own parents, their own precious dignity, had not been involved; as it was, it appalled them. That *they* should have this no-fool-like-an-old-fool business in their hitherto decorous households!

"And you say you have not been happy,

father, after all I've done!" Laura's voice was awful, and her eyes gushed tears.

"And I thought I'd made my mother as comfortable as any old lady of her age could wish to be, and now she says—"

"No, she doesn't, Jim, she doesn't say a word, or think one; no more do I. But I know how she feels, and she knows how I feel. We don't want our children to be sacrificing themselves for us—not while we're well and hearty anyhow—no, nor yet when we ain't. We haven't been brought up to it. We've got our feelings, you know, just the same as you."

"Father! Father!" Laura implored, as she flung away the rose-wreathed hat and knelt by his chair. "Put aside all idea that I am sacrificing myself. There is no sacrifice in doing one's duty. Here is my duty, and I am going to do it—I'd rather do it—I *want* to do it," she urged, feeling as if her crown of glory was being unfairly wrested from her. "Don't think any more of this silly nonsense—at your time of life. You've got me, dear, and you are going to keep me."

"Oh, all right," he joked, patting her pretty head; her attitude of humility encouraged him to confidence in himself. "If you'd rather let Jim live alone—if it's not a case between you, as we have thought—why, you're welcome to stay with us, I daresay. *She* wouldn't turn you out. Only mind you"—with a swift change of tone—"I wouldn't have you bossing her the way you boss me. She'd have to be missus."

Laura stood up, grim and quiet.

"You'd better go home, James, now," she gently commanded him. "We will talk things over to-morrow—when you have seen your mother."

"All right," Mr. Brinkley, unabashed, applauded the suggestion, glad to end the interview now that everything necessary had been explained. "We'll talk things over to-morrow, Jim. I'll be at your place soon after breakfast—with Laura, if she'll come."

"I'll come," said Laura sternly.

And in the morning they all foregathered in the oak parlour of the Manor Farm, and Mrs. Barton was the one to speak for her side. She was no more afraid of a girl adversary than her old lover was afraid of an opposing boy—and James's opposition was wobbly from the first. It was a matter



"'Father!' Laura implored, as she knelt by his chair. 'Put aside all idea that I am sacrificing myself'"—p. 281.

between herself and Laura. She undertook to give the young woman her old woman's idea of a daughter's duty, and the young woman had to hear it.

"I've been told," said Mrs. Barton, "that in Japan the older you get the more bowed down to you are, so that you can't pay a young lady a greater compliment than to tell her she looks sixty—just as you'd think it the politest thing to say to me I looked young enough to be my own daughter. Well, that's what I call a civilised country. When we know our manners as well as the Japanese do, and are as clever as they are at seeing what's foolish and what isn't, then our old folks, that have lived long enough to know the ropes, as you may say, will be allowed their proper place. I don't mind being thought too past my day to give advice about cutting hay," remarked Mrs. Barton in parenthesis, "but it do make my blood boil to have *him* insulted—he in his prime. You wait till you're sixty;

then you'll find you won't be in your dotage, Laura Brinkley, and want your boys and girls to teach you."

Outraged dignity was speechless. Laura could only look at James. James's answering look implored a magnanimous patience. Mr. Brinkley's bashful eyes were glued to the carpet; Mrs. Barton's, suffused with motherly emotion, swept the group.

"Never mind, my dears, never mind. You've been good children, both of you—too good, I may say—far better than the common run of children, who'd think nothing of leaving old parents alone, without chick or child, while they got married and went off to enjoy themselves. You've done your best for us, according to your lights; we know it well, don't we, Henry? And it's a joy to both of us to be near enough to see you making a home for yourselves—and perhaps to help you now and then to get through some of the trials of married folks that we've been through—who knows?

And all we ask now is that you won't be nasty about our taking our affairs into our own hands and making ourselves a home too. It does seem ridiculous to you, I know—so it would have done to me when I was your age—that old folks should want to be comfortable together, to have somebody that understands things to spend the long days with—a day like yesterday would have been if Henry hadn't come; but it's human nature, my dears, just as much as it's human nature for you two to want to go to Appleford Show."

"And I felt that that was wrong," said Laura.

"No, it was right," said Mrs. Barton. "What's natural is right, and that was just exactly right." She glanced triumphantly at her son. "Jim knows it, if you don't."

Jim, inspired by his mother's exhibition of spirit to regard her with a quite new affection and respect, looked from her to Laura and back again in momentary uncertainty; then his wobbly defences fell

flat. His arms around the ample form, his eyes, over the top of the trembling cap, sought those of his sweetheart again; and they said, as plainly as eyes could speak:

"Oh, do, do let us forgive them! Think, think how much to our advantage it is to let things go their ways!"

Well, of course, it was not likely that a young woman who had never weakly succumbed to temptation should altogether condone such a lapse from the strict path. She could not quite forgive her father his selfishness, his ingratitude, and his lack of dignity; still less could she approve what she called the double-dealing of his accomplice, and her total ignorance of what was proper to her age and place. But the rewards of virtue that came to her unsought were sweet enough to compensate Laura for and reconcile her to these disappointments, and to bring her to see—although not so soon as the others saw—that all had been ordered for the best.



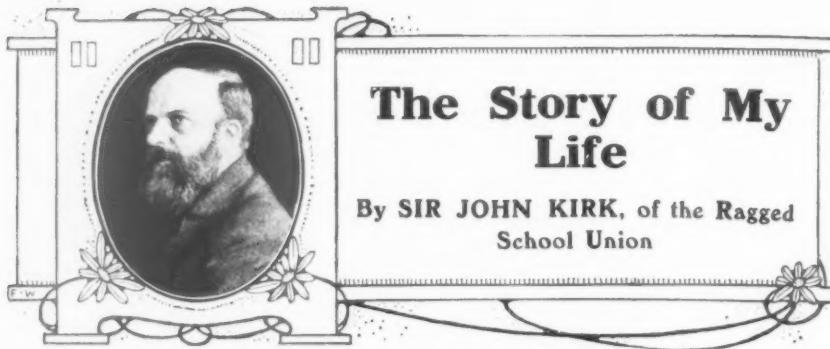
## GLORIOUS IGNORANCE

"Neither have entered into the heart of man,"—I CORINTHIANS ii, 9.

**I** AM glad that we do not know—  
That the glory to which we go  
Is so far away  
From our reach to-day,  
From these minds of ours  
With their little powers—  
That the weight and measure  
Of our stored-up treasure,  
And the things we shall see and hear  
In the dawnlight clear,  
And the joy which God for His own  
hath bought  
Are beyond our sight and beyond our  
thought.

**It is better so:**  
We would rather know  
In the days of sorrow  
That the glad to-morrow  
Which awaits us there—  
Though our dreams of His home are  
fair,  
As we watch and wait  
At the fast-closed gate—  
Will be bright  
With a light  
Never seen by our tear-dimmed eyes,  
Will be full of a sweet surprise.

EDITH HICKMAN DIVALL.



## II.—First Years in London

I WAS a shy, not ill-favoured lad of sixteen when I made my way to London, and set foot on its busy streets with that curious loneliness which belongs to those who enter the great metropolis after a quiet coun'ry upbringing.

My business quarters were in the very heart of the City. Paternoster Row has a world-wide reputation, in curious contrast to its narrowness, which even to-day hardly allows two carts to pass each other without a good deal of dodging and sometimes a little strong language. Two or three drapery houses have invaded its precincts, and in the room of one—in which I have occasionally dined with the late Sir George Williams—there was born the Young Men's Christian Association, a movement which has spread throughout the civilised world.

In the main, however, Paternoster Row is still devoted to books. Vans deliver piles of newly bound copies from the binders; men and youths collect volumes for the booksellers; laden agents, carrying sacks on their shoulders, jostle with the passers by. Through a narrow turning one enters St. Paul's Churchyard, and the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral falls on Paternoster Row itself. Curious names savour of the past. "Ave Maria Lane" leads out of Paternoster Row, and at one end is "Amen Corner."

Fifty years ago had been founded "The Church of England Book Hawking Society." It exists no longer, having been absorbed by Messrs. Rivington, the publishers. The society's agent in the Row was Mr. John Morgan, and in

his limited quarters I was initiated into the publishing trade. I learned from him its curious reckoning of "thirteen as twelve"; the varying terms of the different publishers; the meaning of "cloth," "half-bound," and "whole bound" editions of books.

I remember that on my introduction to Mr. Morgan I was asked to give a specimen of my handwriting, and wrote the words, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Let me frankly confess that this was not quite original. It sprang from the record of a similar test recorded in a book by one whom I afterwards counted as a beloved friend—the late Edwin Hodder, known later as the biographer of Lord Shaftesbury and Samuel Morley. As regards the first clause of this scriptural injunction, I can honestly say that then and since I have rarely spent idle moments in business hours.

At the time I write of, public hanging was still the custom, and forty years ago there seemed no such attraction for drawing a huge crowd as the spectacle of a man being hurled into eternity. A very short street connects Paternoster Row with Newgate Street, where stood the Old Bailey—now replaced by the handsome building of the "New Bailey"—and I have seen the open space where four streets cross one black mass of living beings. Their oaths, ribald laughter, and callous indifference to mental suffering sent many a thrill of anguish through my whole being. About this period I recall the excitement attendant

on the death sentence of five sailors for murder on the high seas, although I was not an eye witness of the final terrible scene. Perhaps the most thrilling, and withal truthful, picture of an Old Bailey public execution is enshrined in "The Ingoldsby Legends," a passage which throbs with animation, and kindles mental horrors even to-day by its realistic description of scenes which were swept into oblivion none too soon for the morals of the community.

My lodgings were in a very different neighbourhood. Some of my Kegworth neighbours had taken up their residence in Whitechapel, and by one of them, Mrs. Savage, I was cared for in truly homely fashion. It was a great joy to me that at the Mansion House Meeting last May this good motherly friend of my youth was present, rejoicing to be one of the first to congratulate her quondam guest on the honours showered upon him.

By this friend my more permanent quarters were soon fixed up with a salesman of a clothing establishment, further away in Bethnal Green. I was thus in daily contact with East End bustle and East End life at first hand. What scenes were witnessed on Sunday as troops of friends visited the patients in the great London Hospital, which in those days, and under far more limited conditions structurally, ministered in merciful fashion, as now, to large crowds of the suffering poor. There were intervals of intense excitement as accidents were brought in more or less frequently. Then, too, I recall the strings of funeral processions passing along the great eastern artery to the

spacious and vastly peopled cemetery of Bow. I remember the drunken revels of the costers, and the Irish "wakes," with a feeling still of a chilliness in the blood at the unseemly scenes.

There was plenty of local colour in those far-off days, and the narrow streets and alleys of Spitalfields were very familiar to me, with the then abundant traces of the Huguenot silk weavers, and the notorious Petticoat Lane. Nearer the river there was the old Ratcliff Highway, with the Thames Tunnel just as the great engineer Brunel designed it, visited by all country cousins, and where lettered curios could be purchased from the bazaar for distant friends.

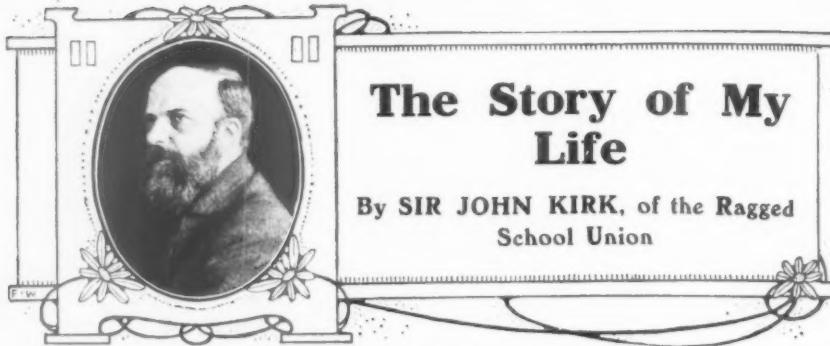
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he loved to spend his vacation, and by joining with him I have gathered something of the cosmopolitan spirit which widens a man's mental horizon, and makes one more tolerant of the views and ways of others.

The Pure Literature Society was a force in its earlier years, under the inspiring energies of its founder and honorary secretary, Dr. John MacGregor. It still renders yeoman service, though



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new agencies of a like nature have multiplied. Half a century ago books were dearer, because paper cost more, and our present rapid printing presses and linotype machines had not been invented. Nor were the people educated. Where now we have barely one per cent. of illiterates in the land, there were then 20 or 30



ONE OF SIR JOHN KIRK'S TREASURES: A CARVING DONE FOR HIM BY ONE OF THE CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

per cent. If the output of the publishers was small, it needed to be good and well selected.

This society does not publish, but two members of its committee read each book submitted, and the list they have approved now numbers several thousands. From all parts of the country come applications for grants, the subscriptions received by the society, with profits on sales, enabling libraries to be supplied at half price. The books go largely to ships' crews, regimental depôts, and various clubs and parish schools.

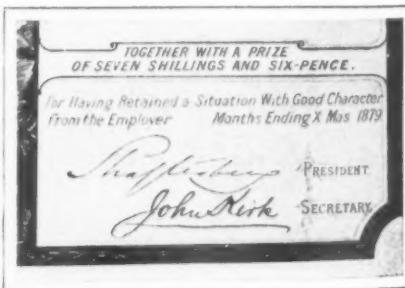
I revelled in the opportunities thus afforded of perusing or glancing at hundreds of new books, many of them illustrated. It may have been only a smattering of knowledge that came my way; at any rate, it introduced me to new authors and fresh fields of learning. A publisher's list is to me as entertaining as the most thrilling narrative, and I glory in the opportunity of indulging in this enjoyment whenever chance brings one before me.

More important still, it was through my connection with Mr. Richard Turner that I had my first introduction to ragged school work, with which my whole life subsequently has been associated. He was superintendent of a school in Ann Street, Old Kent Road, on the borderland of Peckham and Camberwell, and here I served as teacher for several years. It was not long before I became honorary

secretary, and spent my evenings in teaching the senior lads, who soon became attached friends. Some have since prospered in life, and it is my joy to meet with them from time to time with mutual pleasure. One became a minister of great acceptance and usefulness. Another the worthy secretary of a religious organisation. Yet another prospered as the respected manager of a large publishing firm, and many of them grew up steady, respectable toilers in the community.

How the old faces and the old scenes rise up vividly in the mind, as I seek to recall the past—the drum and fife band, the home scenes, the sad lives, the tragedies and comedies mingled with the simple annals of the poor. Then the old school! What primitive notions of sanitation it had! It was next door to a skin dresser's, and the fetid smells outrivalled those of traditional Cologne, without the corrective influence of the famous eau-de-Cologne. In spite of all, I would not be without these memories for all the bullion in the Bank of England. They form a hallowed link between earth and heaven.

It was in this dingy school on the canalside that another important event happened. There I met my wife, who was also a worker there. She was specially valued for her musical services. I notice that journalists have been greatly in-



LOWER HALF OF AN EARLY CERTIFICATE AWARDED BY THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, AND SIGNED BY THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

terested in the discovery that, as both of us knew something of Pitman's system of shorthand, we were able to write private letters in that script.

In the 'sixties there were no Polytechnics or continuation schools, but

F. D. Maurice, Tom Hughes, and others had originated the Working Men's College, where in the evenings I gained some idea of French and German. In acquiring the former, my earlier residence in the South of France was an advantage. If example is of value to young people of to-day, I would earnestly recommend them to toil assiduously in their earlier years in the acquirement of knowledge. I cannot boast of high-sounding certificates or degrees, nor do I now practise shorthand; all the same, I treasure the cards of proficiency signed by Mr. (later Sir) Isaac Pitman. I have two:

1869. Dec. 16.

Kard ov Membership to Jon Kirk  
of Fonetik Sosieti.

Klas 1.

IZAK PITMAN,  
*Sekretari.*

Jan. 12, 1870.

I hereby certify that Mr. John Kirk has a thorough knowledge of my system of Phonography or Phonetic Shorthand, and is a qualified Teacher of the Art.

(Signed) IZAAAC PITMAN.

Since those days I have had many journalists in my office, and have been interested in the difference in their ways of interviewing. Some have not even produced a pencil; others with note-book and stylo have jotted down whatever facts or opinions I had to communicate. My most amusing and crowded experience was the rush of reporters made to John Street after my return from Buckingham Palace. I say gladly and gratefully that all ranks of the Press have been unusually kind to me and to the Ragged School Union. In this matter, as in others, I have found that to treat people courteously and trustfully was almost invariably sure to win reciprocal treatment. I am proud to count as fast friends many who first came on the scene pencil in hand and with mind alert to get "copy." Amongst my sheaves of congratulations last summer came a charming letter from far-off Bulawayo, acknowledging with appreciation my humble endeavours to lighten the labours of an artist of the pen who had been attached to one of the

great daily newspapers some years ago in the metropolis.

In October, 1867, in my twenty-first year, a sudden change came to my life. The Ragged School Union had then existed rather more than a score of years, and much of its Council's attention had been devoted to day schools. There were no fees to the scholars, who were wretchedly poor and ill clothed. These schools were among the efforts which led to the Education Act of 1870, which in its turn, by providing ample public moneys, and a high standard of equipment and instruction, eventually brought about the gradual closing of every day ragged school, the last yielding as late as 1906.

An assistant was required by Mr. J. G. Gent, secretary of the Union, and I chanced to be in the office one day when he was opening applications for the vacant post. He suddenly turned to me and inquired:

"Why don't you apply for the post? You are just the man who could be of use to us."

The hint was taken, and my application was accepted, with the result that I entered on my duties in October, 1867. The duties were not then very exacting. The Union published a monthly magazine, price twopence, and with the aid of a lad I issued several thousand copies monthly. There were also subscribers' gifts to acknowledge, but the income of that day was only about one tenth of the amount now received. We had also to keep a record of the Union's connection with each ragged school in the receipt of a grant in aid, and of the visits paid to them by the Union's two inspectors. But my position in the office brought me in daily contact with the devoted teachers and workers. What varied characters there were! One stout, farmerlike hay merchant with rubicund face was known as a model superintendent, with power of lung and muscle able to quell the noisiest crowd of untamed street lads. Another dear soul had given up her position in a City warehouse to labour through life, on a miserable pittance, as a day ragged school teacher. I saw her pass away to her reward up higher. Peace be to them all—they builded better than they knew!

## Our Portrait Gallery

DR. HENRY WACE, the Dean of Canterbury, is one of the great theological scholars of the day. A Londoner by birth, his first curacy was at St. Luke's, Berwick Street. He was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College in 1875, and eight years later became the Principal. Dr. Wace edited, with the late Sir William Smith, "The Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines." That has been only one of many tasks which he has accomplished with the ease of an erudite scholar. He has been Bampton Lecturer, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill. In 1903 Dr. Wace was appointed Dean of Canterbury amid universal approval. He is always heard with deep respect at the meetings of the Church Congress, where his views on questions of theology often counteract the rash statements of men who have adopted too hastily the opinions of heterodox thinkers. Readers of *THE QUIVER* can be recommended to the books of the Dean of Canterbury, which include "Sermons on the Sacrifice of Christ" and "The Bible and Modern Investigations." Another classic which he edited was "Luther's Primary Works." The Dean has recently passed his seventy-second birthday, but his powers of body and mind are as vigorous as ever, and there is not a movement of the day in which he is not keenly interested.

DURING his forty-one years of faithful service in South London, Canon Allen Edwards has done a vast work for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the masses. One of his favourite sayings has always been: "If you cannot get men to church at *your* time, you must try and do so at theirs." With such conviction it was that he started some ten years ago in his parish church of All Saints, Lambeth, a workmen's early service in the summer months at 5.30 a.m., and he is able to report the continual progress of the scheme. The church is situated very near the London and South-Western Railway works, and many of the men have to pass the door on their way to work. The service is brief, and a bell rings at ten minutes to six, when

the preacher, whoever he may be, must then and there abruptly stop, even in the middle of a sentence, and instantly close the service with the Blessing. Every morning little bunches of flowers are distributed in the pews of the church, and are gratefully accepted and taken away by the workmen worshippers. Canon Allen Edwards was a member of the School Board for London. He was appointed a Canon of Southwark in 1897, and Proctor in Convocation for the diocese of Rochester in 1900.

His only fault is a tendency to over-work himself, due to the heavy demands of one of the busiest parishes in London.



Photo: Parker  
THE VERY REV. DR. HENRY WACE, DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

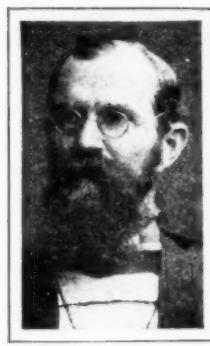
**C**ANON CHRISTOPHER has been for many years a venerated clergyman in Oxford, where from 1859 to 1905 he was rector of St. Aldate's. His intense interest in foreign missions led him to establish an annual missionary breakfast, where most of the eminent missionaries have addressed an influential audience on the subject of their work. Canon Christopher, despite the infirmity of deafness, always displayed the keenest delight in such gatherings, and has been a regular attendant of the Church Missionary Society

"May Meeting" for a very long series of years. His warm sympathy in the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society is likewise well known. Though he is in his

eighty-ninth year, Canon Christopher's earnest interest in these societies is unabated. Previous to becoming a curate at Richmond sixty years ago, he was Principal of La Martiniere, Calcutta. He is one of the "Grand Old Men" of the Church of England.

\* \* \*

**D**R. GILBERT WHITE, the Bishop of Carpentaria, Australia, has during many years' rule of that diocese, experienced more of the rough places of life than fall to the lot of many prelates. It is not his good fortune to sit in a bishop's palace and rule his diocese therefrom. He has to be a constant traveller, and in this way he has covered many thousands of miles of country, chiefly on horseback. Although he has slept out in all sorts of places, some-



(From a photo by Mr. Russell.)  
THE BISHOP OF CARPENTARIA.

times in swamps and malarial tracts, he has always enjoyed excellent health. As a man of affairs the Bishop is strongly in favour of the development of the Australian continent, and he is never tired of pointing out that much more good could be made of the possibilities of the northern part of the country in growing sugar, rice, cotton, and coffee, and in developing its vast mineral resources. One of the points which he makes is that Port Darwin, the principal harbour of Carpentaria, is 700 miles nearer to China

and Japan than it is to Melbourne.

\* \* \*

**T**O hear Alderman Samuel Edwards

read the Scriptures is a liberal education in elocution. He attributes any special ability in this direction to the fact that he has always been a keen student of the Bible, and he realised long ago the need of taking trouble to make the reading of the Scriptures an impressive part of Divine worship. Mr. Edwards has been Lord Mayor of Birmingham, and is one of the best-known citizens in the Midland capital. For the best part of his life, Alderman Edwards has been busy in Sunday school work, and he is never heard to better advantage than when addressing a Sunday school. We are able to give this excellent likeness of Alderman Edwards by the courtesy of Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., his friend and neighbour.



(From a photo by Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.)  
ALDERMAN S. EDWARDS.



(Photo Hills and Son, Ltd.)  
CANON CHRISTOPHER.

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# The Watcher

A Complete Story

By M. H. BLACK

WITHIN the little church, hidden deep among the soft, rounded green hills, the congregation worshipped the God of their fathers with a deeper feeling of peace and confidence than was their wont.

In those days of bloodshed and persecution it required more than an ordinary stout heart to sit in calm fearlessness, listening to the voice of the preacher, with the knowledge that at any moment the King's soldiers might ride into their midst, striking down those who desired nothing more than the right to praise their Maker after their own fashion. Truly the iron heel of persecution ground Scotland in the dust, and the blood of the martyrs called aloud for vengeance from the green hillsides and from many a lonely grave.

Yet on that calm summer's day, in the little church within sound of the Tweed, cruel death and bitter striving seemed very distant.

Across the hot, sweet stillness, the earnest voice of the preacher rose with steady, trembling fervour, as he prayed for strength and guidance in hours of direst peril, and they who listened to him listened with bowed heads and calm content.

Did they not know that outside in the glittering sunlight, high above them on a grassy hillock behind the church, one kept faithful, steadfast watch over them and their praying?

Within the session records to this very day stands one entry dating back to those turbulent times of bloodshed and persecution—"The collection this day to be given to a man for acting as watch during the time of sermon."

Thus whilst the people prayed, there was one keeping guard over them with ever watchful eyes; and, by reason of this, peace and a sense of security hovered high above the church and quiet valley.

The man chosen thus to watch while others worshipped was one well known to all, one of themselves, living in their midst, sharing their sorrows, their struggles, hopes and fears.

He was known to be a man steadfast to the faith, true and reliant—one who had suffered cruelly himself at the hands of the persecutors, who had wandered far from the town where his lot had been cast, to find shelter among the quiet green fastnesses of the Tweedside hills, rather than abandon the faith of his fathers. A scholar and a loyal servant of his God, he was known also to be a brave man, and the choice had gladly fallen on him. Thus with the knowledge that John Veitch himself watched over them the people felt new peace steal into their hearts—a peace little known to them in those days, when none was safe, and none might worship God in the manner he chose; when the glens and rocks hid many a marked man, and Claverhouse's dragoons clattered noisily into every goodwife's kitchen in relentless pursuit of those whom they hunted and termed rebels.

Gladly too had it been decreed that the collection should that day be bestowed on the man who watched; though truly it could be but little, for what had these poor hill folk to bring as an offering to the house of their God? What little there was, however, should be handed over to John Veitch, and he stood sore in need of it, all realised.

At times the voice of the preacher rose indistinctly to the ears of the watcher, high on the hill-top, mingling with the drowsy hum of bees from a patch of heather close by the grey rock where he sat.

He was clad in a great black cloak that enveloped him utterly, and on his head a wide-brimmed hat that was drawn down over his brows; but from under the brim a pair of keen bright eyes stared out steadily, sweeping the green valleys and rounded hills before him with their unwavering glance, dwelling at times with a gleam of deeper feeling on the River Tweed below, as it ran, a shining, shimmering ribbon of twisting silver, through the quiet scene.

Behind him, down below the high green knoll that John Veitch had selected for his watch-tower, there lurked among the rocks and tufts of heather that which would have

roused the figure on the summit to quick action, could he but have guessed its presence, and would have scattered the little congregation in the church, silencing even the voice of the preacher himself.

The sun that shone down gaily, the dancing Tweed rippling on its way, and the silent hills, they alone saw, but they gave no warning.

Hidden behind a rock, creeping silently yet surely from shelter to shelter, upward and nearer to the dark figure on the hill-top, was that thing most grim, most feared, most accursed in those days, a Royalist soldier! By his uniform none other than one of Claverhouse's own officers, one of those same dragoons against whose very presence John Veitch, stationed on the summit, watched so staunchly.

The dragoon had lain for hours hidden by the river's overhanging bank, and thence inch by inch, creeping from rock to rock, from tuft of heather to tuft of heather, he had gained the base of the high green hillock where sat the figure of the man who watched.

He had seen the people gather together at the church door, strong in their act of disobedience; had seen the minister stride boldly in with grim, set face and steady, resolute lips; even now, as he crouched behind a rock, he could hear voices, raised in subdued singing, floating softly across the summer's stillness to his very ears. Here, indeed, was good hearing for Graham of Claverhouse, did the officer by good fortune regain his troop. But first he must see more nearly—that he was resolved on—must know the faces of the little congregation, so ignorant, so undreaming of his presence.

His chief danger lay, he knew, in being seen by the watcher, and the thought had come to him to creep up the green slopes of the hill, silence, perchance for all time, the man who sat there, then steal down to the very door of the church and, hidden by some sheltering gravestone, note in turn each face as the people left the church. Then to find his own men again? And therein lay his chiefest difficulty. Given strength, in spite of his wound and his weariness of body, to carry out so far what he desired—could he ever regain his troop? He had missed them in the grey light of early dawn on the previous morning, after a sharp encounter with a band of rebels on the Moffat Water. His horse had been shot

under him, and he himself, wounded as he was, had dropped behind, and thus had missed the others.

Since then had he not wandered secretly about, fearful lest he might fall into the hands of the Covenanters? What mercy could he look for from them? What mercy had he in his turn showed to them and their people—those martyrs whose blood had stained the hillsides round him, reddening all too often his own sword?

Faint from his wound, weary and hungry—for he had not dared to beg even a crust of any among those hills as he wandered—he had yet resolved to glean knowledge of the men whose voices, raised in their quiet singing, he could hear from time to time in his hiding-place. But first the man on the hill-top must be silenced.

Steadily he crept on, smiling grimly at his plight, his blood-stained uniform, his weariness, and hunger. He, the friend of Claverhouse, the officer most feared, and yet most admired, of the many who served under that chief! The figure above never moved—it was as if it were carved out of the very rock on which it sat—and the man who crept closer each moment felt his heart quicken, faint and jaded as he was, at the thought of his coming encounter, his coming triumph. His sword in a moment of heedlessness, as it slipped from his hand, rattled against a stone half hidden by the heather, and he paused in quick alarm, prepared for action. To him it had sounded as if a pistol shot had rung out loud across the stillness, and yet it would seem that the watcher had not heard. A scornful smile twisted his lips.

"Faith" he told himself, as with renewed courage he began once more to creep upwards, "the ears of these Scots are as dull as their wits!"

Then, even as he rose, staggering to his feet, scarce half a dozen paces away from the figure who sat so motionless against the blue of the sky, a strange thing happened.

"Stand, or I fire!" rang out a voice, curiously young and fresh, and filled with the music of springtime, for such a man as John Veitch! The watcher had risen in a flash and stood facing the other, who, with dazed eyes, found himself looking down the barrel of the pistol held in a steady, outstretched hand.

With a quick oath the soldier gripped his

sword tighter, but ere he could use it yet another strange thing had happened, and his sword arm fell powerless to his side, whilst he himself stared in speechless amazement.

A sudden little gust of wind had risen unexpectedly, just as at times such gusts do rise swiftly and unlooked for among those hills ; and it had blown the sheltering wide-brimmed hat to the ground, revealing to his eyes a face young and tender as the morning, and a shower of hair escaped from bondage, the colour, so it came to him in a quick, odd flash of thought, of the field of ripe corn at whose edge he had lain all through the summer's night.

"I make no war against women," he said slowly, flinging his sword to the ground.

"That is well!" she nodded, and even in that hour of peril a smile curved her lips.

Truly, the young man thought, as he watched her, it was a face that fitted but ill with those of the grim, stern-eyed Covenanters he had encountered.

"For I may tell you, sir," she continued, "I use my pistol as well as any man ; and did I but fire, not at you, but one shot in warning, there are those down there in the church who would come quickly to my rescue."

He would have answered her readily enough, for the sharpness of his defeat, the mockery of the trick that had taken him, angered him, but a sudden faintness seized him. The little flash of excitement had died down, and he remembered, even as he swayed, that he had walked for many miles, that no food had passed his lips, and that he had lost much blood through his wound. Her quick eyes noted the grey look on his face, the stain on the shoulder of his uniform.

"Be seated, sir"—her face softened—"you have been wounded, I see, and you have need of rest." How her voice had changed ! It was no longer as a victor triumphant over a fallen foe, but rather as a mother speaking to a tired child. "You make no war against women, and I ?"—she smiled again—"I fight not with wounded, weary men."

He sank to the ground even as she ended, casting a glance of sudden helpless fear about him.

"There is no cause for alarm," she said quickly, noting the look. "From the church you are unseen, and there—they worship God in quiet content to-day because

they know one watches in whom they may trust."

Perhaps all unconsciously his lips curved into a scornful smile as he listened, half through a dream to her words; but she chose to read the look.

"You would believe they trust to a woman's watching, put her in peril while they pray ? That is not true ! To them, sir, believe me, it is my father, John Veitch, who watches. None knows the truth, save only you, who are my prisoner ! "

With a quick movement she bent and picked up his sword from where he had flung it down. "My prisoner," she added gently, as she raised the blade and laid it behind her on the rock where she had sat.

"I am, as you say, your prisoner," he answered quietly. And for a second or two a curious little silence fell betwixt them.

It might be death at last that lay before him, and he knew he was far too weak, too spent with hunger and fatigue, to make a stand for his life. She might fire the signal at any moment that would bring the congregation in the little church swarming about him as a cloud of flies, and without mercy might they not set him spinning from one of the highest trees at the doorway of the church itself, a fitting sacrifice to their God ? Yet, lying there against the grey rock where she had sat, he found a rare new pleasure, even in that hour of death, in watching the glowing beauty of her face ; and because of it even approaching death itself meant little to him.

He, to whom all women had been as nothing, in whose mind there was but scant room for the thought of them, who gloried in that he was a soldier filled with a soldier's enthusiasm and love of duty ! And now, at the end of all things, he lay there under the blue of the clear sky, the scent of the thyme and heather blowing in his nostrils, his eyes fixed full, all else unheeded, on the fairest, bravest woman's face he had ever seen. And because of that naught else mattered.

"Yes," he said aloud once more, "I am your prisoner. But ere you hand me over to other warders I would gladly know how you come here in the place of this John Veitch who is your father, and I would gladly know too how it was you yourself knew that I was near you. I could have sworn you had



"Stand, or I fire," rang out a voice curiously young and fresh, and filled with the music of springtime"—p. 291.

no knowledge of my presence; you never turned——"

She smiled a trifle sadly. "Ah! yes, believe me, once I turned, though you must have missed the glance. It was when you first left the river's bank, and I knew you were coming here. I guessed your purpose, and I listened for you. You made no sound! So you would tell me!" She shook her head. "Ah! sir, I grant you that, and many would have been deceived; but you know not how these terrible times, when no man's life is safe from day to day, have quickened the ears of the women among these hills. I heard you creep from shelter to shelter, and your sword rattling against yonder stone was my signal for action. I have answered you that which you desired to know." She paused.

"Yes! Yes!" He spoke eagerly. The strange weakness that had overwhelmed him was passing a little; the sky no longer threatened to descend and crush him where

he lay. "But I would hear, too, how it is you watch here in your father's place."

"Sir"—her voice trembled—"down there in that little white house beside the bridge—can you see it from where you lie?—is where I live; it is my home since these troublous times have driven us from the town. And there at this very moment my father lies helpless and ill, stricken down with some cruel sudden fever. It was decreed that he should watch to-day. The little money that will be collected at the close of the service is to be given to the man who watches, and we"—her voice sank—"we are in sore need."

Her bright eyes had grown dim; a little of the glorious colour, blown into her cheeks by the soft hill wind, had faded away.

"It meant much to us. All yesterday my father was out with—with—others." She hesitated, and her eyes glanced to the stain of blood on his uniform. "There has been a fight some way from here. It was early

yesterday morning, and my father was there. Wherever there is danger you may look for him." She held her head up proudly.

"And for his daughter!" whispered the other softly.

"Sir," she said quietly, "we have known better times, and those who went before us have pointed out the way! Long ere my father returned thick mists filled the valley and rain fell fast. He was wet, and tired, and spent. This morning, when he would have risen and come here to keep tryst, he was too ill; we could not lose the money, and so I—I—as you see, clad in his cloak" she glanced to the folds of the cloak around her, "and his hat" (it still lay on the ground where the wind had blown it), "I came in his stead. We had news early this morning that the enemy are gathering over in the direction of St. Mary's Loch"—she noted that he started at her words—"that is news perhaps, to you, too, sir, good news? For it is not so many miles distant from here."

"It would have been good news an hour or two ago; now it—it matters not—"

"'It would have been,' and 'now it matters not.' Sir, I do not understand."

"Madame"—his voice grew stronger—"I was in the fight you speak of, the one in yesterday's dawning by the Moffat Water. A bloody fray truly, one in which some or other of your countrymen have laid their mark upon me." He smiled ruefully as he glanced to the red stain at his shoulder. "In the grey light I became separated from my men, and ever since I have wandered about these hills and valleys, endeavouring to fall in with some of my own people. Last night I slept beside a cornfield, and crept in the dawn to the river's bank. What matters it now to know that they whom I sought were where I might with good fortune have found them? That even yet I might have gained them, had I left this mad enterprise alone? To capture the watchman—you, madame! who have captured me instead—and, hidden from the people, scan their faces as they left the church, so that later I might bear testimony against them! And now for my pains I will swing before the church door itself! Who knows—I may richly deserve my fate?"

"You mean that I will give you up?" Her voice had a strange, odd thrill in its depths as she spoke, that made his heart,

fashioned not alone for fightings and stern enterprise, beat a shade faster.

"You will but do your duty!" he answered her gently.

"Then 'twill remain undone! I watch here for soldiers, sir, soldiers coming in their numbers to slay and scatter those who are my people—soldiers armed to defend themselves; not one soldier, weary, wounded, alone. Sir, I came here for my father's sake, to serve the Covenant as becomes me; but I came not here to lend my aid to cold, cruel murder! You are my prisoner"—she had risen, and stood tall and straight before him, with brave tender eyes—"and you may go free for me; only you must go now, nor watch those who leave the church. That road there"—she pointed—"leads to Talla. That stream is the Talla Water itself. Follow it. At its edge there are rocks to hide you. Keep close to it, turning only from it far up beyond the falls, and the road to your left will lead you to St. Mary's Loch and to your own men—"

"Madame, you are very merciful!" He struggled to his feet, his hand sweeping his hat from his head, thus revealing himself to her more clearly. How young he was, she thought, how good to look upon; the stern lines gone from the mouth, and from round the dark eyes, the sunlight touching lightly here and there with soft fingers on his long brown curls. His face was pitifully white, but his eyes blazed with some strange new fire, for which she, looking into their depths, had no name.

"How can I thank you?" His voice as he spoke died in his throat; he staggered once more to his old place among the coarse grass and heather. She took a quick step nearer to his side.

"If I be not over bold, when did you last eat food? You are faint for want of it, I believe."

A shadowy smile lightened his face. "'Tis a night and a day, by my faith, and more," he answered hoarsely. "And since have I not fought for my life, wandered many a mile, and played at a cruel game of hide and seek with your people?"

"If it were possible that I could bring you something here unseen, something to strengthen you, to help you on your way!" Her face was anxious, her grey eyes tender with pity. This man before her was faint with hunger, with fatigue. That he was an



"Once she glanced back and saw him sitting there, outlined against the sky, with head turned, as she had bidden him, towards the Talla Valley"—p. 296.

enemy to the Covenant she did not pause to consider.

"Stay!" Her voice brightened. "I have it! Listen! In the church they sing the last psalm before the sermon. There would be time for me to descend the hill to my own home. None know my father is ill. None know that I watch in his place. Should any meet me on my way, they could suspect nothing. I would bring back with me food and drink for you. But there is one matter. None would deem it strange to meet with John Veitch's daughter; they would but glance to this hill-top to satisfy themselves that John Veitch himself still kept his watch! This is what troubles me." She earnestly desired to minister to the young soldier before her, but could she leave for one moment her father's sacred post unfilled? Then of a sudden her face brightened. "There is yet a way, if you will consent. A watcher here, sitting on this rock or the hill-top—what matter who? You, sir, or I!

So be that you will but take my place, and have strength to sit here for any who may look, to see, with your face turned towards the road to Talla, all will be well! and I will bring you the food that you so desperately stand in need of. With my father's cloak around you, his hat on your head, who could guess the truth, and I promise you, long ere the ending of the sermon you shall be far on your way to St. Mary's Loch. You agree?" Her eyes sought his face imploringly.

"I will do even as you ask me," he answered. "I will faithfully fill your post till you return. You venture much for me, madame. It is right that I should place even my honour in the balance in exchange." Then he smiled faintly. "And by my faith I warrant it is the first time one such as I have watched over just such a congregation!"

Long afterwards, in the years that followed, when looking back on that calm Sabbath

morning on Tweed-side, he remembered ever, and was cheered not a little by the remembrance, that not once had he doubted her promise, not for an instant's space paused to consider whether she meant to play him false.

It took but a short time to seat himself just where he had first beheld her, though he swayed against the protecting rock in his weakness; the black cloak wrapped around his shoulders blotting out the betraying uniform beneath, and the wide hat placed securely on his head, his own lying half hidden in the grass at his feet.

In silence she left him, hurrying down the further side of the hill, hidden from the church, and from any who might desire to peep at the watcher. Once she glanced back and saw him sitting there, outlined against the sky, with head turned, as she had bidden him, towards the Talla Valley. Watching, so he thought with a tired, flickering smile, against the coming of his own people!

But she, speeding on her way to bring back to him the succour he so sorely stood in need of, knew not, nor was she ever to know, that, as he sat there in her place, he drew a corner of the cloak which she had worn to his lips, and held it against them for long, as though the mere touch of it gave him strength and comfort.

Down below in the church the subdued singing had ended, the preacher's voice rang out in the opening words of his sermon, too far off for the man on the hill-top to hear, yet coming to him at times in a steady wave of sound. Though the words could not reach him, he might yet, he thought, divine their meaning.

Did not the man in the church inveigh against the enemies of the Covenant, the enemies of the Lord Himself? Little dreaming that high above him one of those same enemies kept watch over him and his congregation!

He, the man up there in the sunlight, was but a soldier doing his duty—serving his King as he had been taught, as he knew it to be a soldier's duty, without question. To hunt these grim-lipped, stern-eyed Covenanters from their secret meeting-places, their hiding-holes beside the waterfalls and among the hills, was his day's work. Had he been one of them, it is like he would have fought as staunchly, as bravely as they did, against the soldiers of the King.

How far away, how unreal the past appeared to him, up there under the blue of heaven! How hard to think on anything that belonged to this world, save that he was very faint, very weary! And how wide, how cruelly wide, the gulf that spread 'twixt men and women in those stormy days, if so be the woman was a daughter of these same Covenanters and the man one of Claverhouse's soldiers! He sighed heavily. Nothing availed! No, not even if the woman herself were as fair as the summer day, with eyes that looked to him like the clear waters of Tweed flowing far at his feet, and hair like a field of ripe corn.

Soon she would return; he would eat and drink to please her, though somehow he little cared what happened; and of a sudden it had come to him that there were worse things than death at the hands of his enemies! He would turn his back upon her, at her bidding, and set his face towards the Talla Water. That would be all, and never any more might he hope to see her whilst he lived. Suddenly a thought came to him. His sword lay on the rock by his side, where she had herself placed it. Raising it, he laid the hilt to his lips, just where he remembered her hand for a brief instant had held it, then with the keen sharp blade cut a corner from the cloak he wore. With a fleeting smile at the folly of it, he hid the bit of black cloth in his breast.

"And I dare swear," he murmured, "never another King's soldier this day carries such a love-token of a Covenanter's daughter. Good Master Veitch will be sorely vexed when he rises from his bed of sickness, and notes the hole in his cloak! 'Tis neatly cut—as with a sword blade! When she beholds it, will she understand, I wonder?"

At last she was back by his side. Her cheeks were flushed with her quick walking; the wind had roughened the yellow hair, and the sun gleamed on it till it shone like fine gold. Over her arm she carried a basket.

"My father sleeps," she told him in a low voice. "I peeped in through the doorway. I was afraid lest he might catch a sight of me. You must eat all I have brought you, there behind the rock, whilst I take your place once more. And this will give you new life!" She held up a flask of wine as she spoke. "Of a certainty your guardian angel, sir, prompted me to open

this wine for my father this morning, for it lay ready to my hand. "Tis an invention of the Evil One, so many tell us, but for all that it stands us in good stead when we are ill."

He did quickly all she told him, and soon he sat on the ground almost at her feet, eating the food she had brought in her basket; whilst she, once more wrapped in the black cloak, stationed herself at the watcher's seat.

"Eat, sir, I pray you!" she whispered down to him. "You stand in sore need of it."

The will to eat was nearly gone in him, the wish was dead; yet to please her was all he asked, and raising the cup she had filled for him, he held it for an instant's space towards her, drinking in silence to the fairest woman's face his eyes had ever looked on. The wine struck new life into his veins, new courage came to him as he ate and drank, the weariness slipped from him, and his strength returned.

"Madame"—he rose at last and stood tall and straight before her—"you have given me life and strength."

"That is good," she answered hurriedly, "and now I pray of you to depart—the time slips by. You must seek St. Mary's Loch with all haste. Up there," she pointed, "and onward lies the way—it will bring you to your own men once more."

"How can I ever thank you?" His voice grew very gentle. "I am your prisoner—"

"And I set you free," she smiled.

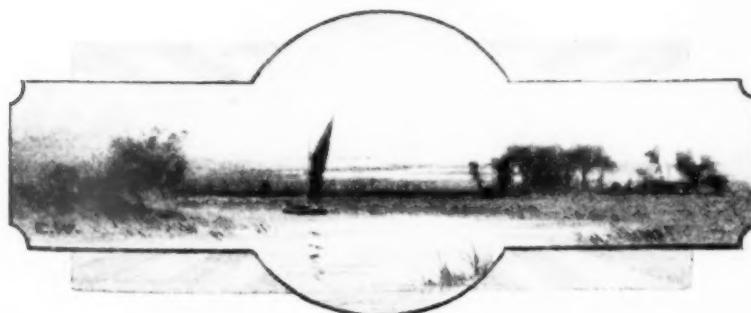
"Set me free!" he exclaimed, with a laugh strangely full of a pain that echoed

in her ears for all her life, and troubled her even when youth was fled. "Nevertheless, madame, I wear your chains about me till life itself be done." He bent, and, raising to his lips the hem of the cloak she wore, kissed it humbly, then turned aside and passed down the hill. Nor looked back.

She watched him go, and with a sigh of relief and thankfulness saw him reach the safer shelter of the rocks beside the river's edge just where the Talla Water joins the Tweed. There for a second he paused, and held his hat in his hand towards her for an instant's space.

For long her quick eyes followed him, a lurking figure beside the brown river's edge. At times the sun caught his sword's hilt till it flashed out a sudden flame before her eyes, and she trembled lest others too might see; then a rock would hide him, or a bend of hill, and she would lose him, only to find him again far up the valley, growing less and less. Soon he was gone—gone out of her life, and out of the summer's day that had been hers, for ever!

The sermon ended, and the last psalm echoed in her unlistening ears. The congregation streamed quietly out of the church, glancing up to see the watcher still sitting motionless above them. Their service had ended in quiet peace, a rare enough thing in those days of bloodshed and struggle. They were content, nor did any of them who had sat in safety in that little church beside the waters of Tweed guess the truth, nor know the name of the man who for a time, whilst they worshipped God in quiet content, had watched over them.



## Sketches in Hospital

By C. M. VINCENT

### IV.—“Half-a-Crown”

IT was just before Christmas, and the great hospital was all astir with a happy bustle of preparation.

Everybody was to have just as good a time as they possibly could have.

Johnnie lay in his cot and watched all that went on, and as he watched he almost forgot his pain. The Children's Ward would have been a paradise to him, if only the doctors would not hurt so much. But pain is bad to bear, and pain like this was new to little Johnnie.

In the six years of his sad little life he had often been hungry, and cold, and miserable; he had been hustled, and scolded, and shaken, and beaten; but he had never known pain quite like this before—cruel, grinding pain.

Yes, it was bad to bear—so bad that sometimes, when the doctor hurt more than usual, a big tear would squeeze itself out and roll down Johnnie's thin, white little cheek.

Then he would shut his teeth tight, and clench his fists and fight hard not to let any more tears come.

“There's a plucky little chap,” the doctor would say sometimes when he had finished, and then Johnnie's face would light up with pride and pleasure.

“I've got to be brave like father, you see,” he used to confide to Sister afterwards.

“Father” had been in hospital about a year ago with a broken leg, and Johnnie thought it a very funny thing that he should have broken his leg too, and should have to come to the same place to have it mended.

But his father's leg was a much easier one to mend, and Johnnie had an injured knee as well, and that is a very bad business indeed.

A week before he had been running about with a very ragged coat and a very dirty face, playing in the streets with other little boys equally ragged and equally dirty.

A sudden dart across the road—a shout

—a little frightened cry—and poor little Johnnie was lying on the muddy ground, white and still, with one leg all crushed and broken where the great cart-wheel had passed over it.

Johnnie did not know how hard the surgeons fought for that poor, broken little leg of his. At one time they thought he must lose it, and then Johnnie would have had to get through life as best he could with only one leg. But the surgeons fought so well that they saved Johnnie's leg for him; and very proud they were of it, too, I expect—or at least they deserved to be.

But though they saved it, they could not make it mend as fast as they would have liked, for Johnnie was a weakly little fellow. Broken limbs do not mend very quickly when all your life you have scarcely ever had enough to eat, and when you have eaten all the wrong sort of things.

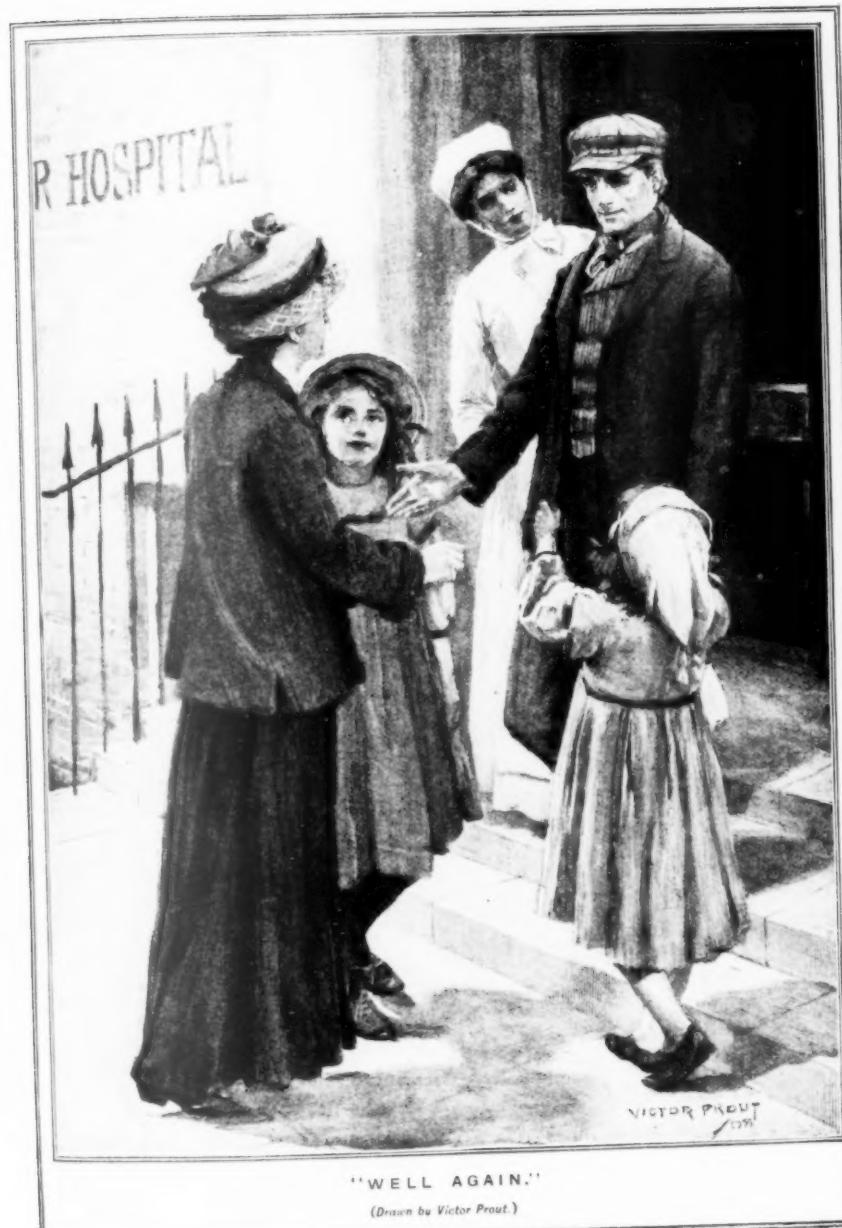
So the good people at “The London” decided that Johnnie must have a change, and on May Day he was shipped off, wild with excitement, to Margate. He came back fatter and better than he had ever been in his life before.

But the doctors had not finished with him yet. They would not let him face the old, hard life at home until they had done something more for him. They said he must have a new splint—because for some little while yet he would not be able to do without his splint and his pair of crutches—and a new splint meant another stay in the hospital to have it properly fitted.

One day Johnnie was limping about “Baker” Ward on his crutches, when a lady who happened to be going through the ward gave him half-a-crown!

Half-a-crown! It meant wealth to little Johnnie.

Even coppers were very scarce at home, as is rather often the case in East London. When both your father and mother drink, and there are three or four other little



"WELL AGAIN."

*(Drawn by Victor Prout.)*

ones to be fed besides yourself, it is not very often that even a half-penny comes your way.

Half-a-crown ! It meant unlimited sweets and other good things, and omnibus rides without number.

Among the small boys in Johnnie's neighbourhood a bus ride is looked on as the height of bliss.

But it was not of omnibuses nor of sweets, nor of any other such joys that Johnnie thought as he clutched his precious half-crown tightly in his hand. With simple, unreasoning gratitude he went straight to the hospital collecting box.

He was too small to realise the great skill and knowledge which, by God's blessing, had triumphed over all difficulties and saved his leg ; he did not even know how nearly he had lost it. The pain, the discomfort, the weariness of lying there all these weeks and months—all that he could realise.

But he forgot it all—he only remembered that here in the big hospital people had loved him, and cared for him, and had been good to him in a way that nobody else had ever been in all his life before.

Before Sister could guess what he was going to do, he had stretched up to the box and pushed the half-crown into the slit at the top. With a rattle and a jingle it slid down to the bottom.

" Oh, Johnnie ! what have you done ? You can't get it out again, you know ! "

But Johnnie looked quite unperturbed.

" Did you mean to put it in ? "

Johnnie nodded.

" But it was half-a-crown, a lot of money ! Shan't I try to get it out again for you and change it for a penny ? "

Johnnie shook his head emphatically.

" Do you really want to give all that to the hospital ? Are you quite sure you won't be sorry afterwards, Johnnie ? "

" Yes, Sister."

So the half-crown lay undisturbed at the bottom of the box, and I do not believe that Johnnie gave it one thought of regret when soon after this, the time having come for him to leave the hospital which had been his home for so many months, he limped out through the great door on his crutches—limped back to his miserable home.



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"VISITORS' DAY" AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

# Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

## *The Tempest*

*He shall give His angels charge  
Over thee in all thy ways.  
Though the thunders roar at large,  
Though the lightning round me plays,  
Like a child I lay my head  
In sweet sleep upon my bed.*

*Though the terror comes so close,  
It shall have no power to smite ;  
It shall deepen my repose,  
Turn the darkness into light.  
Touch of angels' hands is sweet ;  
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.*

*All thy waves and billows go  
Over me to press me down  
Into arms so strong, I know  
They will never let me drown.  
Ah, my God, how good Thy will !  
I will nestle and be still.*

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.



THE late Dr. Charles S. Robinson said once that he asked a prominent business man what he thought of Christ, and the man replied frankly, "I suppose I never do think of Jesus Christ." Then Dr. Robinson inquired of the man when he was born, and he gave the date, 1843. "B.C. or A.D.?" the doctor asked. The man remained silent in his confusion. Here was a man who had been dating letters for many years, and was thus commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ, and living in a world whose civilisation is radiant with the glory of Christ, and yet he frankly acknowledged that he had no definite thoughts regarding the Saviour of mankind.



WHEN the great St. Gothard tunnel was constructed, workmen bored simultaneously from either side of the Alps. For nearly ten years they worked in the dark ; but in 1881 one of the parties of workmen began to hear, through the lessening thickness of intervening rocks, the sounds of the hammer and the voices of the workmen from the other side. On they worked, listening, working ; working, listening. One day

they broke down the intervening barrier ; men rushed from the other side, grasped hands, and looked into each other's faces. They worked from opposite sides ; but they were doing the same work. Precisely so it is with reason and faith ; they are working from opposite sides toward the same end. It is a work of great spiritual engineering that brings these two sets of workmen, the disciples of reason and the disciples of faith, together in the heart of a mountain, or in the centre of a tunnel, illumined by the light of Jesus Christ. Whither shall you go ? To Jesus Christ, bringing all your rationalism that is true with you ; for Christ alone has the words of the noblest rationalism and of eternal life.



THEY tell a story of Professor Stuart Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh, hearing a class. One man rose with his book in the wrong hand. He began an explanation, and the professor thundered, "Take your book in your right hand and be seated." The student held up his right arm, and it was off at the wrist. The Scotch students hissed the professor. The great man hesitated a moment, then he went to the student and put his arm around him, and with tears streaming from his eyes, said, "I never knew about it. You will forgive me ?" It ended in the conversion of that young man. The story was told recently at a Bible conference, and after the meeting a man came forward, and raised up his right arm : it ended at the wrist. He said, "I am the man. Professor Blackie led me to Christ, but he never would have done it if he had not put his arm around me and made the wrong right."



SHORTLY before her death in 1845, Elizabeth Fry said to her daughter, "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how I might best serve my Lord." This ought to be the ideal for every Christian—a daily seeking to know God's will and then to do it.

IT does make such a world of difference how we look at a thing ! Of a well-known artist it is related that he was once travelling about in Egypt, painting pictures of the country as he went. One day he showed a picture of the Nile to an acquaintance of his who had lived many years in Egypt. The latter criticised the picture rather severely. It was not true to life ; for here on the canvas the Nile appeared blue and clear, whereas, after living all these years by the very banks of the river, he had never seen its waters otherwise than brown and muddy ! Without arguing the point, the artist merely replied that he had painted the river as it appeared to him, and confidently undertook to conduct the critic to the spot from which his view of the Nile had been obtained.



HE led his friend to a place situated some distance away from the banks of the river, and then turned round to look back. There, sure enough, lay the Nile, clear, blue, and sparkling ; however muddy it might be at close quarters, when surveyed from afar its surface reflected the brilliant colour of the sky overhead. The critic was convinced, and admitted that his mistake had been to stand gazing down into the muddy water by the bank, and thinking that he really had a good view of the Nile. But the mud was there all the same, you may say. Quite so ; and in each case it was the same river, only looked at from two different points of view.



A WOMAN once came to her pastor and told him that she was unable to pray. Again and again she had tried to offer up petitions to God, but it seemed as though there was no comfort in her prayers. Every time she started to pray there came before her mind five bottles of wine which she had stolen. She then explained to him how a number of years before she had been employed by a gentleman as housekeeper, and had on several occasions stolen bottles of wine from his cellar. Her pastor told her

that she must confess her sin and make restitution. But the old employer was dead, and she did not know what to do. Then he advised her to find someone who represented his estate, and give to the representative an equivalent for what she had stolen. A few days later he again met her, and learned that at last she had found peace and rest. She had made inquiry and found that her employer's son had succeeded to the old home, and to him she made confession. She insisted that he accept a sum of money equivalent to what she had taken from his father, which he at first refused. But she persisted that he should, and thus relieve her conscience of the burden that she had so long carried. She was a new woman after that time, and learned the joy of having "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."



**S**AID Garibaldi to his men : "I can offer you only hunger and danger ; the earth for a bed, the sun for a fire ; but let all who do not despair of the fortunes of Italy follow me," and with such an army the brave leader gave freedom to his country. A greater than Garibaldi has said : "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." In the spirit of those words many disciples of Jesus have gone forth to do battle with sin.



**C**OMFORT one another,  
For the way is often dreary,  
And the feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
There is a heavy burden bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forgot that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken—  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.





"I did not take the half-sovereign, father," said the girl, with a quiver in her voice"—p. 304.

## The Queen's Face

A Complete Story

By F. J. CROSS

A HEAVY CLOUD

**M**ILDRED, you couldn't have done it!" Mildred stood speechless, wild-eyed, tearful, her cheeks changing from a deadly pallor to a flaming red, looking miserably into her mother's face.

"But," thundered her father, "the case is clear against her—clear as daylight. Listen," continued Mr. Lister, addressing his wife, "Last week Mrs. Wallace put a new half-sovereign in a box which stood on the mantelpiece in her bedroom. Mildred was in the room, and saw her put it there. On Monday morning, whilst Mildred was dusting the room, Mrs. Wallace happened to be passing along the passage, and saw her pick up the half-sovereign off

the floor. She thought nothing of it at the time, believing it had dropped accidentally. On the same day Mildred buys a pair of shoes and a straw hat for herself. You ask her how she has got the money. She prevaricates, tells you she has had a secret store, and you are content to believe her and think her the best of daughters. Well, this morning Mrs. Wallace goes to the box for the half-sovereign, and it is not there. She makes inquiries, but no one has seen it. Then she asks Mildred, who declares she has not taken it, but looks guilty. After that Mrs. Wallace sends for me, and tells me the whole story, saying she is most unwilling to suspect anyone, but she has heard from Ellen, the parlour-maid, that Mildred changed half a sovereign at Mrs. Tucker's on Monday evening."

"That is quite true," said Mildred, white to the lips.

"Well," groaned Mr. Lister, "is it not as clear a case as could possibly be? What can I think but that you have given way to a sudden temptation? What can anyone think? Mildred," he continued, addressing his wife, "gets half a crown a week as wages. She has been with Mrs. Wallace only six weeks, and has given us her full wages every week. It's a terrible disgrace. Mrs. Wallace is not going to take any steps in the matter, but she cannot allow Mildred to stay with her, so she has returned with me this morning. She has been crying all the way home, but has offered not a word of explanation. There have been several small thefts of late at the Red House, but they have not been able to trace the culprit. Now this explains it. Have you taken anything else?"

"I did not take the half-sovereign, father," said the girl, with a quiver in her voice.

"But Mrs. Wallace saw you take it."

"Yes," said Mildred, "in dusting the mantelpiece on Monday I knocked the box down and the half-sovereign fell out. I held it in my hand a few minutes whilst I was dusting, and then put it back."

Mr. Lister shook his head sorrowfully.

"No, no," he said: "it is all so clear. To think of our Mildred being a thief!"

Mrs. Lister had listened, pale-faced and sorrowful, whilst her husband was speaking. She could not believe it, and yet the case seemed so clear, and Mildred had all the appearance of being guilty. She was utterly bewildered and dumbfounded.

Then Mr. Lister went out with his head bowed, simply saying, "I will return the money to Mrs. Wallace at the end of the week—that is all we can do."

Left alone with her mother, Mildred leaned her head on the table and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Tell me all, Milly," said her mother brokenly.

"Mother, I can't," said the girl; "at least, not just now. It seems impossible, only I didn't take it. Do you believe me?"

And a light came into her mother's face, and though her eyes swam with tears yet there was full confidence in her voice as she said: "I believe you, child, and I know that this heavy cloud will pass."

## II

## THE CLOUD BREAKS

MILDRED, with swollen eyes and heavy heart, wandered aimlessly down the lane. The white violets on the bank perfumed the air, the birds sang their spring song gaily on the budding trees, the hedges were turning green in the bright sunshine, and everything in Nature spoke of hope and promise.

As Mildred noticed these things, a voice till now unheard whispered hope in her heart.

Then came the thought—how could she explain? No one, hardly even mother, would believe her. It seemed such an improbable story now, and would appear like one invented for the occasion. Yet it was true. She could see no way out of the difficulty.

Turning into the road that led to the village green, she met Ellen, the housemaid. Mildred, longing for sympathy, looked timidly at her, but Ellen stared straight before her and passed on without speaking.

This was the first of such rebuffs she must expect, thought Mildred, and how was she to endure such a life? With a sinking heart she went forward. Her thoughts turned to Billy. Would he also suspect and despise her?

She had not long to wait for an answer.

The first house on the village green was the general store kept by Mrs. Tucker, whose little son, Billy, a cripple since his birth, was Mildred's firm friend and companion.

The little humpbacked boy was sitting by his mother's door, busy as usual at his basket-making. His face brightened as she approached.

"Oh, Mildred, I'm so very glad you've come," he exclaimed; "I've been wanting to see you ever so," and he held up his face to be kissed.

There were tears in the girl's eyes as she put down her face to his, and a great wave of gladness swept through her heart as she saw his sunny smile of welcome. Not another word was spoken for some minutes. The two friends sitting together in the afternoon sunshine understood one another so well as heart spoke to heart.

Presently Billy said: "Things always come right in the end, don't they, Mildred?"

"I suppose so," said Mildred in a dull, lifeless voice.

"You told me they did only last week," said the cripple in a voice tinged with reproach, "when I was saying I couldn't quite understand why I was born a cripple."

Mildred repressed a sob. It was quite true that last week, when Billy had been downhearted, she had told him God loved him like all His children, and one day all would come right and Billy would understand.

And now she had forgotten her faith and abandoned hope in the first hour. Shame on her!

Then and there Mildred lifted up her heart and asked that God would clear her, for she saw no means of clearing herself. Then she said: "Yes, Billy, I believe that all will come right."

"Tell me about it, Mildred. You can trust me, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, Billy, and I can trust mother and father; but how can I expect them to believe it in the face of the evidence against me, which seems so clear?"

"Well, tell me, all the same," said the boy; "and if you wish I won't say a word."

"I will tell you how I got my half-sovereign first of all," said Mildred. "When I was staying with Granny, years ago, she said I was to try and read the first chapter of St. John's Gospel by the time I was five years old. I stayed with her nearly a whole year at that time, and the day I was five years old I went to her and read it to her. I was very proud, Billy, for though I stumbled a good deal, I managed to get through it so well that she praised me, and later in the day Granny gave me a new half-sovereign, which she said I was to keep and some day put in the bank. I had a little purse given me, too, a workbox with a secret drawer, and other presents. So I put the half-sovereign in the purse and put the purse in the secret drawer in my workbox."

"It was a bonny half-sovereign, bright and new. It had Queen Victoria's face on it, and so I didn't like to part with it."

"I didn't return home for nearly a year—not till after Granny's death; for she said I was a useful little help, and mother agreed that I should stay on with her. And when I came back I forgot about my half-sovereign for a long time, and then I thought it would be a good secret to keep, and that some day I would put it in the bank. But

last week I heard dear mother saying that her feet got so chilly in the early morning, and another time she said that my hat was really too shabby to go to the Red House, and that she must get me a new one when she had the money to spend."

"Then, Billy, I remembered the half-sovereign, and thought that Granny would be pleased if her gift were spent so usefully. So I bought the shoes and the hat on Monday, which was my evening out. But how am I to tell this story now, Billy?—for I never told anyone about the half-sovereign till this very moment."

The boy did not answer for some time. Then he said slowly:

"It will all come right, Mildred."

"Yes, I know," Mildred agreed, "but how?"

"I want you to come with me to the Red House."

"To the Red House, Billy?" gasped Mildred. "But why?"

"Trust me," said Billy.

### III

#### THE SUN SHINES

THEY set off together for the Red House. Mildred's heart full of wonder, Billy with a happy smile on his face as he hobbled along at her side. You would have said that a happier-looking face could not be seen in a day's march, and this although Billy was a cripple with one leg much shorter than the other and a hump on his back nearly as big as the burden on Christian's shoulders as he left the City of Destruction. But evidently Billy had forgotten the hump this afternoon.

"You can't see Mrs. Wallace," said Ellen pertly; "she is engaged."

"We must see her, please," said Billy firmly; "it is very important."

"Important indeed, Billy," said Ellen, with a scornful smile; "and, pray, what may your important business be about, and what is Mildred doing with you?"

There was an undercurrent of discomfort as well as anger in her voice.

"We must see Mrs. Wallace," said the boy, "if we've got to stay here all the evening. We can't go without seeing her."

"Oh, indeed," said Ellen. "Well, Mrs. Wallace happens to be out, and won't be

back till late to-night, so you'd just better march, both of you; and don't you be too ready to go about with a dishonest girl like Mildred Lester," and Ellen raised her voice angrily.

"What is that you are saying?" asked Mrs. Wallace, who just then came into the hall where the three were standing.

Ellen had no word in reply, but Billy's pleading voice said :

"Oh, Mrs. Wallace, will you please let me and Mildred talk to you for just a few minutes?" And there was no resisting the appeal in the cripple's voice.

When they reached the dining-room, Mrs. Wallace said kindly, "Well, Billy, what is it? Why have you and Mildred come to see me?"

"Tell Mrs. Wallace just what you told me this morning," said the boy.

After Mildred had told her story, Billy said : "Now may I finish the story, please?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Wallace, wondering what was to follow.

The boy drew from his pocket a little leather purse, and, taking from it a half-sovereign, put it on the table.

"Yours was a new half-sovereign, was it not?" he asked.

"Certainly, Billy," she replied. "I remember perfectly, for this reason. I was looking at the King's head on it last week, and noticed a little dent near the edge, and I recollect that the coin bore the date of 1907. I should recognise the coin again immediately."

"Ah," said Billy, with a confident smile, "that makes it quite clear."

A ray of hope came into Mildred's face. She began to see daylight.

"Now this," said Billy, "is the half-sovereign Mildred gave to mother for the shoes and hat. Please look at it. It has Queen Victoria's face on it. Now yours had King Edward's head, so you see Mildred couldn't have taken it, don't you?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Wallace, a look of relief and pleasure coming into her face. "Ah! how fortunate, for it clears Mildred entirely. How thoughtful you are, little man. And you know that the coin you have shown me was Mildred's half-sovereign."

"Yes; for just after Mildred had bought the things on Monday evening I came down-

stairs into the shop. It was my birthday, and mother said: 'Ah, little son, here's another birthday present for you. See, 'tis as fresh as when it came from the mint, though it was coined in the year of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. Mildred has just come in with it and bought her mother some shoes. She's a good girl is Mildred.' That's just what mother said," concluded Billy.

"She is, indeed," said Mrs. Wallace.

"So," continued Billy, "mother gave me the half-sovereign, and I kept it, never thinking that it was going to tell such a story as it has this morning."

Mrs. Wallace came over to the two children, and shook each warmly by the hand.

"Wait here, children, and have some tea," she said, "whilst I send for Mr. and Mrs. Lister.

#### IV

##### LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

IT was quite a big party in the dining-room at the Red House that evening—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mildred and Billy, Mildred's father and mother, and the servants—when Mrs. Wallace told the story of the missing half-sovereign.

At the finish she said: "I have often noticed that the innocent are in the end justified and the guilty found out. Mildred, I am glad to say, is entirely exonerated, and has been shown to be not only free from blame, but worthy of all praise. I shall be very glad if she will return to us. As to who has taken the half-sovereign and the various things we have lately missed, I feel sure we shall know in due time."

As the servants returned to their places several looked as if they almost suspected themselves, but Ellen Gould said scornfully: "Perhaps, after all, nothing at all has been taken. If Mrs. Wallace has been mistaken in this, after thinking Mildred was a thief, she may be mistaken in other things, too."

But as for the Lister family and Billy, who can picture the joy of their meeting that evening?

And mother whispered joyfully to her daughter, as they parted for the night, "I knew, Mildred, all would come right; but I did not know that it would be so soon."

# Faith: The Word and the Thing

By the Right Rev. HANDLEY MOULE, D.D., Bishop of Durham

THE word FAITH is old in our language. As long ago as the late thirteenth century, in the days of Edward I., in a poem called "Havelok the Dane," we find it in the form "Feyth." It is close akin to the Latin *Fides*, the root of our word fidelity. *Fides* again goes back for its ancestry to the vast antiquity of the Sanscrit language, the Asiatic mother of Greek and Latin, and German and English, not to speak of other members of the large Aryan family. In Sanscrit is found a word whose form and sound are closely akin to *fides*. And the meaning of that Sanscrit word is "to bind."

Already here we have a suggestion as to some sides of the meaning of this brief but pregnant word, Faith. For Faith connects itself with thoughts which have everything to do with close relations, with living links, with the trust which grasps and the truth which is grasped, with union between the spirit which exercises faith and the Object to which in faith that spirit clings.

Passing now from the ancestry of the word Faith to its meaning and usage, we note

first that the word lends itself in our common speech to two references, answering significantly one to another. We may call one the passive and the other the active sense of Faith. The passive sense is seen where the word denotes the quality or character which invites trust—trustworthiness, fidelity. So we speak familiarly of a man's "good faith," in the sense of his

honesty of purpose; and thus the poet sings, in a memorable lyric, how

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The active sense of the word is seen where it denotes the confidence, the reliance, which goes out towards the trusted thing or person, and rests on it, and lays hold of it. So we speak of a soldier's faith in his trusted leader, a patient's faith in his trusted physician, the faith of a school or a party in a trusted leader of thought or of action. The two senses are closely and interestingly connected with each other, for truth invites trust, and trust has a great capacity to develop truth in the sense of fidelity. But obviously they



are senses which can be, and often must be, distinguished from each other.

The passive sense of Faith is, as a fact, much less commonly used than the other. For once that we speak of Faith in the sense of truthfulness or trustworthiness we speak of it many times in the sense of confidence, reliance, trust. Accordingly Faith must be looked at almost always from the active side. We must mainly think of it as it stands connected with such thoughts as those of the outgoing of the human spirit towards the unseen and eternal in confidence, reliance, trust.

#### Faith in Common Speech

We observe here first how extremely familiar the word Faith is, taken in this sense, in our common speech of every day. As we recollect just now, we use freely and constantly such expressions as faith in a principle, faith in an enterprise, faith in a remedy, faith in a person—in a teacher, perhaps, or leader, or doctor, or lawyer, or friend. With equal naturalness we use the word Faith with reference to a guide of our bodies up a difficult mountain or through a dangerous illness, and to a guide of our minds through their problems on the way to a satisfying answer. To the word Faith so used one leading notion attaches, and only one—namely, confidence, reliance, trust.

Let us think a little further over this obvious fact of common English diction. We are approaching the study of sacred truths, and of religious language as used for the expression of them. Then all the more we ought first to think of this word Faith, so largely used in reference to things divine, as it is used in reference to the plainest things of the ordinary day. For there is no great religious word used in spiritual connections in the Holy Scriptures which is not best studied first in the light of its non-religious use.

#### Not Identical with Belief

Our Lord and His apostles never gave an unnatural meaning to such a word, however much they applied it to *supernatural* matters. Would we think clearly and safely, then, about Faith in God? Let us first, as one preliminary, think over what we mean by Faith in man.

Taking the word thus into "the light

of common day," let it suggest to us naturally some such remarks as the following.

1. Faith is not precisely identical with belief, persuasion, conviction. We do not naturally use it in so wide a reference as that of these other words. For example, an English soldier at Waterloo would probably have a full belief, conviction, and persuasion, as to the eminent military skill and mighty leadership of both the opposing chiefs. But he would use the word Faith of only Wellington. In the greatness of Bonaparte he would see only danger. In that of Wellington he would see an object for his confidence. And he would express, or at least he would feel, a boundless faith in Wellington accordingly.

#### A Word of Good Omen

2. A further thought rises out of this. We see that the word Faith, the thing Faith, is what we may call a word of good omen. It connects itself naturally and by a law of mental association with what is friendly and beneficial. In religion accordingly it has a true and beautiful affinity with the benignant promises of God, with His gracious purposes and actions, or, better still, with Him the all-benignant, all-gracious, all-trustworthy Promiser and Giver. Faith is trust going out to truth, and to truth not anywise considered but presented to us in mercy, in love; truth as the manifestation of the will of Him Who is Love, Who is in particular full of "kindness and love towards man." \*

#### Where Faith Finds Response

3. These last words suggest a further thought over our common use of the word Faith. It is the nature and tendency of the word to go out towards a person. We may have belief or conviction regarding the most abstract idea possible. But when we speak of having Faith we habitually direct it either towards a veritable person or towards something which we personify in the mind. Even when we speak of Faith in a medicine, or of Faith in a political principle, or in a maxim of business, I venture to say that we suggest to our minds, however

\* Titus iii. 4.

dimly, a picture in which the remedy or the principle, or the maxim, seems to take life and action, and to come forth personally to guide and help us. I do not attempt to explain the fact, as fact I think it is. Perhaps we may trace in it a far-off echo of that primeval Sanscrit word whose meaning is "to bind," and which suggests a living link between the Faith and the thing in which Faith rests. However, I repeat my belief that the natural, and therefore the religious, tendency of the word Faith is to find its response and its repose in a person. It is an attitude of personal reliance on personal fidelity.

#### Faith is Essentially Active

4. Yet another reflection arises from our everyday use of the word Faith. The word connects itself naturally, not with mere thought, but with action. It is essentially practical. When we speak, for example, of Faith in a general, or Faith in a physician, we do not merely signify our full persuasion that they are skilled, and competent, and friendly to us. We imply that we either actually confide in their skill and power for our benefit, or that we are ready to do so when the need comes. Faith is trust which either actually *entrusts*, or is ready to do so. In fact, as we said at the outset, Faith (except in its rarer passive sense of fidelity) is essentially active. It goes out to its object. It acts, or at least it is ready at need to act, on its view of its object. It obeys, or is ready to obey, the leader, because in the battle, or on the march, it trusts him. It lies resolutely quiet under the painful treatment of the doctor, it positively submits to him, it makes a practical surrender to him, or at least it is prepared to do so when the hour comes—because it trusts him.

#### Faith Works in the Dark

5. Faith is as broadly distinguished as possible from Work, in some great aspects of that word. Yet Faith, in the light of what we have just said, is nothing if not "workful"; it is pregnant of practical results.

The familiar use of the word Faith outside religion reminds us further that it is always, in an important sense, the

antithesis to Sight. It always indicates an element of the unseen and unknown somewhere in the matter. No doubt Faith and Sight stand in a close connection with each other, and often seem to run, so to speak, into one another. Faith, in its true and sane sense, cannot live without some foothold on what we may call Sight. But Faith *in itself* is precisely that which runs beyond Sight, and moves and works in the dark, in the unseen, in the unknown.

Take, for illustration, the case of the physician, to which we alluded just now. You are ill, and you send for your doctor, and you give yourself over to his care because you have Faith in him. What does it mean? Your physician is quite visible to your eyes, and his treatment is felt by your body; all this falls under the heading of Sight. But your Faith in him is that attitude of thought and will which leaps off into what to you is the unknown region of his medical science and training. He knows what you do not know about your disease, and about the proper remedies or reliefs. You know him well enough as a man to trust him out of sight, so to speak, with things which you know not, but which he knows. Precisely in that region, in that dark void of your own understanding, your Faith in your physician lives, and moves, and works.

So again with the military leader. A story is told of two English soldiers in the South African War of 1900. They were toiling through the night, over the trackless veldt, on one of Lord Roberts's great strategic marches. "What is the use of it?" said one of the two, well nigh worn out, stumbling on in the twilight over the rough and endless plain. "Never mind," said the other; "come along; Roberts knows." This was precisely Faith. Its foothold was firmly set on the man's experience of his chief's capacity and power. From that foothold it reached boldly out into the unknown, and trusted the chief's hidden plan without a murmur. The unknown is Faith's vital air.

#### Not "Second Sight"

6. Yet a further reflection emerges here. It is that Faith, while thus, by its very nature, dealing with the unknown,

seeing thus, as it were, in the dark, nevertheless is something quite different from a mysterious and independent faculty of intuition. Sometimes, in the religious sphere, we find Faith thus described, as if it denoted a power to penetrate things eternal and inscrutable in a fashion almost akin to "second sight." To illustrate this somewhat roughly, take the familiar phrase "the ages of Faith." This is commonly used to denote periods when men's minds found no difficulty, or at least much less difficulty than most of us feel now, in conceiving of supernatural presences and actions all around them, in regarding earth and air as peopled with unseen beings, pagan gods of the forest, fairies of the midnight field, or again glorified human saints appearing as helpers and deliverers in hours of need. The word Faith in such a connection is used as if it meant a capacity or receptivity for realisation of the impalpable and invisible, a mysterious power of insight, piercing beyond the veil of sense.

#### The Wrong Use of Faith

I am far from denying that we are surrounded by invisible personal existences; indeed, I firmly believe that we are. And I am perfectly sure that some minds are much more awake than others to a mysterious consciousness that it is so. It seems clear that certain races of men are thus especially conscious of the unseen—the Celtic race, for example. But I should not give the term Faith to such special consciousness or to the capacity for it.

I should describe such a power rather as a sort of subtle *sense*, just as when (if I may illustrate my meaning thus) you find, as you do sometimes find, persons who can tell without sight or sound when you are near them, in a dark room perhaps, or behind their backs. A peculiar consciousness of the unseen world is not Faith; it is a faculty of perception, liable like other faculties to wrong use as well as to right, to mistakes as well as to verity. But in any case it has the nature more of Sensation than of Faith.

For Faith, let me repeat it, when we test the meaning by the use of every day, is essentially not sensation but an attitude or action of reliance. The soldier's faith in "Roberts" was no mysterious sensation of the general's reality, or of his nearness; it was a reliance on him in his unknown aim and movement, based on knowledge of the man.

#### Its True Sphere of Action

It is not difficult to see how the use of the word Faith in such a phrase as "ages of Faith" connects itself with the proper use. If Faith, as we have seen, finds in the unknown and unseen its true sphere of action, it is easy to pass on to the thought that Faith means a power of seeing into the unknown and unseen, the faculty of the prophet, the seer, the inspired recipient of dream and vision. But such a transition is really a confusion of one thought with another. Faith, when we test it by common use, and also, as I think, when we examine the word in Scripture as applied to things divine, is the attitude in which, while we are willing to leave the unseen as much unseen as ever, we yet *rely on* the action, or the promise, in the unseen, of One Whom in some sense we know; we take it to be true and good, though it is altogether out of our sight, lying for the time beyond our every *sense*, bodily or spiritual.

#### Faith Means Personal Confidence

It is not too much to say, in summing up these reflections, that, if we take common usage as our guide to the natural meaning of the great word Faith, we are safe in thinking that Faith means, on the whole, personal confidence, resting, ultimately at least, in a person or persons; confidence of the sort which is practical and active; which works in a way that passes beyond sight into the unseen and unknown; while yet it is not, in itself, any abnormal insight into the invisible. Rather, it leaves the invisible in one respect alone, in the sense that it relies, in that mysterious sphere, on a will which it can absolutely trust—for it is the will of the God Whom we know.

# The Art of Apology

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

*Author of "A New Self-Help"*

*Tennyson's Cabbages as a Peace Offering—Disraeli "Dead and Buried" in the House of Lords—Why President Grévy Bought the Picture—How Frederick the Great Promoted an Ensign—Chinamen Kneel to the Kaiser—Lord John Russell's Blunder at a Dinner Party.*

"NEVER make a defence or apology before you be accused," was the advice of Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford. The cause lists of the Law Courts would be even more congested than is already the case were the advice generally followed. A pretty penance will propitiate all but the inexorable, and create friendship where enmity may have seemed hopelessly to dominate the attitude of the party aggrieved.

But there are apologies and apologies. Some make it a pleasure to have the opportunity of forgiving; others by stupidity or malice make the last condition worse than the first. There is the apology in which no word is spoken, but where the action performed is trumpet-tongued. Tennyson, who in his rougher moods could be as boorish as the most bucolic, propitiated one of his victims in the quaintest way. He had been unmannly overnight to a neighbour. With the earliest peep of dawn next day he went thundering to her door with a gigantic cabbage under either arm.

"I heard that you liked these," he roared, as she drew back the curtain of her window, and, with a bow and a smile, he left his efficacious peace offering on the doorstep.

If he was not diffuse in his own apologies, the poet warmly appreciated handsome reparation in another. Gladstone, in a review of "Maud," had commented adversely on the passages appealing to the

warlike instinct. In a later edition of his article he declared that he had not sufficiently remembered that he was dealing with a dramatic and imaginative composition; that he was not strong in the faculties of the artist. Of this recantation Tennyson said, " Nobody but a noble-minded man would have done that."

Less happy was the effort of another statesman with whom Lord North had to deal.

"Who is that frightful woman?" he asked.

"That is my wife," answered Lord North.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the other; "I do not mean *her*, but that monster next to her."

"Oh," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter!"

To complete the horror of the situation, it has only to be added that a day or two later a well-known man enthusiastically retailed the story to his neighbour, who was the very "monster" herself—Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

Disraeli, who was a past master of the art of flattery, was not infallible, but his audacity carried him out of danger. Soon after his elevation to the House of Lords he was asked by a brother peer how he felt in his new surroundings.

"Oh, don't ask me," he groaned; "dead and buried." Then remembering that his questioner was of the company which he was contemning, he added, "And in the realms of the blest!"

After he had so bitterly attacked Peel, and himself risen to the place which had



LORD BEACONSFIELD,

Who felt "dead and buried" in the House of Lords—and in the realms of the blest."

been occupied by his former leader, he sat one night at dinner next to Peel's daughter, and as some apology for his assaults upon her father explained that,

when Peel would not accept his allegiance, he determined that his only way to advancement was by attacking him, and that he had therefore acted on that determination.

The boldest manœuvre of Disraeli, perhaps, was that by which he accounted to the late Lord Salis-

bury for having described him as "a great master of jibes and floats and jeers." The two men, who were soon to become so distinguished as allies, met on the evening of this memorable speech. "I have been attempting a kind of apology for you in the House of Commons," said the leader, "but I am afraid it may read rather clumsily."

How to intensify the difficulty of a situation was shown by an East-End curate, to whom one day came a man bringing a portrait of his son, which, he said, the curate had expressed a desire to possess. The curate was delighted; it was so good of the man to remember,



M. JULES GRÉVY,

Who had to buy a picture because he had called it "a terrible daub."

"What a capital likeness! How is he?" he asked.

The man, with a sob in his throat, sorrowfully answered that the boy was dead.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. I mean how's the man who took the photograph?" said the wretched curate.

Constable's quandary was little less ludicrous when, praising a brother artist's work, he was pulled up with, "Why, I hear that you say my work looks like putty."

"Well, what of it?" retorted Constable, with a glare. "I like putty!"



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL,  
Who had an aptitude for the wrong sort of apology.

Calamitous effects have often been dispelled by the tact of the offender. President Grévy, when conducted round the Salon, stopped before a picture to exclaim, "What a terrible daub! Whose is it?"

To his consternation he was informed that the picture was the work of the distinguished gentleman by whom he was being conducted over the exhibition. In an instant the President recovered his self-possession.

"In our country," he said, "it is our habit, when we are going to buy an article, always to run it down."



Photo, H. H. Chapman.

LORD TENNYSON,  
Who presented two cabbages to a neighbour to whom he had been rude.

The situation was saved, but the nation had to buy the picture.

Scarcely less effective was the reply of the royal librarian at Windsor to whom it fell to exhibit the royal collection of miniatures to the then Princess Royal. Presently that of Cromwell appeared.

"Oh, Mr. Woodward," exclaimed the Princess, "you cannot like that man?"

"Your Royal Highness must know," he replied, "that my loyalty to your Royal Highness's mother is such that I cannot but rever-

ence the memory of the man to whose struggles for liberty we owe the unspeakable blessedness of possessing such a monarch on a constitutional throne."

Prince Bismarck, who knew the full value of an apt phrase, used to tell a delightful story of a rough-and-ready apology made by Frederick the Great, under whom Bismarck's father served. At a review an ensign made a blunder in handling his troop. The King flew into a violent passion, and pursued the ensign, stick in hand, that he might publicly chastise him. The ensign fled, and, leaping a ditch, left the King on the other side brandishing his cudgel. Later in the day the colonel of the regiment approached his sovereign to say :

"Sire, the young ensign doubtless committed a blunder. I have just received his resignation from your Majesty's service. I am sorry, for he was really a good soldier."

"Umph! Send him to me," said the King.

The ensign was in due course shown

into the King's presence, this time expecting the very worst, but he was amazed and delighted to hear him say, "Here is your captaincy, sir, which I tried to give you this morning, but you ran so quickly that I could not catch you."

Nations apologise at times, and by a phrase prevent the outbreak of war. The apology of the United States to Britain for the seizure of the steamer *Trent* is a memorable instance; but a year or two ago the British Foreign Office did the thing as handsomely when a statement in a Blue Book was considered to impugn the veracity of an American diplomat.

The reparation of the individual, of course, has at times an international importance. Kaiser William enjoyed a feast of apologies, delivered on the knee, by Chinese dignitaries after the Boxer rebellion. John Chinaman is a master of the equivocal apology. Seven shots were fired into the house of an Englishman when Sir Julian Pauncefote was at Hong Kong. An apology was demanded, and was presently forthcoming—as to two shots. For the balance of five there was no apology, nor could it be gained until reprisals were threatened.

Lord John Russell had an aptitude for the wrong sort of apology. On taking the Duchess of Inverness in to dinner, he sat for a moment, then jumped up, and took a seat on the opposite side of the table, next to the Duchess of St. Albans. Asked later by Lady Russell why he had done this, he said :

"Why, that great fire would have made me ill if I had sat with my back to it."

"I hope you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness," said his wife.

"No, I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans," he replied.



*(From a drawing)*  
PRINCE BISMARCK IN 1834.  
He knew the full value of an apt phrase.



LORD PAUNCEFOTE.  
Who could make the Chinese apologise at first for only two out of eleven shots.

# Strong Man Sandie

A Complete Story

By MRS. ADAMS-ACTON ("JEANIE HERING")

AFTER the same fashion that "the water comes down at Lodore" it was coming down a Highland burn, meeting every now and then another "fall," and then it splashed and plunged and quarrelled and embraced, fumed and fretted and laughed and gambolled wildly, then flew triumphantly over to the deep pool below, and sparkled on its hurried, changing course to the sea.

In a cunning corner, under the twisting, twining silver stems of the overhanging birch trees, a fisher was plying his rod—a rod that would have made an orthodox sportsman shout with laughter.

But out of that cunning corner came a sound of triumph—the rod and the hand had achieved what a better outfit sometimes fails in doing—a bonnie burn trout was curling out of the water in the sunshine, and the barelegged fisher sprang on to a rock and secured his prize. Not having an angler's basket, he slipped a bit of string through its gills. Then the angler came into view—a young boy, tattered and torn, bronzed by the sun, and having fair hair and brown eyes; but so much legs and arms had never been covered that the very muscles and tendons seemed alive with energy and vigour. It was a laughing face that looked up and around, breathing confidence in himself—for you must know this was "Strong Man Sandie."

Like a graceful collie dog he sprang down the burn from rock to rock, till a little worn path disclosed itself between the birch and fir trees. And if you had seen those bare legs spinning up that path you would never have forgotten it: it was as if an indiarubber ball struck the ground each time.

A cottage appeared behind fuchsia trees. It was what is called "a but and a ben"—kitchen on one side, "the room" on the other. A fair-haired, high-cheeked girl was sitting on a stool beside the wide fireplace, and trouble was in her blue eyes. In dashed Strong Man Sandie, holding his trout aloft, and then with scarce a moment's delay asking :

"What's wrong, Bettie?"

"Eh, Sandie, man, but that's a bonnie trout, surely a pound and a half—ye had best take it to the Castle, they will buy it."

"Aye! I'll do that, but—what's wrong?"

"It's the coo, Sandie—I'm sure she's ill."

"Toots havers, she's right enough."

"I doubt it, Sandie, I doubt it."

These two children, alone in the cottage, got their tea and enjoyed it, and behaved generally in good imitation of their parents.

Things in general were in a bad way with them. They were very poor; the mother's illness away from home was long continued, and they were losing heart and spirit. Friends and neighbours were kind, but equally poor, and what scones or meal or potatoes found their way to the burn-side cottage were gifts of great value, for the donors had to go without.

Sandie's wardrobe provided another pair of breeks, but even these were more patches than material. He slipped them on, feeling that nothing mattered, and then took his way to the Castle, carrying the shining trout in a basket, which Bettie had provided as being "mair decent like."

And between the fuchsia trees at the cottage door she sat whilst the gloaming gathered, repeating to herself, "When will mother be hame? Mother will never come hame—and the coo's ill."

She repeated nothing else, she thought nothing else, till Sandie, like the silent Indian, unheard till seen, suddenly appeared. He flung the basket at her roughly. She quickly lifted the lid as she heard the jingle of money, and saw that the trout was gone.

"What's wrong, Sandie?"

"Yon English miss—I met her and her brother. She laughed and she stared and she took the basket—a stuck-up, proud, jinty thing—asked me if I was quite sure I caught it myself. The laird may be poor, but he would know how to behave; he shouldn't let the Castle and the shootings



"Do you sell eggs, and have you others  
as fine as that one?"—p. 316.

to folk from the South that doesna ken a burn trout from a sea trout!"

"Aye, but they paid for the trout."

"After her brother had asked me all the silly questions under the sun. And if ye had seen him—dressed up in English made kilts wi' two different tartans—and his white sticks o' legs that had never seen daylight before—trash!"

Venom and wrath blazed out of the Strong Man's eyes, and he vented his indignation on Bettie till she remonstrated.

"Watch you yourself," he added. "Yon jinty said she had seen that picterskew cottage under the fuchsia tree by the burn, and she should like to come and see inside it."

"Surely she meant it kindly, but—Sandie, I'm feared but the coo's ill."

Early the next morning Sandie was dispatched across the moor to Auntie Ellen—four miles each way—for advice about the cow, and Bettie hung about listlessly. The grave, sad expression of those born under the shadow of great mountains had deepened to a look of anxiety pitiful to see on a child's face.

A neighbour called in, and stayed in the byre and rendered what assistance she could—still she was not Auntie Ellen. Oh, how long Sandie was! Bettie returned to the house door, then started greatly at two ladies standing there—the "jinty" and her governess.

"Oh," said the latter, "do you belong to the house? It seems such a pretty place. Miss Osterly thought she would like to see it. May we go in?"

With the deepest red mounting furiously all over her face and neck and behind her ears, Bettie gave permission, and for the first time since it was built Burnside Cottage received a visit from smart English ladies.

They stood in amazement just inside. They saw a nice large stone-flagged kitchen, with two beds let into the wall, a spinning wheel neglected in a corner, a crazy old dresser filled with odd-looking crockery, and over all and through all a suggestion of neglect and discomfort.

Bettie offered chairs—one broken—and as the governess looked carefully at the seat, and brushed off a few crumbs before sitting

down, the thought crossed Bettie's mind, "What would mother have felt, if she had been present?"

All at once a fat brown hen stalked out from behind a box, stared with her wicked-looking red eyes at the intruders, and then began to cackle as loudly as she could. Bettie at once poured some milk into a saucer, placing it in front of the irate hen.

"I never heard of such a thing," remarked the governess: "the idea of giving a hen milk—and having it in the house!"

"She only comes in to lay an egg—she won't lay anywhere else but in that corner, and she won't go till she has had her drink of milk."

"Mismanagement," said the governess, as Bettie disappeared for a moment into the far corner behind the spinning wheel.

"Maybe," said Bettie, who had overheard the remark, "but here's the egg."

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Miss Osterly. "I should like to have that for my tea."

"Do you sell eggs," inquired the governess, "and have you others as fine as that one?"

"A few, but the cook at the Castle had most of them the other day—I think they were as large."

"Just like them," said Miss Osterly; "kept all the best for the kitchen, and sent us up the tiny ones. Keep those beautiful pinky brown ones for me, will you? And I will call once a week for them."

"Aye, I will so," said Bettie, "but there will no be many more; the summer's coming hot, and they'll go off the laying."

Bettie opened a cupboard and collected one or two more pinky brown eggs and brought them to Miss Osterly in a little gillyflower basin.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, "what do you think I am going to do with them? I couldn't carry eggs."

Hot, tired, and tattered, Sandie now appeared amongst them.

"That boy can carry them up to the Castle, I suppose, in a basket—but he must wash and tidy himself and make himself presentable first."

Sandie turned, if possible, still more red, then drove out the hen and followed after her.

"Whom does this house belong to?"

"Us!"

"Who is us?" continued the governess.

"John Seton my father, my mother, Sandie, and me."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Away."

"Are you two children here alone?"

"Yes."

"Someone ought to come and see after you, and clean up the place—it isn't wholesome."

Bettie flushed again.

"Is egg selling all you have to live on?"

"We sell milk."

"I shouldn't like to buy milk from such a dirty cottage."

Miss Osterly then said hurriedly, "Oh, but fancy! they are all alone. Whatever condition would Frank and I be in, in such circumstances!"

"My dear Marcella, you suggest absurdities; you have not been brought up to work—they have."

"How do you manage to do it?" asked Miss Osterly.

"Fine!" said Bettie proudly.

As the visitors took their leave Sandie was standing beside the door.

"My dear child," the governess said, turning to Bettie, "I must suggest that you give some attention to your hands and face and hair, and that you clean up the place to the best of your ability, for it is really in a shocking condition. And you boy, don't forget to make yourself tidy, Marcella, I daresay your brothers might spare some boots for them—bare legs and feet look so disreputable."

"We don't want any, thank you," remarked Sandy loftily; "boots are for soft-footed townsfolk—they're no use to a Hielan' man."

Miss Osterly laughed heartily, and they heard her laugh echo as she went up the moorland path, and Sandie's face waxed redder and redder.

"All right, jinty," he muttered.

The neighbour woman who had been seeing to the cow met them as she came from the byre, and stopped as the governess seemed to wish to ask her a few questions, and these she uttered audibly with as little consideration for the feelings of the hearers as such people generally show.

Yes, the children were all alone in the cottage. The father had gone away to Canada to see if he could better himself; but he was a ne'er-do-well, and the prob-

ability was that he would never turn up again. The mother, a poor frail creature, lay ill in the infirmary a hundred miles away, and might never come home again. Yes, the place was theirs—the old grandfather had pulled the then laird out of the burn when it was running in spate, and saved him from drowning, and had been presented with the bit of waste land beside it, which he had cleared, and himself built his house. There was enough grass for a cow, and a few vegetables for broth in the bit of garden. The children were surprisingly clever and active, like the old grandfather, but for all that they would have to go to the poorhouse. It was sad they should lose the place, but the place was not worth keeping, when farmers were being turned out, and the whole country made into grouse moors and deer forests.

As the visitors passed out of earshot, those two desolate children beside the fuchsia trees looked sadly at one another.

They came from a strong race which could endure. There was no word, only one look between them, and Strong Man Sandie, turning a flaming red and disdaining to show the smallest emotion, threw up his chin and departed for the byre, in the most unconcerned manner.

Bettie's colour waned; the poor little freckled, sun-tanned skin became pallid and streaky; then she walked with slow, dignified steps back to the house, where she went, not to the kitchen, but to the "room," and quietly closed the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

The situation had been faced before they met again, and then the grave condition of the cow gave them plenty to do.

Auntie Ellen had been unable to come, but had sent advice; a neighbour man had done all he could, but from the first moment he pronounced that the animal was doomed. In a few hours it was out of its suffering, and two men came and buried it and went away with kindly words. Bravely the children thanked them for all they had done, and made no murmur or complaint—it was of no good.

Only as the men disappeared up the hill, Bettie for the first and only time mentioned their future, adding: "Sandie, I'm thinking you and I are fit to keep the old place going?"

"My word, aye!"

"And show Mrs. McCrae she's wrong for once—father—mother—"

"It's no true!"

"And you and me, Sandie—oh, Sandie—the poorhouse!"

Strong Man Sandie threw up his curly head and said:

"Bettie, woman, d'ye want to insult me?"

The dignity and strength radiating from the upright figure was all the tonic required, and Bettie, with a sharp, hard laugh of defiance, cried: "Hech, sirs! But we'll show them!" And this had the expected result.

The byre was empty, the hens were ceasing to lay for the summer, but Bettie and Sandie had no time to dwell on those facts. They turned the house inside out, and scrubbed and polished till the old kitchen shone with cleanliness.

One afternoon, Bettie, after digging in the garden, went down to the burn to fill the water stoups. Some shouting and screaming on the other side caused her to look up, and she saw Miss Osterly and a young lady friend trying frantically to cross where there was no possibility of their doing so. Bettie, without a moment's hesitation, dashed through the water and carried first one and then the other across; whilst doing so she was informed that there was a race with the boys to get home first to the Castle.

"Oh, your dress is grimy," cried the young lady friend, looking ruefully at her light muslin where it had rubbed Bettie's tattered frock.

Bettie felt appalled at the spectacle.

"Oh, I forgot to look you out a dress," cried Miss Osterly as she moved on.

"I don't require one, thank you," was the reply.

"There may be two opinions as to that," laughed the friend; then, as she noted Sandie, Miss Osterly called out:

"Look at Sandie Seton; he won't wear shoes and stockings because it's against his principles."

Watching the running girls, Sandie remarked:

"That's jinty again. Wait you, me lady—I would like to put you on the top of Ben Oram and let you find your way down."

"She and her friend walked in the other

day, and said, 'Oh, you are a bit cleaner than you were,' and she just showed off the place, whilst they turned up their bits of noses and laughed at everything," said Bettie, "thinking creation's made for them. And did ye hear jinty now calling out that she would send me a dress, as I seemed to require it."

"I'm no so sure but that's true," laughed Sandie; "but look you here, Bettie woman, if you think to wear a cast gown of jinty's—I'll burn it!"

"Nae fears," was the reply.

Nevertheless, an impression had been made. Bettie took off the dress, which was "done for" before it had weathered the storms of house cleaning. She soaked it in the running burn, then laid it under a big stone whilst she ran indoors for soap. She washed and scrubbed that dress with tremendous goodwill, got all the dirt out of it, and hung it out in the August sun to dry. Then she ironed it and put it by ready for the morning. But never did any garment so shrink in the washing. When she put it on it did not cover her knees, and would not meet at the back—a shawl had to be fastened about her body.

Bettie routed out a mouldy pair of her father's boots from a corner of the byre, and when visitors might be looked for she put them on. Seeing this, Sandie provided himself with two other boots, not a pair, which he assumed at like times.

The days passed on—no milk, no eggs, the oatmeal bag almost completely empty. September found them hungry, the house clean and decent, but the children's faces becoming thin, their growing, stretching legs absolutely gaunt. By the middle of the month the last of the hens had been sold. Bettie stood one day waiting for Sandie's return from an errand he had gone for a neighbour, when two smart housemaids arrived at the cottage door and asked if anyone named Bettie Seton lived there. They had brought a parcel, they said, from Miss Osterly.

With Scottish caution and reserve Bettie stood without betraying the smallest emotion, until they were out of sight; then she passed into the "room," closed the door, deposited the parcel on the table, and with trembling fingers opened it. Inside she discovered a good dress of a tweed mix-

ture, and some stockings, and a pair of boy's boots.

Sandie never noted the gleam and the glitter in Bettie's eyes, nor the red spot on her cheeks that night—and time passed again.

Aye, but sorely for the bairns in the burn-side cottage. Such things as meal times were over—they ate just when anything came to hand.

"Bettie, I'm hungry," was Sandie's unceasing remark.

It had been a wild morning of rain and wind, and Bettie said, "Sandie, we maun cross the moor and see Auntie Ellen—she'll gi'e us porridge and scones."

Away they trudged barefoot, over heather, rock, and bramble. Poor little souls, poor little shabby hungry people!

"Sandie," she said once, "I'm affronted to be seen."

"Aye, we're like a pair o' bawkans," was the reply.

Auntie Ellen's cottage was locked up and empty, and she was away. Tired, hungrier for their walk, and disappointed, they picked and ate blackberries half ripe and wet, all the way home, their only food that day.

When they reached the cottage Sandie perched himself on a box and leant his elbows on the table, staring listlessly at a broken chair in front of him. He was such a picture of misery that Bettie felt she would sooner go to the Castle herself and ask for help than sit and look at him. It was not a plan for immediate decision, and she went outside to consider.

Presently the lad heard voices, and hurriedly assumed the old shoes and returned to his place, only trusting "jinty" would not enter, for he felt unequal to encounter her.

"Sandie—Sandie, man!"

The door suddenly blew open as if the gale had done it, and poor gaunt, tattered Bettie, with blue lights shining once more in her eyes, burst in on him, shouting:

"There's a coo in the byre—waiting to be milked—and seven hens!"

"Whatna coo's that?"

"Our coo!"

"What way oors?"

"There's a man there—he's away noo—and he said it was a present frae Mrs. Osterly at the Castle; it was her daughter heard oors was dead, and there was this Kerry

coo landed at Oban, and she got her mother to buy it for us, and the hens as well. She—just jinty!"

"Oors—oh, Bettie, jinty herself!" His mouth trembled, and as the tears rolled down rapidly his head fell on his outstretched arms, for Strong Man Sandie "wasn't up to his usual."

\* \* \* \*

The milk pail and sieve and basins had been scrubbed and scalded, and cleverly enough Bettie milked the pretty Kerry cow, whilst Sandie—Strong Man Sandie again—gave every possible assistance, and with triumph they returned with the milk.

Mercifully Sandie was going first, for he charged against somebody full tilt, and it was Auntie Ellen, who stood aside to show another visitor, whilst Bettie marched in with her pail of milk. And then she nearly dropped it, for there stood her mother, sound and well—Auntie Ellen had brought her home cured as a happy surprise.

"I have had a letter from your father," were the mother's first words. "He is coming home in the spring; he has a little money and some new ideas, and he is going to work hard at them here, for there's no place like hame, he says. But, ma poor bairns, ye look as if ye wanted your mother's care—look at Bettie's goon!"

"Wait you," was the reply, and the girl disappeared from the room.

And whilst Auntie Ellen was setting out the tea-table with all the good things they had brought, Bettie arrayed, as Auntie Ellen said, "like Solomon in all his glory," entered and astonished them all with her new gown.

"My word!" said Sandie.

"Herc's for you," she said loftily, handing him boots and stockings.

Bettie and Sandie discussed things later in the day.

"Ye see these rich townsfolk have their ain ways, and maybe there's something in



"There's a coo in the byre!"

being a lady we don't understand," said Bettie, with a sly look at her brother.

"Meaning jinty—ye're quite right in what ye say!"

"My word—but I am!"

"I will tell you what I'll do: I'll climb Ben Oram, and on the highest rock I'll carve her name and write 'Lady' under it."

"Because she gave us the coo?"

"No! Because she has a kind heart." And Strong Man Sandie drew up his chest and flung up his head.



## How to Add to One's Income

By KATHLEEN MOORE

### Cookery Lessons at Home for the Inexperienced

THE difficulty nowadays of getting a good cook is so great as to put her services out of the reach of any family with only a moderate income with which to cover their household expenses. And to possess only a moderate income does not mean that you are content with badly served and ill-cooked food. Yet very often, when, after much trouble, you have secured a good servant whose wages suit your purse, you find that she is admirable in all other respects except that of culinary skill, and you have to put up with this drawback, for fear that if you change you may do even worse.

#### Taking Meals "Out"

The reason for this dearth of good cooks seems to be the increasing number of people who live in flats and residential mansions, and who either take their meals in the dining rooms attached to the house in which they live or who go out to a restaurant close at hand. In these cases they never employ a cook of their own.

Another reason is that in the past everyone who lived in a house of any size at all kept a kitchen maid or a scullery maid, or both. These girls learned their trade under an experienced cook, and when taught were able at once to take places as good plain cooks who, with very little trouble, could perfect themselves in their art and rival their teachers.

Nowadays kitchen maids' places are rare, except in large establishments, their place

being taken by a girl, who helps upstairs and downstairs, and who, though she assists in washing up and doing the rough work, has no time to learn anything but the rudiments of cookery. When she goes out to take a first place, she can only hope to be a general servant, with a knowledge of culinary matters of the most rudimentary order, who is utterly unfitted to cope even with the simplest menu. She can do nothing beyond boiling and roasting, and that often badly, unless she has constant advice from her mistress, and help from her at times when she is extra busy.

And the mistress of the present day is not so inclined to give help as her mother and grandmother were. Not only is she too busy with outside things, but her own knowledge is very likely not any better than her cook's, while if the family is a large one the cook is necessarily so busy over her work that she has no time to improve herself.

#### Always the Plainest of Plain Cooks

So the girl goes from situation to situation, without being anything more than the plainest of plain cooks, never attaining to the mastery of her art. For there is such a vast difference between cookery that is really good and cookery that is poor that one sometimes fails entirely to recognise the art as the same, the handling of it is so very different.

Yet of late years the facilities for women to learn how to cook well have largely

increased, and are increasing daily. In all large towns there are first-class cookery lessons to be had, some of them for a purely nominal fee, while there are schools of cookery all over the country. In country places, too, the County Council give lessons to the cottagers, and children in many of the town schools are taught how to cook.

#### Cooks too Busy to take Lessons

But these lessons, admirable as they are, fail to be of any use to many an inexperienced cook, for the simple reason that she is too busy with her daily work in the kitchen to avail herself of the instruction. As her wages are small, the cook does not feel inclined to spend money on the lessons, and her mistress is often quite unable to pay the fee for her.

Then, too, in the case of a cook who lives in the country, it is difficult for her to get into the nearest town, even if she has a bicycle, for too much time would be taken in going and coming home again. If the lessons could be given to her at home, the difficulty would be easily overcome. And it is this opportunity of giving home lessons to inexperienced cooks that is making an opening for gentlewomen who are willing and qualified to take up the work. No pleasanter way could be found of making money, if the person who takes up this new idea is a good teacher and fond of all things culinary.

If the gentlewoman is not already fully qualified, she can take her certificate at either one of the large London Schools of Cookery or in a provincial one. Her fees will vary according to the course that she wants to undertake. But for £20 she can get twenty weeks' instruction in high-class cooking at the London School of Cookery. In this time she should be able to learn all that she may require, especially if she has some knowledge of cooking before she begins her course. But besides being able to cook well, she must have the knack of imparting what she knows to other people, for good cooks are not always good teachers. She should also be strong, healthy, good-tempered, and have pleasant manners.

#### Making a Connection

The next step will be to find work, and to make a connection for herself. There are many ways of doing this, but the best

method for the would-be teacher is to get her friends to mention her wishes far and wide. She might undertake to do all the cookery for a friend's dinner party, on condition that the guests are told who has cooked the dinner. She might also get her friends to allow her to give lessons to their cooks, so that they may be able to speak from personal experience of the work that she is able to do.

As her work becomes known, people in country places will be only too glad to ask her to stay in their houses, while they pay her to give a course of lessons to their cooks. It is an excellent plan, too, when in these country places, or in some village or small town, to find out if there is an opening for classes, and it is often worth while to stay on in the same place for some weeks, going from house to house for a short course of daily instruction, given either singly or in classes. Once a connection of this kind is established there should be as much work as a lady cook and instructor cares to undertake.

#### Specialities Required

The teacher must also make a speciality of many new and attractive entrées, soups, sweets, and sauces. And in this way she can add to her income by arranging to go to a house where a dinner party is to be given, and undertaking the preparation and cooking of these special dishes, while the ordinary cook devotes her energies to the meats and the vegetables. This will be found to be a great boon, not only where the cook is inexperienced, but also where she may be a fairly good one, but has to work single-handed.

The teacher's services will also be in request by ladies who live in low rented flats, and who have to do their own cooking, and yet have had no instruction in the work. The requirements in these cases are simple, and the dishes have to be economical. A few practical lessons, given on their own stoves, will be worth far more to them than a course of instruction in a school. The need of these lessons to inexperienced cooks is an ever increasing one, but the fees charged should not be high ones. If the lady instructor regulates her scale of charges according to the income and position of the people who employ her, she will make far more, and have many more engagements, than if she fixes her charges on a high scale and allows of no reduction in any case.

## Diet and Dyspepsia

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

THE food faddist is not a product of the twentieth century. Fads and faddists always have existed, and unless human nature alters entirely man will continue to concern himself with everything new on the subject of diet which happens to hit the popular fancy.

That wisdom in the matter of eating and drinking would dispose of most of the minor ailments of the flesh is generally acknowledged. Dyspepsia, headaches, even nerves and insomnia, are in the majority of cases to be traced to erratic eating and dietetic follies. But the man who rushes from fad to fad, who tries one cure after another, who is an ardent vegetarian one month and a strict enthusiast of the meat and water diet the next, is inevitably doomed to lifelong dyspepsia if he does not see the error of his ways. The one golden rule in dietetics is—moderation.

### Health on a Reduced Diet

Recent discoveries have demonstrated the fact that the amount of food which has always been considered essential to health has been very much overestimated. Experiments were made by Professor Chittenden, of the United States, to show that hard muscular work could be combined with vigorous health and strength on a restricted diet. He declared that in his own case, by gradually reducing his daily average of food, he cured himself of sick headaches, bilious attacks, and a tendency to rheumatic pains. He experimented with different types of people, with scientific men, with a detachment of men from the army hospital corps, and lastly with eighty university athletes who volunteered for the purpose. He found that reduction of food, and particularly of protein food, which he reduced by about 50 per cent., produced increased muscular power and improved health and strength.

These experiments by a scientific man bear out the idea which has been evolved of recent years that the average person of the middle and upper classes eats too much. More people die as the direct result of overeating than of starvation, and most of the men and women who have lived to a hale and hearty old age have eaten spar-

ingly, and have lived the simple life in the real sense of the word.

Those who persistently take too much food, who eat four good meals a day with snacks and extras sandwiched between, who like good living in the sense of rich meals of many courses, are simply overloading their digestive apparatus and saturating their blood with an excess of deleterious products which are responsible for many of the migraines and gouty symptoms so common to-day. The digestive organs get overtaxed, and rebel in consequence. The system cannot get rid of the excess of food material by natural processes, and the bodily health suffers. Many cases of nerves and neurasthenia are due in the first instance to overeating, combined with lack of outdoor exercise and good hard work.

The Highland peasant is physically one of the finest men in the world just because his diet is of the simple and restricted order, and he has no opportunity of eating an excess of butcher's meat and consuming long meals of rich, elaborately cooked dishes. Three simple meals of oatmeal porridge, bread, cheese, milk and potatoes, with sparse allowance of tea, salt fish and butter, is the typical diet of the hardy crofter and fisherman in the far north.

Many a gouty dyspeptic, who has lived luxuriously and suffered in consequence, would be a healthier, happier, and better man by a course of this inexpensive treatment for a month or two.

### "Cures" at Home

But it is in the nature of man to appreciate most what he has to pay highest for. The foreign watering places thrive on the hundreds of overfed men and women who revel in the expense of a "cure" which consists of a simple aperient water, early hours, walking exercise, and restricted diet. If you are gouty or dyspeptic, and cannot afford the expense of a course of Continental waters, try the same cure at home.

In the first place, reduce your diet to three simple meals a day, without alcohol or strong tea or coffee. Take butcher's meat once a day, and practise a modified

form of vegetarianism in the sense of increasing the amount of fruit and vegetables in your diet. Take milk and eggs. Take cheese, which, weight for weight, is as nourishing as butcher's meat and less expensive. Remember that badly cooked food is poison to anyone with a weak digestion, and that a rational mode of living is more efficient in the cure of dyspepsia than all the drugs in the British Pharmacopœia. The housewife who exercises proper care in the choice and cooking of meals can do a great deal to prevent ill-health in the home. Well-cooked, well-chosen food will save the expenditure of money in tonics and pick-me-ups and digestive pills.

As for the type of food, Professor Chittenden's diet tables are instructive, and they are varied enough for any household. In one day he allowed the athletes under training small quantities of griddle cakes, bananas, cream, sugar, rice croquettes, bread, apple sauce, fried potatoes, coffee, vegetable soup, macaroni, beans, and potatoes. And he insisted on thorough mastication.

Few people realise that it is not the amount of food we eat that gives vitality, but what we digest and assimilate. Most people of the well-to-do classes overeat, and nearly everybody fails to masticate properly

the food they take. If we all ate exactly what was wise and right, and if we chewed our food sufficiently, ninety per cent. of dyspeptics would be cured in six months, and the martyrs to headaches, irritability, and nerves would be reduced by one half.

If food is thoroughly and sufficiently masticated, it is said that only about one half of the amount ordinarily taken is required to supply an equal quantity of heat and energy, so that proper mastication is an economy as well as a remedy for dyspepsia. If we wish to preserve our youth, to live to a happy old age, the mastication faddists declare that we have but to give fifty chews to every bite of food. It is a cheap fad, and devoid of risk, which cannot be said of all the popular dietetic notions advocated by the up-to-date crank. It is worth trying, and only requires a little patience and care at meal times. It would improve the digestion and temper and appearance of all those who have got into the habit of bolting their food at express speed and yet can never understand why they are martyrs to indigestion before they have reached middle life. And as good health is one of the greatest blessings of this life, it is surely worth while to discover what can be achieved by a simple, moderate, properly masticated diet.

## Useful Hints for the Home

### To Polish Tiles or Linoleum

**W**Ash the floor with warm water and soap, and, having wiped it, sprinkle it all over with milk, and a beautiful polish is obtained. The milk may be either sour or fresh.

### To Clean Silver that has Become Black

Boil 1 oz. of prepared hartshorn powder in a quart of water, and place the silver in it. Let it boil for several minutes, then lift out the silver, and dry near a fire. When quite dry, polish with a washleather or selvyn.

### To Remove Stains from Marble

Mix 2 parts of soda, 1 part of powdered pumice stone, and 1 part of whiting, with a very little water. Rub the mixture well into the marble, then wash it off with soap and water.

### Floorcloth Polish—also Good for Old Oak

Shred  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of beeswax into a jar. Cover it with turpentine, and place in a slow oven until it is melted. Apply with a flannel, and polish with a dry cloth.



THE BEST-LOVED LADY IN THE VILLAGE.  
*By Simon Harmon Vedder.*



## THE FORGOTTEN LETTER

BY FLORENCE DAVIDSON

IT was holiday time, and Reggie and Arthur were leaning out of their bedroom window, watching the recruits being drilled in the barrack square below. The back of the Colonel's house looked right into the square, so that you had a view of everything that went on there.

"I shan't. I shall be a colonel, like father, and wear a sword and ride a charger, and give you orders," Arthur said, in his most superior manner. But he was ten, and three years older than Reggie, and that made all the difference.

"Then I shall be a colonel too," decided Reggie.

"You must stick to what you choose," began Arthur. "You can rise from the ranks, of course; but it takes years and years, and by then I shall have retired and gone to live in the country."

"You always choose the best things," Reggie said enviously.

"You can't complain, for you began it."

I do not know what words might have followed, but just then mother was heard calling them, and they raced each other downstairs to be the first to see what she wanted. She was standing in the door of the drawing-room with a white envelope in her hand.

"Now, boys, I want you to take this note for me to the Mess, for Captain Fawkes. It is very important, and I want him to get it at once. You are not to wait for an answer if he is still on parade. Then you can go for a walk, but not outside the barracks."

"We'll go into the recreation ground, and see how far they are ready for the sports to-morrow."

"Very well, only don't get into mischief."

"As if you couldn't always trust us, mother dearest."

"Well, not always, I am afraid; but I hope you will remember to keep your promise to-day. Oh, and if you meet nurse tell her to come to me at once."

"All right, we won't forget anything," they called back from the bottom of the steps, and started off to the Mess, which was on the other side of the square. "Why, there's nurse now"; and they raced up to her as she came slowly through the sunshine, with Baby Joan holding her hand.

"Mother wants you at once," the boys exclaimed together.

Then, as nurse turned towards the house, baby held out both her hands to them. "Joan wants to go with Artie."

"Do let her, nurse; we are only going on to the recreation ground, and you can come and fetch her when mother has finished with you."

"You mustn't let her get out of your sight for a minute."

"As if we wanted to! Come on, Joan."

Artie sat her up on his shoulder as he spoke, and said he was going to be her horse.

"And I will race you," Reggie said, as he ran after them. The letter in Artie's pocket was forgotten entirely.

"Hullo! they are just getting in the hurdles for the obstacle race."

For the next half-hour everything else was forgotten, as the boys watched the holes being dug and the hurdles being hammered into their places. And then each one had to be climbed in turn and the next one raced to, and you cannot do that all in a minute, you know. There was the water jump to walk round after that.

"Come away from there, Master Artie, or it's mischief you'll be getting into," called out Sergeant Murphy.

"We are all right, thank you all the same, Murphy. Besides, it's not deep enough to hurt, if we did."

"It's four feet, if it's an inch, and enough to drown the lot of you, so be careful of yourselves and Miss Joan," Murphy muttered to himself as he went back to his work. "The Colonel's boys are up to every bit of mischief, bless them, that they can see! I'm that glad that my three are bits of girls, that I can keep in order without any bother."

"Joan wants boat"; and baby tugged at Artie's hand as she spoke, pointing with one white kid shoe to the water. "Water pretty," she added, as she looked affectionately into the brown and muddy ditch at her feet.

"All right, little one. I will make you a lovely boat. I think I have an old envelope in my pocket that we can twist up into one in a minute. Oh, I say, here is the note that mother gave me for Captain Fawkes, and she said it was to go at once, and we never remembered!"

"And it's hours ago since we started." Reggie never was consolatory.

"I must run off at once, and you and baby can come slower."

Artie went off at such speed that Reggie, who stood looking after him with envy and admiration, felt there wasn't the least chance of his winning the race which the officers' sons were to have the next day at the sports, even though his brother was heavily handicapped. Joan, seeing all her chances of boat sailing vanishing before her very eyes across the field, sat down on the short green turf.

"Joan wants boat, boy."

"But I haven't any paper to make one, baby, so come home to nurse."

"Joan will have boat," repeated the baby; and she suddenly stooped down, and before Reggie saw what she was going to do she had taken off one tiny white kid shoe and thrown it into the little pond.

"Joan's got boat."

She laughed as she saw it float on the water.

"Naughty baby, how could you?" said Reggie, as he ran to the edge and knelt down to catch the little shoe before it sank.

"Look at those children, sergeant; they will be in the water in another minute."

Private Jones threw down the hammer he was holding, and as he spoke Reggie slipped on the wet mud of the bank and went headlong into the dirty water. Joan giving a scream of delight as he splashed in. "Joan have a barf, too."

She scrambled to the edge with a face of delight, and first one chubby leg, and then another went into the water and she began to slide down the slippery bank. But Private Jones had not taken the regimental prize for being the best runner in his company for nothing. He was across the long field, and had her in his arms just as her blue waist-belt touched the water, and she was out of danger on the bank. Then he jumped in and caught Reggie by the jacket, and had him out in a minute, very frightened and choking with the muddy water, that ran to the ground in tiny streams.

"Edgie had a barf," Joan called out from the safe shelter of the sergeant's arms, as nurse came hurrying over the grass, white with fright. "Baby Joan never got in water, 'cause of naughty man."

She shook a small and very muddy finger as she spoke at Private Jones, who, finding that Reggie was all right, had wrapped him up in the sergeant's tunic and given him to Murphy to carry into the house as fast as possible.

Baby Joan was the only person who seemed to think it the greatest fun in the world; for Reggie had to go to bed till tea-time, and even then he got a dreadful cold that kept him away from the sports, and indoors till Saturday. Arthur had to tell mother that he was very sorry they had forgotten the note. Captain Fawkes had gone away for some shooting till the next day, and could not get the letter till then. He hoped mother dearest would forgive him.

"I had written to ask him to lend father his red motor to go over to Southampton in this afternoon, and he was going to take you with him and show you the ships in the Docks. Now father must go by train, and you must stay at home. To-morrow I shall leave you to look after Reggie, and then, if you don't go to the sports, you will perhaps remember next time to leave mother's notes when she asks you to."

So the red motor stayed in its shed, and Artie never ran in the race for the officers' sons, after all.

## HEROES OF THE FAITH

II.—Rosalie Linhardt

BY HENRY CHARLES MOORE

ROSALIE LINHARDT, the daughter of a prosperous citizen of Dragonitz, Bohemia, was only sixteen years of age when it was announced that she was to be married to George Herodez, son of the burgomaster or mayor. No sooner was the announcement made than two priests, whom Rosalie had known for many years, told her that they suspected George and his father of being Protestants. They would not permit her to ask George if he were a Protestant, but they warned her that it would be her duty, both before and after her marriage, to tell them of anything he said or did that might prove him to be one. And so accustomed was Rosalie to obey the priests that she promised to do as they desired.

A few months later Rosalie and George were married, and went to live with the burgomaster. The priests frequently visited the house, and whenever they found Rosalie alone they questioned her closely, hoping to obtain from her some information that would give them grounds for having George and his father arrested.

Gradually Rosalie began to suspect that the priests were not such good men as she had been taught to believe, and one evening she asked her husband what his opinion of them was. This gave George an opportunity to tell her that for some time he and his father had been Protestants, and to explain how contrary to the Bible was the teaching of the priests. He also told her many things concerning the deceit practised by most of the priests, which destroyed all the respect she had for them.

Night after night George and Rosalie sat together reading the Bible, and before many weeks had elapsed she became converted, and was admitted a member of the little band of Protestants who met in secret for Bible reading and prayer.

The priests soon noticed that Rosalie had ceased to kneel in prayer before the shrine of the Virgin Mary, and, suspecting that she had become a Protestant, they put her name on the list of people who were to be watched closely. But nothing positive was discovered concerning her until her father-in-law, the burgomaster, was arrested and placed, heavily fettered, in an under-

ground cell to await his trial on the charge of being a "heretic."

Utterly regardless of what might be the consequences to herself, Rosalie openly expressed her sympathy for her aged father-in-law, and every day she visited him in prison. The priests declared that she was a "heretic" also, and commanded her parents and her brothers and sisters not to speak to her, but to treat her as a complete stranger whenever they met her.

When the burgomaster had been several days in prison a friend came secretly to Rosalie and her husband, and told them that on the following morning some men would come to search their house for Bibles and books written by the Reformers. At once George lighted the stove, and for many hours he and Rosalie were busy burning their Protestant books. All that they did not burn were a Bible and three or four specially valued books written by followers of Luther. These they hid in the corn loft.

At daybreak forty men arrived, and made a thorough search of the house, but without finding any books. Greatly disappointed, they were about to depart when one of them suggested that they should remove the corn from the loft and search there. Without a moment's hesitation Rosalie told them that if they wished to do so they would have to pay beforehand for the damage that would be done to the corn by turning it out into the rain. As Rosalie had anticipated, the men had no money, and for a few minutes they discussed among themselves what they ought to do. They believed that their visit had taken Rosalie and George completely by surprise, and, not having found any books in the house, they thought it very unlikely that they would find any in the loft. They decided that in the circumstances it would be unwise to run the risk of getting themselves into trouble by damaging the burgomaster's corn, and, returning to the priests, they told them that they had searched the house thoroughly, but had found no Protestant books.

A few hours later the burgomaster was released, and returned to his home, the priests not having sufficient evidence to convict him of being a Protestant.

Some years passed. The burgomaster

was dead and buried, but the priests still hoped to obtain sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of Rosalie and her husband. The constant watch kept on them made George anxious to take Rosalie and their two little girls to Herrnhut, in Saxony, where many Protestants from Bohemia had settled in order to be able to worship God without fear of persecution. Unfortunately, a law had been made that no person should quit Bohemia without permission, and this permission was never given to Protestants. All Protestants caught attempting to quit the country were imprisoned for life, and in some cases tortured.

After discussing the matter for some time, Rosalie and George decided to make the attempt to escape to Saxony; but before they had begun their preparations George met with an accident, from the effects of which he died.

For some weeks Rosalie was almost prostrate with grief, but the arrival of George's brother from Herrnhut aroused her to obey the wish of her dead husband. On his deathbed George had written to his brother, asking him to come and assist Rosalie and the two children to escape to Herrnhut. The brother, who had himself been tortured by the Roman Catholics when a boy, came as quickly as possible, bringing with him a friend.

Palm Sunday, March 17th, 1774, was the day fixed for Rosalie's flight, and at eleven o'clock that night a few Protestants met secretly at her house to pray that she might reach her destination in safety. Her brother-in-law and his friend were present, and as soon as the meeting was ended, and farewells had been said, they led Rosalie and the children to an isolated inn, where a carriage was awaiting them. Their luggage, packed to represent feathers, one of the chief exports from Bohemia to Saxony, was already in the carriage, and as soon as the fugitives had taken their seats the driver whipped up his horses and drove at a rapid pace to the banks of the Elbe.

The boatman who had been engaged to meet them was not there, and much valuable time was lost before another man could be obtained to take them across the river. However, they were safely on the other side before daybreak, and, hiring another conveyance, they drove to Bobwitz, where they had a Protestant friend. As it happened,

the friend was being closely watched by the priests, and therefore it was considered advisable to hide Rosalie and her two little girls in a dark loft for fear they might be seen and questions be asked as to where they were going.

At the end of two days they were brought down from the loft and driven to a lonely shepherd's cottage. Here the carriage was discharged and the luggage left for a time, the fugitives proceeding on foot through a dense forest. Though the rain was falling in torrents, the ground was still covered with ice, and frequently one or another of the party slipped and fell heavily. Night came on, and with it their difficulties increased; but still they pressed forward, and eventually arrived, thoroughly exhausted and drenched to the skin, at a farmhouse, where they obtained shelter.

At daybreak the two men drove off in a cart to fetch the luggage, and when they returned they had a woman with them whom they had engaged to pretend that the luggage was feathers she was taking to market across the frontier. At once the last stage of their journey in Bohemia was begun, the cart going by road, and Rosalie, her brother-in-law, and the children proceeding on foot along a little frequented path. Quickly, but cautiously and silently, the latter party plodded on, Rosalie fearing that at any moment they might be discovered by the soldiers posted along the frontier to prevent Protestants from escaping into Saxony. Suddenly, just as Rosalie was beginning to despair of their reaching the land of liberty, her brother-in-law exclaimed joyfully, "Now we are in Saxony! Safe at last!"

With tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, Rosalie knelt down and gave thanks to God.

That night Rosalie and her little girls slept in a bed for the first time for a week. Two days later, the cart with their luggage arrived, and the happy travellers proceeded to Herrnhut, where they were welcomed heartily by the members of the flourishing Protestant church.

Before many years had elapsed, Rosalie had the pleasure of seeing both her daughters married to missionaries. She, happy in doing all that she could for the church, remained for the rest of her life at Herrnhut.

## SUNDAY TALKS

## How to Walk

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY

A FEW years ago, on a spring morning, there was a great walking match in which thousands were interested. From Westminster Bridge, just as "Big Ben" was striking half-past six o'clock, eighty-seven men started to try who could get to Brighton first, walking the whole way.

Some soon tired. After covering a few miles of the road, they gave up the task. Those who persevered to the goal did not all finish in good form. At the close, two or three looked as fresh and stepped as firmly as if they had only come from the village of Patcham, in the suburbs of Brighton. Several were so weary and faint that pitying friends took them by the arm and helped them along the streets of the town to touch the tape which marked the journey's end. Others limped in painfully and slow, as best they could alone, and through sheer exhaustion fell in the moment of arrival.

The man who, at the beginning, set the pace, led for a while, but was not first in. The winner, it was said, deserved to win. His success was due, not only to health, pluck, and vigour, but to a steady, plodding gait learnt while training as an athlete. Many a long tramp had he taken to test and strengthen his power of endurance before trying to walk to Brighton.

The boys and girls who read this page are probably quite sure that *they* know how to walk. Babies have many a tumble in trying to stand, many a bump and bruise in stepping out for the first time. *You* have no difficulty in putting one foot before the other; and when the habit is once formed you can go on walking *without thinking about it*. Your eyes and thoughts may be far away, while your feet keep moving along as if they had eyes of their own. Quickly the moving feet adjust themselves to uneven places on the road, and do their best to keep your body upright, when perhaps all the time you are talking or laughing with a friend, not giving the least attention to your steps.

This power of walking without thinking about it is marvellous, yet perilous. It helps to make us careless, and brings about many a fall. Solomon had slips and stum-

bles of his own, and felt it necessary to caution other people, saying, "Keep thy foot," "Ponder the path of thy feet." This is wise counsel, and we cannot afford to neglect it.

If I stroll in quiet lanes on the country side, or along open sands by the seashore, I may move almost in any direction and at any pace without minding much where I put down my feet.

But if my errand is in London streets—if I have to get through Cheapside, pass across Ludgate Circus, and push for a place on the footpath amid a Fleet Street crowd, there are dangers seen and unseen attending every step. To escape the horrible deaths that yawn in the din and bustle of motor cars and in the stealthy swish of electric trams, I must above all things give heed to my walking. The rules of the road must be observed, especially these: "Keep to the right," "Mind the crossings," "Use eyes and ears well," "Walk circumspectly"—that is, looking all around.

In more than three hundred places you find that the Bible mentions how people walked, or how they should have walked. It lays great stress on their success in walking, or their failure to walk aright. For the word "walk" is generally used as a figure of speech to describe conduct, habits, the whole course of one's life.

"Evil ways," and they that walk therein, are thus set forth: "They walk to and fro in darkness," "walk in pride," "walk in lies," "walk in iniquity," "walk disorderly," "walk after their own lusts."

Very different is "the good way," "the way of holiness," "the way that leadeth unto life." They that pursue it are said to walk "humbly," "honestly," "uprightly." They walk "in truth," "in love," "in wisdom," "in newness of life," "in the light of the Lord," and "after Christ"; they "make His footsteps a way to walk in."

In the early days of the world's history "Enoch walked with God"; and in the closing pages of the New Testament the true way is shown as "looking unto Jesus." We are to "walk in Him," "to walk as He walked."

And how did Jesus walk? In lowliness and meekness—never tiring in the difficult path, never turning back from danger. He "went about doing good." Even when the grim cross stood in the way, He did not

flinch. "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem," and walked on the whole sorrowful way to a shameful death. Continually about His Father's business, He could say, "I do always the things that are pleasing to Him" (John viii. 29, R.V.). Is it not thus we "ought to walk, and to please God," having Jesus as our example, our Saviour?

It is not enough to say we love Him and belong to Him. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also to walk even as He walked" (1 John ii. 6, R.V.).

A great thinker declares, "The Almighty is in the little word 'ought.'" All of us know that when we have left undone things we ought to have done we are very blamable. Should we not do our best? One of Lady Henry Somerset's sayings is, "I want to act as if I were Christ." This is the true ideal of a Christian life. We "ought to walk even as He walked."

But, indeed, we cannot until we trust Him as our Saviour, and get His image imprinted on our hearts. The late Charles Haddon Spurgeon once had a letter from an artist, saying that he had painted the great preacher's portrait, but could not finish it *without seeing him*. "I should think not" was Spurgeon's remark.

Certainly neither you nor I can paint a

portrait of Christ in our life unless we see Him clearly and constantly. While our eyes of faith are "looking unto Jesus," we receive His Spirit, are changed into His image, and enabled to walk in His steps.

Dr. Alexander reads in St. John's counsel a meaning slightly different from the ordinary text, thus: "He that saith he abideth in Him is bound, even as He once walked, *to be ever walking*."

This is a beautiful point in the lesson. To walk is to move on. If I just take a step or two, pause, and sit down, properly speaking, I am not "walking." In the path of faith and obedience, going a few steps, or half way, is not to walk "as He walked."

Lots of people, big and little, make a pious start, are religious for a few days, and then stop, or go back—like a little girl in an Indian school who, when a visitor asked, "Are you a follower of Christ?" replied, "Not much; just a little." Her answer would exactly apply to many little churchgoers in Christendom to-day. They are Christians "not much; just a little." That is not to "walk worthily of the calling whereunto ye were called." He that saith he abideth in Christ "is bound, even as He once walked, *to be ever walking*."



## The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

SHOPPING by post has become a systematised and recognised feature of our times. It has its advantages, especially in the case of those living in remote spots far from signboards and yard sticks. But there is no denying its serious disadvantages to the small tradesman: it makes his till scantier and his heart heavier with many an anxious care.

Take what views of the new departure we may, however, all will admit that the Post Office is not in fault. It is only the go-between of all who are willing to invest in so many stamps and conform to certain regulations; as such it can work for good, and good only. Its services have been enlisted for a work which is altogether kind and

merciful. By force of habit and tradition we speak of the "city" of London; but London is no city—it is a nation in itself, or, more correctly, perhaps, a congeries of several nations, for East End and West End are as far apart as England and Ireland, while villadom on the north and suburbia on the south have tastes, sympathies, and interests as different as those of Scotland and Wales. Meantime, throughout that bigger world of which London is less than a pit mark on an orange there are millions of warm-hearted folk who long to live not altogether for themselves, but also for some good they can do to others while yet their light is lingering. In this respect they are all citizens of the Kingdom of kingdoms.

How are London and the greater world without to be brought together? By the Post Office. The appeals to London on behalf of London are so many and so incessant that ninety-nine in the hundred are cast aside, not necessarily through callousness, but, as often as not, from simple weariness. But it is different with myriads of those who dwell in the wider range. Some of these are in spots so lonely that, however ready they are to do good, their opportunity is limited; others, again, though dwelling among crowds, are themselves so separated or invalided that, no matter how willing they are to share in the burdens of others, they can find little scope.

They were such thoughts as these which kept stirring in my mind a few years ago when I looked on the sad state of London's wee cripples. Their lot is peculiarly hard, and there are more than nine thousand of these *poor* suffering bairns in London alone. They live at home—such as their home may be—and except for an occasional friendly call from some of the volunteer visitors of the Ragged School Union, they have hardly any touch with the world outside. Yet, let it be remembered, they are children, with all the child's wonderment, curiosity, and stir of heart and brain, even though the shrunk limbs refuse to move as they are bidden.

#### Finding a Friend for each Cripple

With faith, sympathy, and deep feeling, I then resolved to try to raise up a friend for each of these small prisoners of God. So I started the Crutch-and-Kindness League, and the God of pity has wondrously blessed and prospered it. Its members are now in every part of the globe. Its *modus operandi* is very simple; it consists in making the Post Office the conduit through which good hearts everywhere can let their kindness flow. For all that the League asks of its members is that each one writes a letter once a month to a cripple child in London, one assigned to him or her for the purpose, with all particulars of the "case" supplied. If the member is too busy at any time to write, then a picture post-card, old illustrated magazine, bit of ribbon, or such like kindly reminder may be sent instead of the letter. Is it not simple? Is it not kindly? All cannot visit, but all

can write—young or old, strong or shut-in, far-off or near. There is but one fee—an entrance fee of one shilling, and there is a beautiful card of membership for framing. The names of new members are printed here from month to month.

*All further particulars of the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.*

#### New Members

Miss C. Wharton, Stoke Newington; Miss Annie L. Walker, Whangarei, New Zealand; Mr. M. N. Sastry, Stanford-le-Hope; Mr. Fulham, Pokesdown; Mrs. E. Bennetts, Christchurch, New Zealand; Miss E. Thompson, Simonstown, Cape Colony; Miss Clare Davies, Bishop's Castle; Miss Dorothy Grover, North Finchley; Miss L. M. V. Bowles, Folkestone; Mrs. O. T. Cousins, Bexley; Miss Rose Adams, Victoria Park; Miss Alice Gardner, Southwick; Miss Maria Hunter, Rufford; Miss Mabel Holt, Victoria, B.C.; Miss L. Donville, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Margaret H. Watson, London; Miss Minerva Fox, St. Felix School, Southwold; Mrs. I. W. Black, Wellington, New Zealand; Mrs. B. Billing, Otago, New Zealand; Miss Elsie Fordham, Ponsonby; Mr. E. Montroy Read, Little Beauchamp; Miss Emma M. Lang, Miss Lottie Lang, Co. Cavan; Miss Ethel M. Milne, Toronto; Miss Margaret Watson, Ramsey, I.O.M.; Miss Dorothy Darbyshire, Maritzburg, Natal; Miss Laura Clifton (for S.S. Class), Lincoln; Miss L. Briggs, Stratford; Miss Daisy Hook, Bull Island, South Australia; A Friend (per Miss Fell), Camperdown, Natal; Miss Phyllis Chowles, Iver; Mr. W. C. Helivig, Brown's Town, Jamaica; Miss Hausen, Boscombe; Miss E. Winters, Boscombe; Miss K. Hook, Bournemouth; Miss Marjorie Austin, C.M.S. Ladies' College, Colombo; Miss Humphries, Miss Ethel Troke, Miss Marian Burnie, Mr. Percy Marshall, per Mr. George Bryant, Christchurch, Hants; Mr. Helyer, Miss Upward, Miss Bessie Legg, Miss Mabel Legg, Miss Daisy Feltham, Miss Sidebottom, Miss Dashwood, Miss Shuttler, Miss A. Willis, Miss Masters, Miss E. Reggs, Miss Coates, Miss A. Sims, per Mrs. Helyer, Winton, Bournemouth; Miss Dolly Davidson, Miss Alice Davidson, Miss Ruth Brown, Miss Muriel Norquay, Miss Nellie Goodchild, per Miss Hilda M. Brown, Vryburg, Bechuanaland; A Group of Friends, per Mr. Stanley, Priory House School, Clapton; Mr. G. H. Royston, Mr. Fernando, Mr. G. Smith, per Miss May Palframan, Polela, Natal; Miss Amy Harris, per Miss MacColl, Durban; Miss M. Hammond, Miss Hilda Croager, Miss Muriel Braddick, Miss Doris Hoddy, Miss Gladys Hughes, per Miss Hammond, Palmer's Green High School; Miss Ella Vendall, per Miss M. Widgery, South Molton; Mrs. A. J. Nightingale, Miss Goldsworthy, Miss E. Llewellyn, Miss N. Smith, Miss E. Delf, per Mrs. A. J. Nightingale (Bible Class), East Dulwich.

# Sunday School Pages

## POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

### FEBRUARY 7th. TRUE AND FALSE BROTHERHOOD

*Acts iv. 32—v. 11*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The real Socialism. (2) The deceit of Ananias. (3) Its punishment.

IF the spirit that is so beautifully exhibited in this lesson were more general to-day, many of the problems of life would be solved. Those who had the means rejoiced in giving, and that surely ought to be the attitude of all true Christians with regard to one another—the strong helping the weak, and those who have sharing with others who have not.

#### A Boy's Sacrifice

An interesting incident that illustrates how this spirit of helpfulness manifests itself is related in connection with a ragged school tea party. A boy who had gained a ticket by regular attendance and good behaviour wanted a ticket for a little flower girl who was only an occasional scholar; but the teacher would not give it, saying that the rules were very strict, and that if she made an exception in this case there would be no end of complaints. On the evening of the tea party, the teacher was surprised to see this very girl munching away at some delicious cake and looking very happy. "How did you manage to get in?" asked the teacher. "It was Tom Brown, miss," answered the girl, "and we hope you won't mind. He gave me his ticket because he said I wanted it most. You see, teacher, I'm so weakly and he's quite strong."

#### The Truth is Best

It was a terrible punishment that fell on Ananias and his wife. But lying is a terrible sin in the sight of God, and the early Christians had this impressed on them in a tragic manner. It is always best to tell the truth in whatever circumstances. That is emphasised in the following story. Dr. Adoniram Judson and his noble wife had been twelve years in Burma as missionaries when suddenly a storm burst over them. The Burmese War broke out, and the American teachers were suspected of being spies. One day, just as the Judsons were preparing for dinner, a Burmese

officer rushed into the house, followed by a dozen men. "You are called by the king," the officer cried, and immediately one of the men seized Mr. Judson and bound him with a rope. "Stay," exclaimed his wife; "I will give you money." "Take her too," said the officer; "she also is a foreigner." This threat, however, was not fulfilled, but Mrs. Judson had the agony of seeing her husband hurried off to prison. In the hope of securing better treatment for him she sent large sums of money to the governor of the gaol; and some time later, when officers were sent by the king to confiscate the missionaries' property, they wanted to know what amount of money had been given to the governor. Mrs. Judson told the truth, and the governor was called on to refund the money. He was naturally indignant at having to do so, and when he asked her why she had stated the exact amount she replied, "I could not tell a falsehood." The governor's wife, who was sitting by, expressed her approval of Mrs. Judson's action, and from that time she was a firm friend of the lady missionary until her husband's liberty was restored.

### FEBRUARY 14th. THE APOSTLES IN PRISON

*Acts v. 17—42*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The angel and his command. (2) The apostles before the Council. (3) Peter's bold retort—"We ought to obey God rather than man." (4) Gamaliel's warning.

The apostles had to suffer a great deal of opposition and persecution, and in every land the pioneers of the Gospel have had a similar experience. In most cases the persecution extends to the converts as well. During the terrible Boxer riots in China much suffering was experienced by a native Christian named Wan. Calling his oldest boy to him, he said, "Peter, if the Boxers come to kill you, if you say you are a believer in Jesus Christ they will kill you. If you say you are not a believer they will not kill you. Do you dare to say that you believe in Jesus?" "Father," said the boy, "don't be troubled. I shall certainly say that I believe in Jesus." Here was a lad who was not afraid of the consequences,

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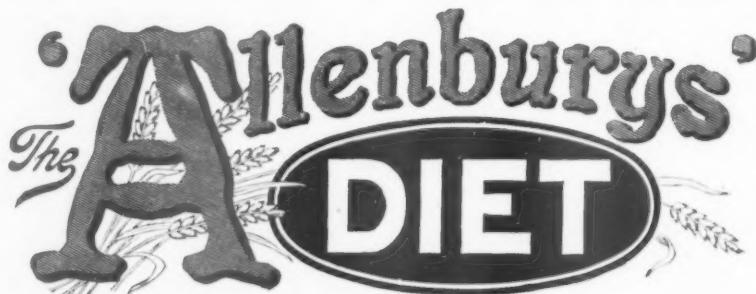
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and who was prepared to meet death rather than be untrue to his Saviour.

**God First**

Peter boldly declared that God was to be obeyed in the first place. That should be the attitude of every believer, and God expects us to obey Him by seeking to bring others to Him. A young man who had heard the Gospel accepted Christ, and a little while afterwards he was asked, "What have you done for Christ since you believed?" He replied, "Oh, I am a learner." "Well," said the questioner, "when you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable, or that it may give light?" He replied, "To give light." "Do you expect it to give light after it is half burned, or when you first light it?" was the next question. "As soon as I light it," he answered. "Very well," was the reply. "Go, and do thou likewise. Begin at once."

**FEBRUARY 21st. STEPHEN THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR**

*Act's vi. 1—viii. 3*

**POINTS TO EMPHASISE.** (1) The character of Stephen, a man full of grace and power. (2) The enmity of the people. (3) Stephen's last words—a prayer for forgiveness.

"THE blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." The phrase is a hackneyed one, but hackneyed only because it is true. Pioneers must be prepared for hardship, and death is not infrequently the price of their enterprise. The story of missions, and of the progress of Christ's Church from the very beginning, is associated with the violent opposition that has so often meant death. Stephen entered the glory land through the gateway of martyrdom, before the Gospel that he so faithfully preached secured a foothold, and the very first man who landed on the soil of the New Hebrides to make known the truth as it is in Jesus Christ was clubbed to death. But the murder of John Williams was not the signal to other missionaries to avoid the savage hate of the cannibal islanders, any more than the stoning of Stephen meant the cessation of the apostles' work. There would be no missionary history to relate if Christian heroism had not again and again stepped into the position of danger, and snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat.

**FEBRUARY 28th. THE GOSPEL IN SAMARIA**

*Acts viii. 4—25*

**POINTS TO EMPHASISE.** (1) The scattered disciples everywhere preaching the Word. (2) The gift of the Holy Ghost. (3) Simon's mistake. (4) How the Gospel was spread.

"IF ye love Me, keep My commandments." Christ Himself made the keeping of His commandments a test of our love for Him, and if we do love Him we shall take ways and means of showing it. As an illustration of this, a good story is told of Mr. Moody. A student who was attending the Mount Hermon School had no money to enable him to finish his course of training, and when this came to Mr. Moody's ears he asked, "What can we do for him?" There seemed no way out of the difficulty at the time. Some time later the great preacher met the young man, and asked him if he would like to stay at the school for another term. The student said he would. "Then stay on," said Mr. Moody. "I will take care of you." The young man was so overcome by this kindness that he forgot to thank Mr. Moody, but a few days later he met his benefactor, and with tears in his eyes thanked him for what he had done. "Do you mean it?" asked Mr. Moody. "Yes, I do," answered the student. Mr. Moody looked at him. "Then prove it," was all he said.

**A Word in Season**

The early followers of Christ were always on the look out for converts, and that still should be the attitude of every Christian. One day Mr. Spurgeon went to preach at a prominent chapel, and after taking tea at the house of a deacon he walked down to the place of worship under the guidance of a son of the household. "Do you love my Master?" was the question which, in his clear, manly way, the preacher put to his young friend. Before replying he stopped in the street, and, looking his questioner straight in the face, said, "Mr. Spurgeon, I have walked down to this chapel with the ministers for several years, and not one of them ever asked me that question before." The faithful word was the beginning of new life, and, seeking God, the young man found pardon and peace through Christ. Jesus Christ would have more followers if those who called themselves by His Name were only more zealous in His cause.



## The League of Loving Hearts

FOR the benefit of new readers of THE QUIVER a few details respecting the League of Loving Hearts may be of interest. This League was founded in order to meet the case of many people who find it impossible to subscribe to several philanthropic societies, but who are yet anxious to help them. Accordingly, the Editor of THE QUIVER thought that a League, to which members should subscribe not less than One Shilling as entrance fee, would be the means of helping ten well-known Societies, between which all the funds of the League are equally divided.

The names of the ten Societies which Members of the League of Loving Hearts help are given below, and they will be seen to cover a wide variety of philanthropic effort. Already a large sum of money has been divided between these Societies, and over 3,000 readers of THE QUIVER have joined the League.

It is earnestly desired that many more should become Members of the League. No limit is placed to the sum which any member may contribute. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon, and then send a sum of not less than One Shilling, but as much more as you like, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. A Certificate of Membership will be forwarded at once.

The subscriptions of old Members of the League for the New Year are now due, and the Editor will be very pleased to receive them.

Members of the League have lately taken part in an excellent competition for providing hospitals with albums, and some hundreds of albums have been distributed among the leading hospitals of the land. Other methods of helping our Societies are in prospect, and it is earnestly hoped that thousands of readers of THE QUIVER will join the League at once.

### SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.  
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.  
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.  
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.  
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.  
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.  
LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.  
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.  
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WIVES AND STRAYS,  
Savoy Street, W.C.  
BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.





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is Building a Block of 200 CABINS on the site of an old PUBLIC HOUSE.

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20/- Bricks will be gratefully received by MISS WESTON



Address: MISS WESTON, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, PORTSMOUTH.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER  
[Face and matter.]  
Q—Feb., 1909.]

### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including December 31st, 1908. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Bradford, 1s., 1s., 6s., 1s.; "God's Tenth" (Rotherham), 10s.; "R. H. S." (Cromdale), 5s.; "Nell" (Midlothian), £1. Total, £2 4s.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "Lex," £1; "Yram," 10s.

For *Miss Weston's Work for Sailors*: "Ludlow," 2s. 6d.

For the *Radiography Apparatus for the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital*: Nesta Prichard, 1s.

Sent direct to the *St. Giles' Christian Mission*: "A. D." (Highgate), 3s.

Sent direct to the *Female Mission to the Fallen*: "A Thank Offering," 10s.

### THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

I am glad to mention that a large number of members of the League of Loving Hearts have renewed their subscriptions for 1909. I cannot give all the names, because we are receiving fresh additions every day, but among those from whom we have received subscriptions are the following:

£1 each from T. G. Cunningham and "E. S. A. B."  
12s. 6d. from "One who has every Sympathy."  
10s. each from "M. L. P." "Two Loving Hearts."  
5s. each from Mrs. Emily Turner, "E. N." "A. C. Fox," Miss Ellen Pigg, "Constant Reader."  
1s. 3s. each from Barbara Dickson, Mrs. Gillmer.  
2s. 6d. each from E. M. Lane-Evans, H. Skingley, M. Suttan, "Xmas Offering" Annie Bonner, E. K. Deacon, W. H. Fowler, "Presteign," "E. F. S."  
2s. each from E. Cass, "E. B." Mrs. Downton, Mrs. Wright, M. J. Norris, Louisa E. Wheeler, Mrs. Dewhurst, Nurse Stokes.  
1s. 6d. from A. Graham  
1s. each from L. A. Donisthorpe, A. Holdron, M. L. Hardy, Mrs. Bonnard, Mrs. Finn, F. Bradly, Miss Carter, Miss Hull, Mrs. Spooner, Miss Porter, Mrs. Elliott, A. Self, Mrs. Graves, Miss E. S. Graves, Miss Pearce, Mrs. Grounsell, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Kemmis, Rosetta C. Godfrey, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Hyde, Miss Bunn, Miss Cantrell, Miss S. J. Hall, Miss Hodges, Agnes Guthrie, Miss Cunningham, Kate Hain, Mary M. Brown, Isa Howey, Mrs. Bates, G. Green, Ethel Hyde, Miss Brice, Miss N. Kirkham, Miss E. N. Arnott, A. Brown

### Sentenced to the Army.

IN Chicago and many of the larger cities of America, the police courts are regularly visited by Salvation Army officers, and in some cities these officers have been appointed as Probationary Police Officers. Men and women, first offenders, and many young girls, have been sent to the Army institutions instead of to gaol. This gives the Salvation Army a magnificent opportunity to do most effective work in preventing these young lives from drifting into the path of the hardened and chronic criminal, which opportunity is taken advantage of to the fullest extent with most gratifying results. As showing how beneficial to this class of people the influence of the Salvation Army is considered, very recently a judge in the aristocratic little city of Evanston, Illinois, sentenced a young man convicted of some misdemeanour to spend four successive Sunday evenings at the Army.

### Where Gordon Died.

THE medical mission at Khartoum, so ably carried on by Dr. Chorley Hall until his death five years ago, has now been re-started. The memory of that good life remains, but as regards medical work all links with the past are severed, for too long a time has elapsed to render it possible to gather up the threads of the old work. It is, in fact, a new work that has been taken up. At such a time as this a plea for missions in the Soudan should not be fruitless. The Soudan Government does not yet consider the time ripe for allowing all forms of missionary effort, but educational and medical works are sanctioned. While children are reached through the schools, it is through the medical mission that an effort may be made to get into spiritual contact with adults. The opposing forces are stupendous, the handful of workers seems utterly inadequate; but the struggle is no hopeless one—victory is secure.

### COUPON.

### The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

Ia Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed).....

Address .....



# Exercises that Cure Illness

A Practical Article

By EUGEN SANDOW

## ON HOW TO OVERCOME ILLNESS WITHOUT MEDICINE

*The Grave Mistakes Invalids Make in Search of Health Pointed Out by the Man whom the "Truth" Investigator certifies to Cure 99 out of Every 100 People who Follow His Advice.*

WHEN anyone is feeling ill, or out of sorts, it is a common practice to resort to some form of exercise to "work it off." No one ever willingly gives in to an ailment, and it is quite right to endeavour to shake it off by the most natural means available, and nothing is better than SUITABLE exercise for this purpose.

Men and women, however, are not always very happy in the selection of their exercises, and as I am to a large extent responsible for the revival of the practice of exercise as a curative

agent in disease I feel that it is only right that I should endeavour to correct certain misconceptions which have arisen in this matter.

It is a most unfortunate fact that many forms of exercise are taken too violently to be of any use from a health standpoint. Many people want to obtain too quick results, and often injure themselves seriously in the attempt.

### I do not Condemn Games for the Healthy.

In what I am saying I trust no one will mistake me so far as to think that I condemn games or athletics for the physically sound. What I am now discussing refers only to those who are ailing or in bad physical condition, and take to games as a means of improving the health.

When I see, and hear, of people making unnatural endeavours to get strong by means of excessive forms of exercise, I feel sorry for them, and it is to combat this error that I am writing on the matter of exercise as a bane and as a boon to humanity—especially to ailing and delicate humanity.

The dyspeptic, the unusually stout, the liverish, the gouty, the anemic, the person with a tendency to consumption, the poor-blooded, the "delicate," and, in fact, the thousands of others predisposed to, or already in the throes of,



Both hunting and walking are excellent recreations for the physically sound, but each of them is too strenuous for many people in a run-down condition who at present take up these forms of exercise with the idea of regaining health.

some physical disorder, all need exercise for the relief of their conditions ; but how many of them benefit from the self-devised penance they put themselves to ? Ninety-nine per cent. give up the self-created prescription, acknowledge themselves defeated, and fly to drugs, or give up altogether in despair of ever " getting better."

The fault lies in the form of exercise undertaken.

Then, again, it is painful to observe that many people who are more or less chronic invalids never think of curing themselves by exercise at all, and rely entirely on the effects of self-drugging, which they indulge in to a most alarming extent, with the result that they remain chronic invalids to the end of the chapter.

ing them, and which I will forward free of cost to all who write to me for it.

I have made this question my life's study, and, whether people think I am exceeding the limits of modesty or not, I am determined that there shall be no limit placed upon the opportunities of ailing persons to learn of the health-restoring properties of my system of Curative Physical Culture.

I care not for the cynicisms which are usually directed at those who extol their own systems or ideas, for this matter of health is of vital importance to hundreds who to-day read these lines, and the satisfaction of having disseminated the knowledge which will restore health to those who have lost it in any degree is a reward in itself well worth the having.



The man who is run down and endeavours to recruit his health by excessive exertion in any form of sport or athletics is running grave risks.

#### That Scientific Exercise Does Cure is Absolutely Proved.

I have proved beyond a shadow of doubt in daily practice to hundreds of ill people who have called upon or written to me about their troubles that scientifically directed exercises cure almost all the ills that " flesh is heir to." And I have noticed with equal certainty that badly directed exercises have a baneful, rather than a beneficial, influence upon ailing persons. Therefore, it is quite clear that all delicate persons should direct their energies to obtaining reliable information on the cure of disease by scientific exercises. Some points in this connection I am able to explain in this article, but the subject is so important that it should be looked into more fully, and, to this end, I cordially invite readers of *THE QUIVER* to call upon me, personally, or write to me for the necessary literature, which I have prepared for the express purpose of enlighten-

Look at the thousands of men and women who go through life as if it were a penance rather than a delight ; who suffer from this or that ailment, incurable by methods of self-drugging and irregular forms of exercise, but quite amenable to scientific physical prescriptions.

The woman who goes in for golf, or other games or sport, with a view to relief for some ailment, generally overdoes it, and her " drives " are often directed to the displacement of some organ, rather than to the removal of her indisposition. The man who is getting stout and dyspeptic and takes to boating as a cure for a run-down condition often ends up by seriously straining his heart.

The delicate but would-be-well tennis player who seeks to gain health by racing from one corner of the court to the other like a flash of lightning, in order that he may be smart in taking a difficult " return," often succeeds in nothing but further incapacitating himself.

Such a sufferer needs to take a prescribed course of scientific exercises which strains unduly no organ or muscle, but steadily drives out the offending trouble by degrees, and without fail.

Then, when the system has been strengthened by this careful course, he or she can take part, if desired, in any competitive game or sport.

**Women Quickly Feel the Benefit of the Right Exercise.**

For instance, a woman who is suffering from headache, pains in the back and legs, giddiness, and indigestion finds that the first few days of the scientific exercises send her backache and giddiness away, then her head becomes free from pain, then her legs become comfortable, until, finally, she finds she can eat whatsoever she will without discomfort, and continues permanently cured.

The man who suffers from chronic disorganisation of some organ such as the liver, stomach, or lungs, finds daily improvement also from this treatment, and obtains ultimate cure, whereas some irregular form of exercise might not only disappoint him in its results, but may be positively harmful to his debilitated tissues.

Medical men know the value of exercise as a curative agent, and constantly recommend patients to take it. But they recognise that its curative effect depends upon the mode of its administration, and frequently send their patients to me in order that the exercises may be scientifically prescribed and supervised.

To those who are in need of a cure for any unsatisfactory condition of health, and who wish to know one absolute proof why it is that scientifically directed exercises are so curative of disease, while other forms—irregular forms—of exercise are often harmful, I am happy to respond. And the explanation reveals a most interesting modern medical discovery, which was not known a few years ago, except in a theoretical and general sense.

Without entering into technicalities, which would only confuse the reader, I may state that it is now generally recognised that healthy blood has a peculiar property of overcoming THE ATTACKS OF DISEASE, and that recovery from illness only takes place when this QUALITY HAS BEEN RESTORED. Therefore it is quite clear that illness only invades the system

WHEN IT HAS OVERCOME THIS RESISTING QUALITY OF THE BLOOD, AND DEPARTS FROM THE BODY WHEN THIS QUALITY IS RESTORED.

**The Blood is Purified and the Heart Strengthened.**

Now, to restore the blood to this desirable condition of PERFECT IMMUNITY the organs of the body, and the system generally, must be brought back to completely harmonious action, and every section of the body must be made to do its own share of work properly—

AND NO MORE.

For instance, the heart must not be overtaxed at the expense of the nervous system, nor must the brain withdraw the need of the digestive system, and so forth.

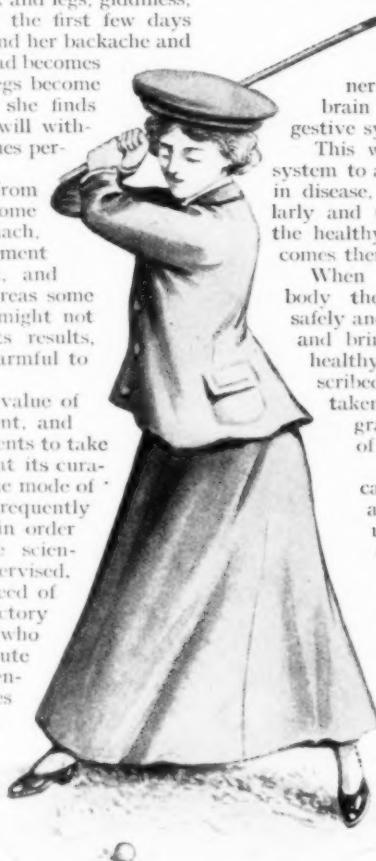
This withdrawal of force from one system to another is exactly what occurs in disease, and when the body is irregularly and unscientifically exercised, and the healthy resistance of the blood becomes thereby abolished.

When illness overtakes the human body the only treatment which will safely and surely restore the equipoise and bring back to the blood all its healthy qualities is a carefully prescribed scientific course of movements taken over a period to suit the gravity or the particular nature of the case.

My system of Curative Physical Culture is not the science of a day's growth. It is founded upon the toils and experiences of many years, and I am able to prescribe sets of exercises which will restore the physical equipoise in the majority of disorders of the human system.

I do not wish to imply that my system of physical treatment is a "cure-all," for there is no such thing. But I have found that all those disorders which are variously termed functional, such as all forms of dyspepsia, indigestion, and constipation, asthma and other pulmonary trouble, weak hearts, liver disorders and piles, general

disorders such as rheumatism, gout, anaemia, obesity, nervous disturbances and insomnia; also many physical deformities, and cases where development is lacking or weak, are quite curable by scientific exercise. But all cases require careful consideration and direction of the curative movements.



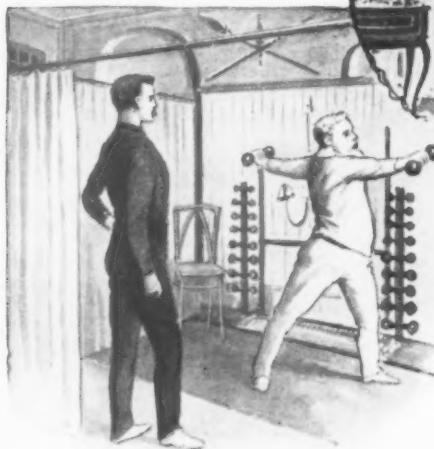
The lady who endeavours to soothe overstrung nerves by violent exercise of any sort usually accentuates the trouble and eventually breaks down entirely.

For instance, after examining and considering the particulars which I have received from Mr. A., and finding him to be a sufferer from dyspepsia, I do not prescribe for him a set of exercises which I have just ordered for Mr. B., who is suffering from gout and arterial degeneration. Nor does Miss C., at my hands, receive the same prescription in exercises for weak lungs and deficient chest expansion as Mrs. D. would be ordered for some disorder peculiar to her sex, age, and condition.

**Stout People Specially need Suitable Exercise; any other is Dangerous.**

Stout people often have weakly acting hearts, and, indeed, poorly acting organs generally. They are prone to bronchitis, liver trouble, constipation, palpitation of the heart, and other disorders.

To such people scientific exercise is absolutely the one and only cure, but unscientifically conducted exercises would be most harmful.



Gentle scientific exercise specially prescribed to meet the nature of each individual case, and altered from time to time as the progress of the cure necessitates, is the only "exercise that cures." This illustration shows a male patient undertaking the Sandow treatment at the Sandow Institute of Curative Physical Culture, and also a lady and child following out Mr. Sandow's prescription in their own home. A book with full illustrations and description of Mr. Sandow's work will be forwarded free of charge to every reader who writes with particulars of the case to Eugen Sandow, AB Dept., 32a, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Then, such troubles as gout, rheumatism, asthma, indigestion, dyspepsia, kidney disorders, and so forth, have their origin in functional disturbance, and only require the functions to be restored to obtain relief from these miseries. But as I find it is becoming a common thing for people by wrong forms of exercise to make their already distressing ailments worse, it is high time they were put in the way of exercises exactly suited to the exigencies of their cases, and curative in their nature.

**I Invite Correspondence and Calls from all who are Physically Unfit.**

If among the readers, both men and women, of THE QUIVER there are any who re-

quire my advice and help with a view to restoring their bodies to a condition of perfect health, or who are suffering from any disease or functional disorder which they think may be amenable to my system of Curative Physical Culture I invite them to call upon me, or if this is not convenient, to write to me on the subject. I shall be most happy to send them, free of all charge, my book on the subject of "Health from Exercise," and to frankly answer any special questions respecting themselves which they may care to put to me in confidence, in order to ascertain whether theirs are suitable cases for a cure by exercise.

During the past few years in all some thousands of men and women in all parts, not only

of this country, but of the world, have responded to invitations of this nature which I have made on previous occasions, and have later acknowledged the benefits which they have received as a result of following my advice either in their own homes or in my London Institute, and as it costs nothing to write me particulars of the sufferer's complaint, and have my advice upon them, as well as a copy of the illustrated book which tells all about my work, and as in any case a course of treatment in your own home or at my Institute costs but little in either time or money, I can heartily advise every ailing man and woman to communicate with me, Eugen Sandow, Advice Bureau, 32a, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

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From the Painting by B. W. LEADER, R.A.

Let it be clearly understood that we present our Readers with this very beautiful Engraving simply and solely to introduce our ILLUSTRATED FINE ART CATALOGUE, wherein we make an important offer of CHARMING GUINEA ENGRAVINGS at specially reduced prices, and also to bring the high quality of our work to the notice of our Readers.

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THE QUIVER.

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FEB., 1896.

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The only Palliative in  
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Testimony with  
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Sold in Bottles by  
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## FITS CURED

By **OZERINE.** It has **cured permanently** the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being

### SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

Mr. F. COOPER, Dover Street, Folkestone, on the 1st July, 1908, says —

I never thought I should ever again be the man I am to-day. The fits have gone, and **OZERINE** has cured me; I took it for a little over two years. I shall certainly recommend it to all poor sufferers I know of.

This is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE.** It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 6 months to 80 years. I invite you to

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Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

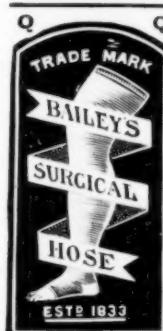
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WORLD-RENNED  
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